THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

New Movie

10894

MAY

10¢

15¢ in Canada

1935

NRA CODE



APR - 6 1935

MYRNA LOY

5047

A TOWER MAGAZINE

JANET GAYNOR'S SECRET HIDEAWAY

ARE HANDSOME MEN SAFE IN HOLLYWOOD?





NIGHT and DAY

Be utterly *Irresistible*

You, yes you, can become divinely irresistible. Use the lure that has always won love for famous, enchanting women... tempting, exotic perfume . . . Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Wear it night and day to thrill... excite senses... madden hearts ... with its haunting, lasting fragrance.

To make yourself even more fascinating, use all the IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS. Each has some special feature to make you exquisitely lovely. Irresistible Lip Lure, the new, different lipstick, melts deep into your lips making them vibrant, glowing with soft, warm, red, ripe color. Irresistible Face Powder is sifted through silk... it clings for hours... conceals blemishes... gives your skin a youthful, petal-like, kissable softness.

Be irresistible today... now... forever... with Irresistible Beauty Aids. Guaranteed to be pure. Only 10¢ each for full sized packages at your 5 and 10¢ store.



TRADE MARK REG., CONTAINERS PAT'D

Irresistible Perfume and Beauty Aids

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ONLY 10c EACH AT YOUR 5 and 10c STORE

"TERRIBLE!"—SAY THE BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE

"EXCELLENT!"—SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"



IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

OF course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it isn't terrible to dentists—*to your own dentist.*

"Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

Dental testimony is unanimous! Modern gums need more work for health—vigorous workouts with coarse, raw foods. Our modern soft and well-cooked foods are to blame for the wide spread of that tell-tale dental warning, "pink tooth brush."

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is a first warning. But neglected—it often proves to be the first downward step towards such serious gum disorders as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Play safe—rouse your gums to health with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth regularly with Ipana—and each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Ipana with the massage speeds circulation through the gum tissues—and helps them back to healthy firmness. And healthy gums mean whiter teeth and a brighter smile.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-55
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

NRA CODE

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

MAR 28 1935 ©C1B 256537

new movie

VOL. XI No. 5 • • • MAY 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor • Bert Adler, Eastern Editor • John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Verne Noll, Art Director • Mary Martin, Director of Home Service

A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

AT a colorful banquet in Hollywood a little over a month ago, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences made its seventh annual awards for the best screen performances of the year.

The actress and actor chosen were Claudette Colbert, charming star of French descent, and Clark Gable, American. The picture for which they won the award was the Columbia production, "It Happened One Night," directed by Frank Capra, of Italian parentage, who won the award for the best direction of the year.

A third award for performance was given to little Shirley Temple, Fox starlet, whom toastmaster Irvin Cobb, characterized as an "artist among artists, a giant among troupers." Little more need be said of this charming child player, whose engaging simplicity and appeal have won for her a place in the hearts of the American public.

The foregoing is not news to you, for you have read it in your papers, and heard it over your radio. Neither is it news to the immense following of Miss Colbert, Mr. Gable and Mr. Capra and Miss Temple, who are firmly convinced that the award is not only rightful and proper, but should be made annually.

The real news in this award is the emergence of a young and relatively small picture producing organization into the company of the elect, the many starred and all-powerful companies such as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount, Warner Brothers, RKO-Radio and others.

Under the able direction of Harry Cohn, on the Coast, and Jack Cohn, in the East, this energetic and youthful concern has forged ahead rapidly. It has upset many of the established precedents of movie-making, and has attacked each new problem with a fervor that speaks in the highest terms of the ability of the Cohn brothers and the loyalty of their trusted organization. It has produced a series of box-office pictures that have set the fans of the nation clamoring for more, and has made the producers and directors of other companies more alert, and more desirous of making finer pictures. All of this means better and better pictures for you who are the final consumers.

THE BEST OF THE MONTH'S STORIES OF THE STARS

Are Handsome Men Safe in Hollywood —Richard English 4
The Talkies Are Walkies.....Janet Graves 6
Janet's Secret Hideaway.....Jack Jamison 16
Hollywood's Most Successful Extra —Eric Ergenbright 18
Just Plain John.....Elsie Janis 19
It's a Fake.....Hal Hall 20
Laurels for Hardy.....Charles Darnton 25
No Movie Madness for Kitty....John T. Casey 26
Freddie and Frankie { Freddie—Charles Darnton / Frankie — Lucile Babcock 27
Fred Astaire's Secrets of Success —David Flournoy 28

NEWS OF THE FORTHCOMING FILMS

On-the-Set Reviews.....Barbara Barry 29

NEW MOVIE'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

Music in the Movies.....John Edgar Weir 8
Tower Star Fashions..... 22
Hollywood Day by Day.....Nemo 30
The Spring Parties.....Grace Kingsley 32
The Masculine Touch..... 33
Merle Oberon's Beautiful Eyes..... 36
The Make-Up Box.....Marilyn 36
You Tell Us..... 38
Junior Hollywood.....Henry Willson 40
King of Sound..... 64

COVER DESIGN BY GENE REX

When changing address send us both old and new addresses, and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you.

Published Monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc., 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Executive and Editorial Offices: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. . . . Home Office: 22 No. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Western Editorial Office: 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Officers: Catherine McNelis, President, John P. McNelis, Vice-president; Theodore Alexander, Treasurer; Marie L. Featherstone, Secretary. R. H. Flaherty, Advertising Director; E. L. Schroeder, Eastern Advertising Manager; S. B. Galey, Western Advertising Manager; R. M. Budd, Pacific Coast Representative.

Advertising Offices: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Copyright, 1935 (Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) by Tower Magazines, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Subscription price in the U. S. A., $1.00 a year, 10c a copy; in Canada, $1.60 a year, including duty, 15c a copy; in foreign countries, $2.00 a year, 20c a copy. Entered as second class matter September 9, 1933, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Nothing that appears in THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without permission. Tower Magazines, Inc., assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, and they will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Owners submitting unsolicited manuscripts assume all risk of their loss or damage.

ANOTHER newcomer in the film industry is the youthful and socially prominent John Hay Whitney, who is building a company to produce nothing but color pictures. This company will produce in color the famous Thackeray novel Vanity Fair, under the title of "Becky Sharp." Miriam Hopkins, colorful and brilliant blonde star, will play the title role.

When Mr. Whitney decided to go into the picture-producing business, he sought out his friend Robert Edmond Jones, noted stage director and impressario, to take care of the many problems of color photography. Their first picture, an experimental two-reel production, "La Cucaracha," was received and welcomed by the fans of the country with open arms. It is interesting to note, at this point, that this picture also won the Motion Picture Academy award for the best short subject in the comedy class. Heartened by the immense success of the venture, Mr. Whitney became more and more positive of the future of color pictures, and if the reception of "La Cucaracha" is any criterion, we may be prepared for an entirely new kind of talking picture, within a short time.

• • •

WHILE Mr. Whitney is experimenting with color pictures, and Samuel Goldwyn is experimenting with a new three-dimensional picture, Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of RKO, has announced that television in a perfected form, is ready for the country. He adds, however, that at the present time it is very expensive and that each set will be beyond the means of the average radio listener. There is little question that television is close, for we have had a number of experimental broadcasting stations, and on the Coast, the Brothers Warner, astute business men, have been conducting a series of tests to see if motion pictures can be broadcast through the newer medium.

All of which causes us to wonder what the future of the stage and screen will be. Will everybody stay at home and watch news events, motion pictures and stage plays enacted on the screen of their home television set? Or will the lure of the crowd, the attraction of seeing, close-up, the players on a stage be stronger? Only time can tell. But come what may, we can be sure that the producers of motion pictures, and the producers of stage plays, and the directors of radio programs will continue to improve their media until the time has come when a newer cycle of entertainment has succeeded the old.

OTHER TOWER MAGAZINES — MYSTERY • TOWER RADIO • SERENADE • HOME • TINY TOWER

NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin? Better begin to use Lux Toilet Soap, the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its rich, ACTIVE lather will sink deep into the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look* it! 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

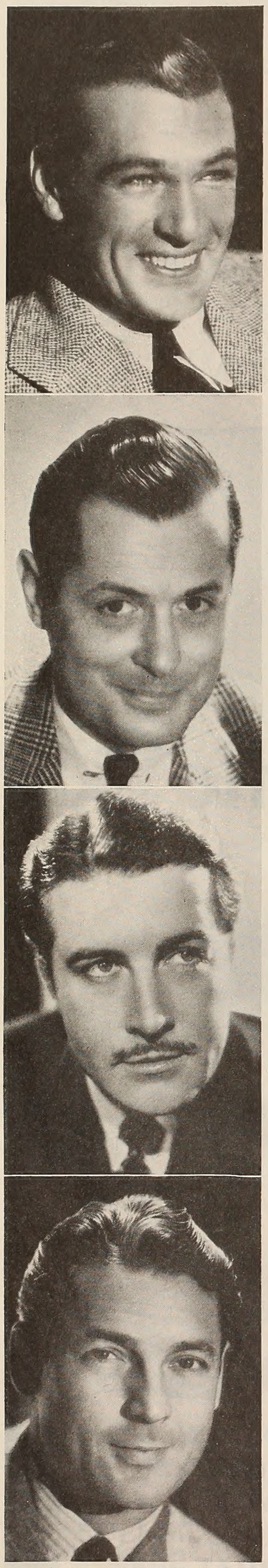


BARBARA STANWYCK

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "THE WOMAN IN RED"



Are Handsome Men Safe in Hollywood?



Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery, John Boles and Charles Farrell. Are they really handsome or aren't they?

"No," says this writer, "for the very good reason that there aren't enough handsome men there to shake a stick at!"

By RICHARD ENGLISH

GENTLE Reader, lend us thine ear—— Lend us thine ear and consider the awful plight of the handsome men in Hollywood. Awful? Yes! *Why* awful? For precisely the reason that there aren't enough of them (the really handsome ones) to go around.

What could be more sad—or splendid—than the sorry situation of any eligible male, with no mother to guide him, being pursued by a dozen of the luscious cinema ladies?

Hollywood's consistent about everything: if a bathtub is needed in a picture, executives will promptly buy gold-plated ones; if new cuties are needed to gladden the screen the same moguls will import them in carload quantities of curves and charm. Yet for the past five years there has been a dearth of men in cinemaland and actresses have moaned, "What good is success without a man to share it with?" Consistent to the last, there just aren't enough men to go around!

And have those executives done anything about satisfying the need for eligible men? A thousand times no! Maybe the boys are being selfish. Or maybe I'm being personal. But just the same the lack of presentable males has been one of the major reasons for the abuse now being heaped on Hollywood's hapless head! When titled husbands, handsome spouses and desirable fiancés have been around and around in the dizzy circle of movieland's matrimonial merry-go-round, married to one star and then another, engaged reputedly to this one and that one, reformers have pointed out that "those screen people" lacked scruples. They don't lack scruples—they just lack men!

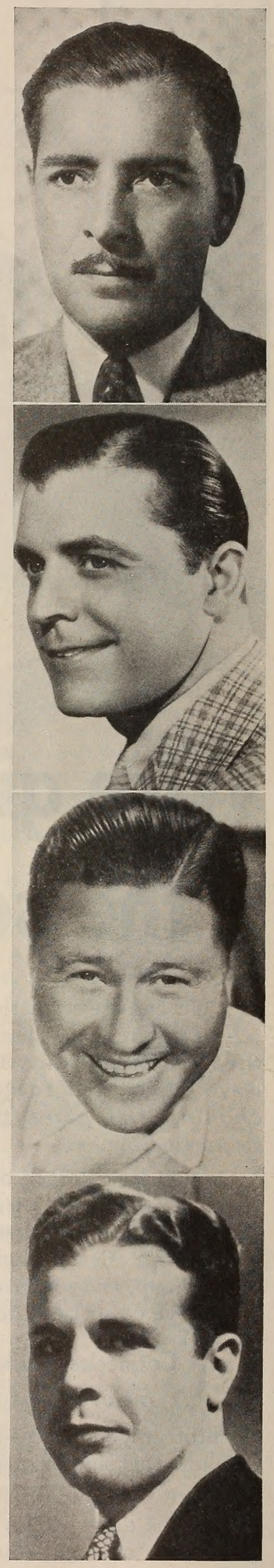
Dick Powell is admittedly a nice guy and I'll go on record for that. Equally admittable is the fact that he's not the least bit handsome. The same goes for Jack Oakie. And Lyle Talbot. Dick might be popular in his home town of Little Rock, but in Hollywood he's more than popular, he's pursued! Jack Oakie's jokes are as old as his sweat shirt—which is plenty—and yet this perennial clown in clover has a phone book that I'll gladly swap my typewriter for. Lyle Talbot, in his home town, is a nice fellow, but in maleless Hollywood he's considered a 1935 reincarnation of Romeo!

How come, you say? There are but two answers and they're both right. Those lads would be popular—but hardly harassed—in any town. Secondly, they are eligibles in the cinema bluebook; the unattached possessors of personality, prestige and popularity. The lack of handsome men is partially nullified by the screen's abundance of good eggs such as the above. But if these lads are hares in the local game of hounds and hares, think of the sorry plight of handsome men who, in some cases, have found that marriage is hardly a protection against feminine wiles. Beautiful women can no more help appreciating a handsome man than vice versa, and if he's married that's a problem they must solve individually—yet still please everyone and offend no one! Lovely spot to be in, isn't it?

Consider John Boles, Charlie Farrell and Robert Montgomery, actors of accomplishment and happily married men. At various times all have been reputed to be on the verge of breaking up their homes, leaving their wives for some suspect, name unknown, but always referred to as "a prominent movie star." Now, now, don't get alarmed. It's always been a good story, one that's been going the rounds for years and years. Today it may be Montgomery or Boles or Farrell or any handsome married actor, the names seeming to be interchangeable at the teller's preference.

Yet, despite the very apparent untruth, the way those stories start is quite understandable if you know your Hollywood. The fact that these men are married shouldn't spoil a good yarn in a town where a scarcity of males can drive a gal to her only other recreation—gossip. One hears that "Soandso was seen lunching with that too divine Follies girl Colossal just brought out! Of course, he's supposed to be happily married, my dear, but I've seen his wife and she's nothing but a little wren!" The fact that the little wren may be as beautiful, as charming and talented as her more famous mate, is too conveniently forgotten. Or the fact that the little wren aided the man to success is disregarded. The old answer is always the same, "Of course, he's much too handsome for any one woman to hold!"

So the story starts. It grows and the Apollos of the screen must pay tribute for Mother Nature's generosity in handing out good looks! There'll be little bits of gossip here and there, eventually wending their way into being regarded as the gospel truth. (Robert Montgomery once sued a paper and forced a retraction.) And thus it may cause a genuine break. I've actually known of screen marriages that ended in divorce courts because of circumstances as trivial as the above! It is usually agreed that Lew Ayres has a wistful appeal but is by no means handsome. Bruce Cabot gives an impression of restrained violence, his underlip denoting an iron will that is both frightening and fascinating to the ladies. Yet both of them, prior to their marriages, were in the upper five, ranking about fourth and fifth, respectively, after Powell, Oakie and Talbot, as Hollywood's better-off screen heart-accelerators. And they were never (*Please turn to page* 42)

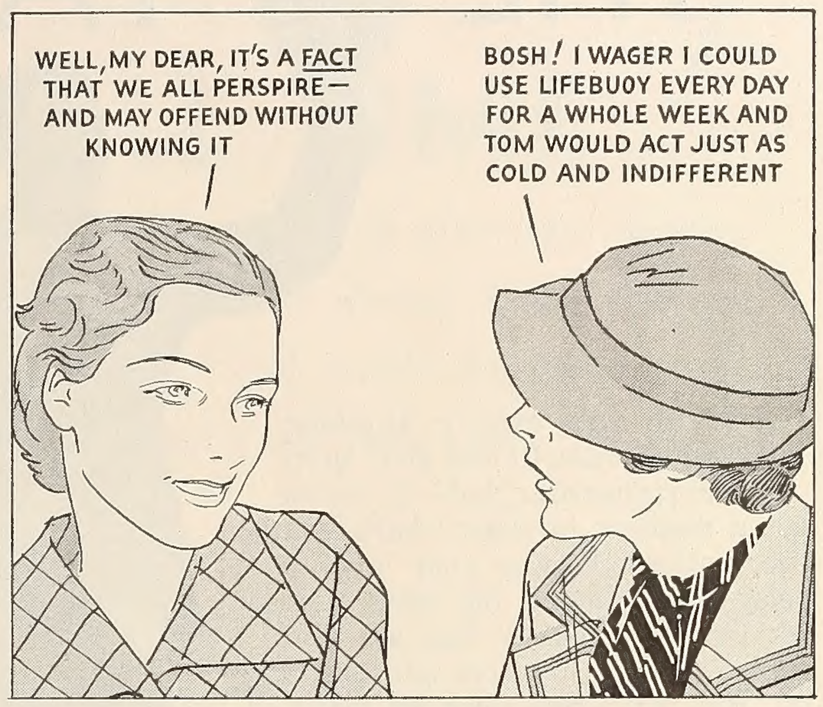


Ronald Colman, Lyle Talbot, Jack Oakie and Dick Powell. They're pursued, yes, but are they truly handsome?

AN EXPERIMENT IN MATRIMONY



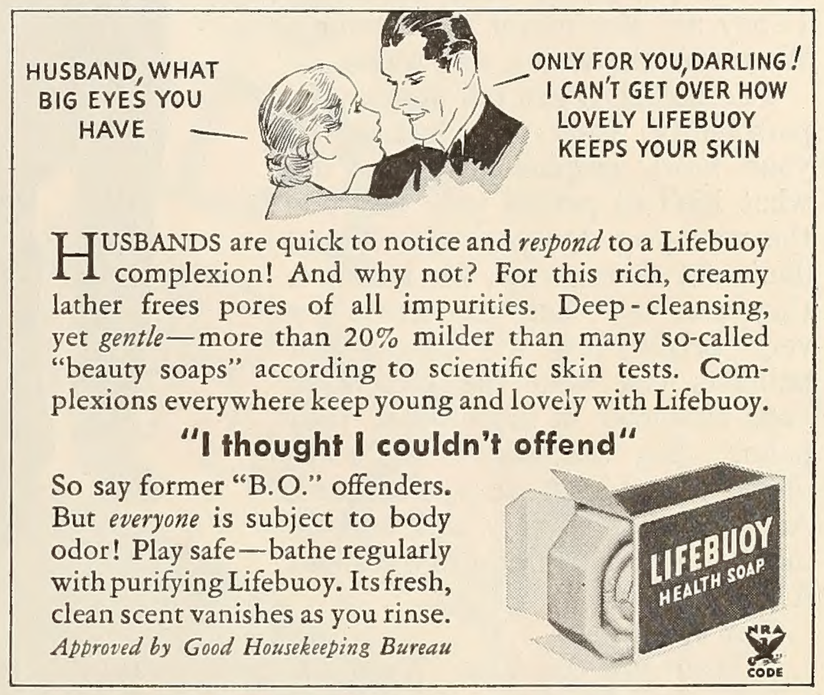












HUSBANDS are quick to notice and *respond* to a Lifebuoy complexion! And why not? For this rich, creamy lather frees pores of all impurities. Deep-cleansing, yet *gentle*—more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" according to scientific skin tests. Complexions everywhere keep young and lovely with Lifebuoy.

"I thought I couldn't offend"

So say former "B.O." offenders. But *everyone* is subject to body odor! Play safe—bathe regularly with purifying Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

WHY HER CLOTHES WILL LAST TWICE AS LONG











This "*soak-and-rinse*" way gets clothes whiter, brighter

YOU NEED only a little Rinso to get creamy, lively, *lasting* suds even in hardest water. And my, how those suds *soak* out dirt. Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter when *soaked* in Rinso suds. They last 2 or 3 times longer, too—because they're not scrubbed threadbare. So safe for your finest cottons and linens, white or colors, the makers of 34 famous washers say, "Use Rinso!" And Rinso won't blacken aluminum in washers.

Like magic in the dishpan

Rinso's *live* suds are no end of help in the dishpan. The way grease goes is simply marvelous to see! Saves the hands. Keeps them from getting that red, soap-bitten look. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

NRA CODE

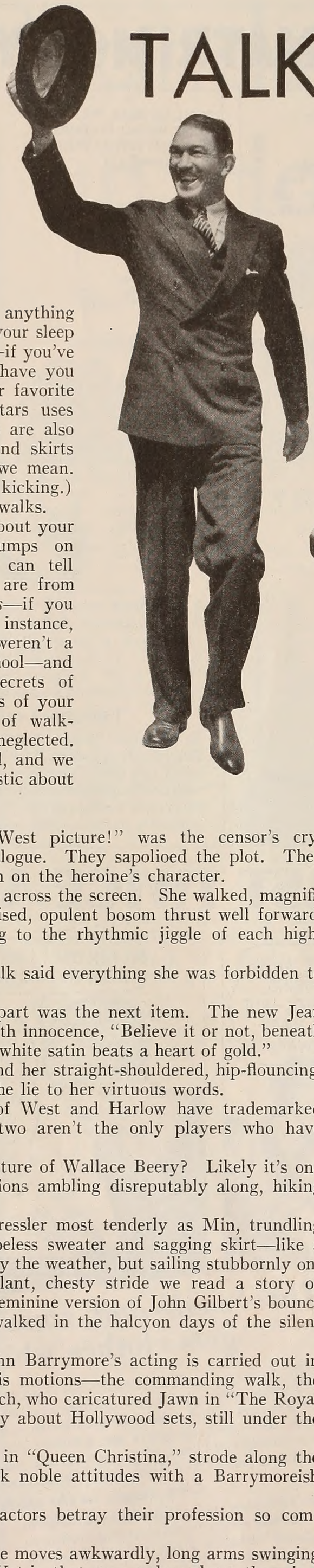


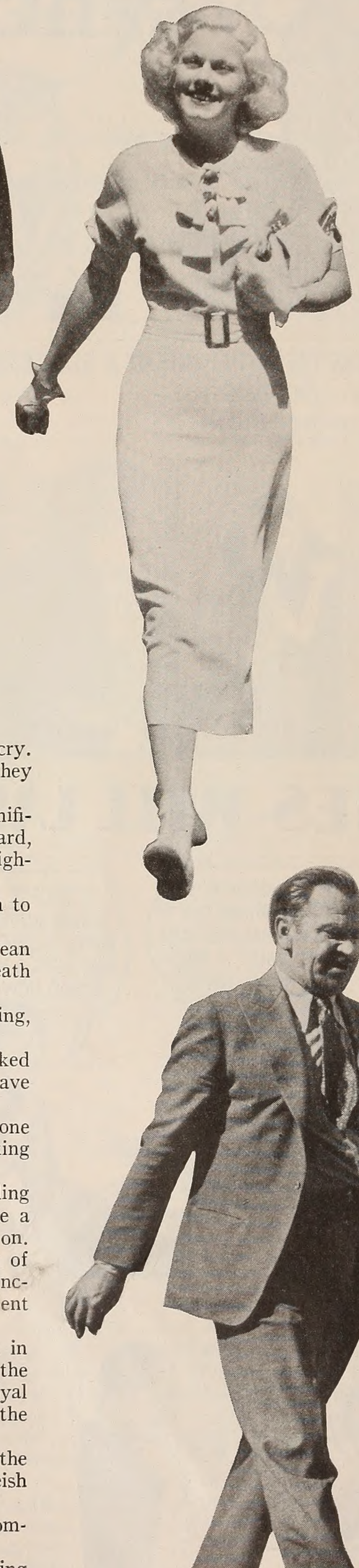
THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

THE TALKIES ARE WALKIES

Legs lack lies, toes tell tales, gaits give glamour, there are sermons in shoes. Watch how the movie stars walk!

By
JANET GRAVES





THIS isn't exactly anything you'd want to lose your sleep worrying over, but—if you've got a moment to spare—have you ever noticed the way your favorite palsy-walsy among the stars uses his legs? Of course legs are also useful to hang trousers and skirts on, but that's not what we mean. (They are also useful for kicking.) We mean, the way a star walks.

Phrenologists can tell about your personality from the bumps on your head, graphologists can tell what kind of person you are from the way you dot your *i's*—if you don't dot them at all, for instance, they can tell that you weren't a very bright boy at school—and palmists can read the secrets of your character in the lines of your palm. But the science of walk-ology has been sadly neglected. And it makes us very sad, and we mean to do something drastic about it right away.

For instance—

"Clean up the Mae West picture!" was the censor's cry.

They laundered the dialogue. They sapolioed the plot. They hove buckets of whitewash on the heroine's character.

Then Mae West walked across the screen. She walked, magnificent shoulders proudly poised, opulent bosom thrust well forward, luxuriant hips syncopating to the rhythmic jiggle of each high-heeled step.

She walked, and her walk said everything she was forbidden to say.

West's younger counterpart was the next item. The new Jean Harlow must announce, with innocence, "Believe it or not, beneath this exuberantly billowing white satin beats a heart of gold."

Then Harlow walked, and her straight-shouldered, hip-flouncing, free-and-easy stroll gave the lie to her virtuous words.

The distinctive walks of West and Harlow have trademarked these ladies. But these two aren't the only players who have walked to stardom.

What's your clearest picture of Wallace Beery? Likely it's one of his formidable rapscallions ambling disreputably along, hiking up sloppy trousers.

We remember Marie Dressler most tenderly as Min, trundling along the wharves in shapeless sweater and sagging skirt—like a clumsy old ship, battered by the weather, but sailing stubbornly on.

In Joan Crawford's gallant, chesty stride we read a story of ambition. Her walk is a feminine version of John Gilbert's bouncing, dashing step—as he walked in the halcyon days of the silent "Merry Widow."

The extravagance of John Barrymore's acting is carried out in the conscious drama of his motions—the commanding walk, the profile poses. Fredric March, who caricatured Jawn in "The Royal Family," surges impulsively about Hollywood sets, still under the influence.

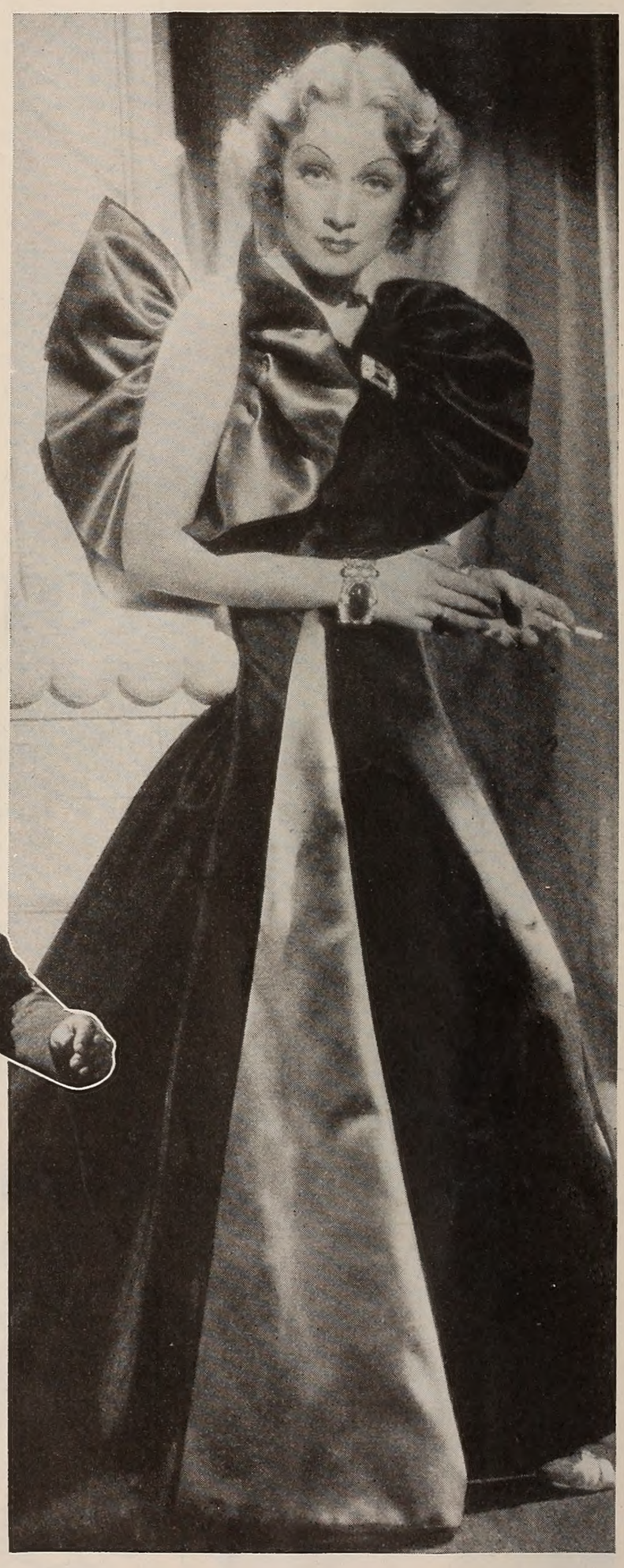
And even Greta Garbo, in "Queen Christina," strode along the palace corridors and struck noble attitudes with a Barrymoreish gusto.

But not all important actors betray their profession so completely.

Gary Cooper's lean figure moves awkwardly, long arms swinging lank from his shoulders. Yet in that very awkwardness there is a certain natural grace, a romantic reminiscence of coon-skin caps, rail-splitters, covered wagons, the lone prairie.

Katharine Hepburn alternates her youthful, shyly tentative tread with a tomboyish lope.

Ann Harding departs from the (*Please turn to page* 63)



A contrast in carriage—the walks of Victor McLaglen, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery and Marlene Dietrich.

The VICTOR HERBERT'S GREATEST- BIG MUSICAL OF ALL TIME!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement... a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty... mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance... you'll laugh at its bright comedy... and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette MacDONALD • Nelson EDDY

NAUGHTY MARIETTA



a W. S. VAN DYKE PRODUCTION

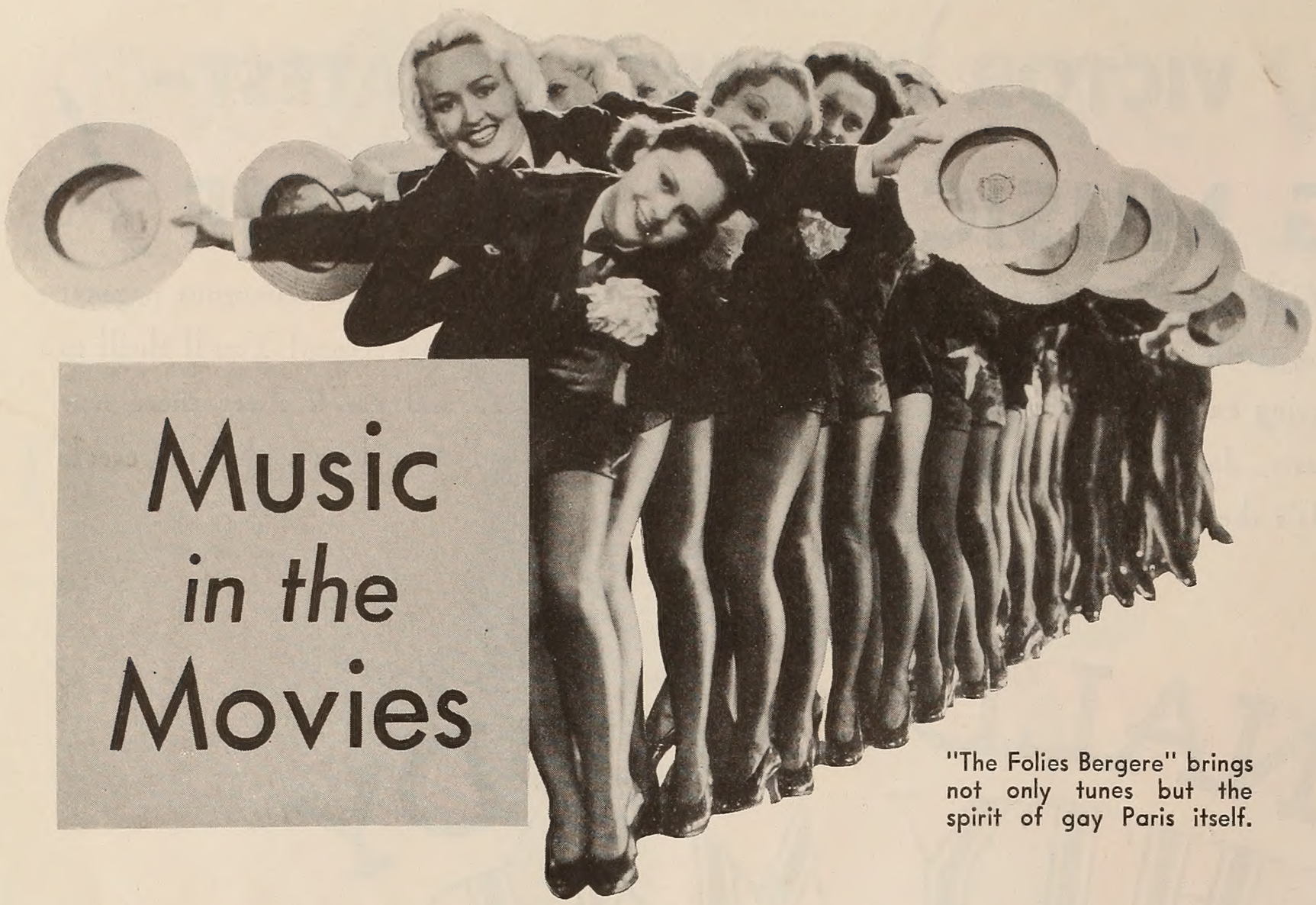
Book and Lyrics by Rida Johnson Young

with FRANK MORGAN
Douglas Dumbrille

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE



Music in the Movies

"The Folies Bergere" brings not only tunes but the spirit of gay Paris itself.

The current crop of new pictures brings us a lot of grand new tunes. Orchestra and dance fans will want these recordings

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

A GLANCE at the musical productions released this month reveals Bing Crosby in the starring role of Paramount's "Mississippi." To launch Bing into this picture, which promises to be one of the year's best, Paramount selected the famed song writing team of Rodgers and Hart to write the musical score. In "Mississippi" you will hear Bing sing, among others, "Soon," "Down by the River," and "Easy to Remember." The first two named, which show promise of being the biggest hits, are reviewed in this issue.

Then, too, M-G-M presents "Reckless," a production which brings together for the first time the beauteous Jean Harlow and William Powell. This film provides two songs entitled "Everything's Been Done Before" and "I'm Going Down to Dance at Clancy's," which is a sort of Continental rhumba. We include these songs in our review.

"Love in Bloom," another Paramount picture which received its name from last year's biggest song hit, also provides an outstanding musical score by Gordon and Revel who gave us such hits as "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" and more recently "Stay As Sweet As You Are." The new songs in "Love in Bloom" are "Got Me Doin' Things," "Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky" and "My Heart Is an Open Book."

"Let's Live Tonight" is Columbia's contribution to this month's new musicals, and features the voice of Tullio Carminati, one of the screens foremost singers, recently with Grace Moore in "One Night of Love." The production features two major songs—"Love Passes By," a dreamy waltz which plays a prominent part, and "After All."

In the selection of records for review you will note the numbers, for the most part, are of the melodic fox-trot type. However, there is one selection in waltz time which bids for favor.

The outstanding record of the month is, in our opinion, Ray Noble's recording of "Soon" from the Crosby picture "Mississippi." This number is given first place because of the inherent beauty of its melody and Ray Noble's excellent rendition.

"Soon" from "Mississippi"—played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. This very melodic fox trot is ideally suited to the smooth, suave style of Noble's band. The saxophone section, which comprises four instruments, lends distinctive charm and brings out the beauty of this melody. Four brasses and three fiddles also combine to produce an unusual arrangement.

The other side presents "Down by the River," from "Mississippi," and is also played by Ray Noble's orchestra. This one is a typical Mississippi tune reminiscent of "River, Stay 'Way from My Door" and Noble treats it accordingly. The rhythm of the orchestra is decidedly different and a classy trumpet section adds lustre to a pleasing recording. (Victor.)

"Love Passes By," from "Let's Live Tonight," is played by Eddie Duchin and his society orchestra. The selection is a waltz of the better type, such as "One Night of Love," and Duchin's treatment produces that dreamy, gliding effect that calls for the spotlights on the dance floor. Of course Eddie's famed velvet fingers enhance this recording with a timely piano interlude. Lee Sherwood sings an alluring vocal chorus.

In contrast, the reverse side offers the melody ballad, "After All," from the same picture, also played by the Duchin band. This is a lilting, unpretentious little tune treated most interestingly by the piano-playing maestro, who again provides some scintillating piano bits. Lee Sherwood returns with an equally fine vocal. (Victor.)

"Got Me Doin' Things," from the picture "Love in Bloom," is played by Ted Fiorito and his band. This is a very rhythmic, danceable tune and the large Fiorito orchestra gets plenty of color into a smart dance arrangement. A muted brass interlude and Ted's piano tricks stand out. Howard Phillips sings a splendid vocal refrain which you'll like.

The reverse side brings "Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky," another very swingy dance tune from the same picture. The Fiorito tunicians get everything out of a most modern dance arrangement. A muffled trumpet is heard with complete satisfaction as is a sizzling clarinet bit. The band trio turns in a grand vocal with a cute lyric. (Brunswick.)

"Everything's Been Done Before," from "Reckless," is played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. A beautiful melody tune, beautifully played, by the Himber band. A unique harp introduction launches the boys into a brilliant arrangement. A sub-tone is featured against a string ensemble and the result is very effective. Joey Nash of radio fame sings the vocal in a captivating manner.

The opposite side offers "I'm Going Down to Dance at Clancy's" also played by Richard Himber. This is a kind of Continental rhumba and the orchestra shows its versatility in its complete mastery of this type of rhythm. The string section of four violins, is heard throughout the record and Joey Nash turns in another of his famous vocals. (Victor.)

"Lullaby of Broadway" from "The Gold Diggers" is played by the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra; a grand song whose melody and lyric musically describes The Great White Way. Jimmy Dorsey's clarinet and sax work, for which he is widely known, stands out in this record. Unusual harmonic effects from three trombones also pleases. Bob Crosby, accompanied by a male quartette, sings the vocal chorus.

On the other side the Dorseys play "The Words Are in My Heart" from the same picture. A seductive little tune in waltz time. The muted harmonies from the brass section plus Tommy Dorsey's mellow trombone interlude are the highlights of the recording. Kay Webber's lovely voice is heard in the vocal refrain. (Decca.)

"My Heart is an Open Book" also from the picture, "Love in Bloom." Ted Fiorito returns with another smart arrangement of a fox trot in the slow tempo. Again this large orchestra produces a generous amount of tonal color by skilfully maneuvering the instrumentation. A baritone sax interlude falls easy on the ears as does Howard Phillip's vocal chorus. (Brunswick.)

Hal Kemp's famous orchestra, which musicians contend is the smartest and most modern in the business, is heard in a very desirable recording of "I'm Going Shopping With You" from the "Gold Diggers" score. The tune is rhythmic and made to measure for the Kemp style. The peculiar tonal effects of the clarinet are accomplished by the use of a megaphone contraption around the instrument. A right smart record, in which Skinny Ennis does the vocal. (Brunswick.)

One of the best waltzes of the season is "When I Grow Too Old to Dream" from "The Night Is Young." Freddy Martin and his orchestra give us this recording, and whether you are a waltz enthusiast or not, you are bound to admit that Freddy's presentation is away above par. Beautifully handled throughout, with some fine vocal work.

On the other side Freddy Martin plays the title number, "The Night Is Young." This time a fox trot, and quite entertaining too. (Brunswick.)

And speaking of well-sung vocals, here is one that is exceedingly well sung. "Me Without You" is the title, the song being from the production "One Hour Late." Joe Morrison is our recording artist, and is one who needs no introduction at this late hour. Joe seems to be doing very well for himself out Hollywood way, and we think this success is well earned. It's hard to find a more pleasing vocal artist than young Joe Morrison.

On the reverse side, Joe sings another song from the same show. This time it's the selection, "A Little Angel Told Me So." Again we have no fault to find but we almost forgot to tell you that in both these selections Joe is given very substantial assistance by Jimmy Grier and his orchestra, California's pride and joy. (Brunswick.)

HITS OF THE MONTH

Best

"SOON." Played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. (Victor)

Also Recommended

"WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM." Played by Freddy Martin and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"I'M GOING SHOPPING WITH YOU." Played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

"ME WITHOUT YOU." Played by Jimmy Grier and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"LOVE PASSES BY." Played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

"MY HEART IS AN OPEN BOOK." Played by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"LULLABY OF BROADWAY." Played by Dorsey Brothers and their orchestra. (Decca)

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS



When, each month, we fill our gallery with pictures of such charming and talented and beautiful people, it is only fitting that we should start off the list with three such charming people as Gary Cooper, Ralph Bellamy and Anna Sten. You will see them together in "The Wedding Night," Anna's first picture in an American setting.

LOVE IN 1815



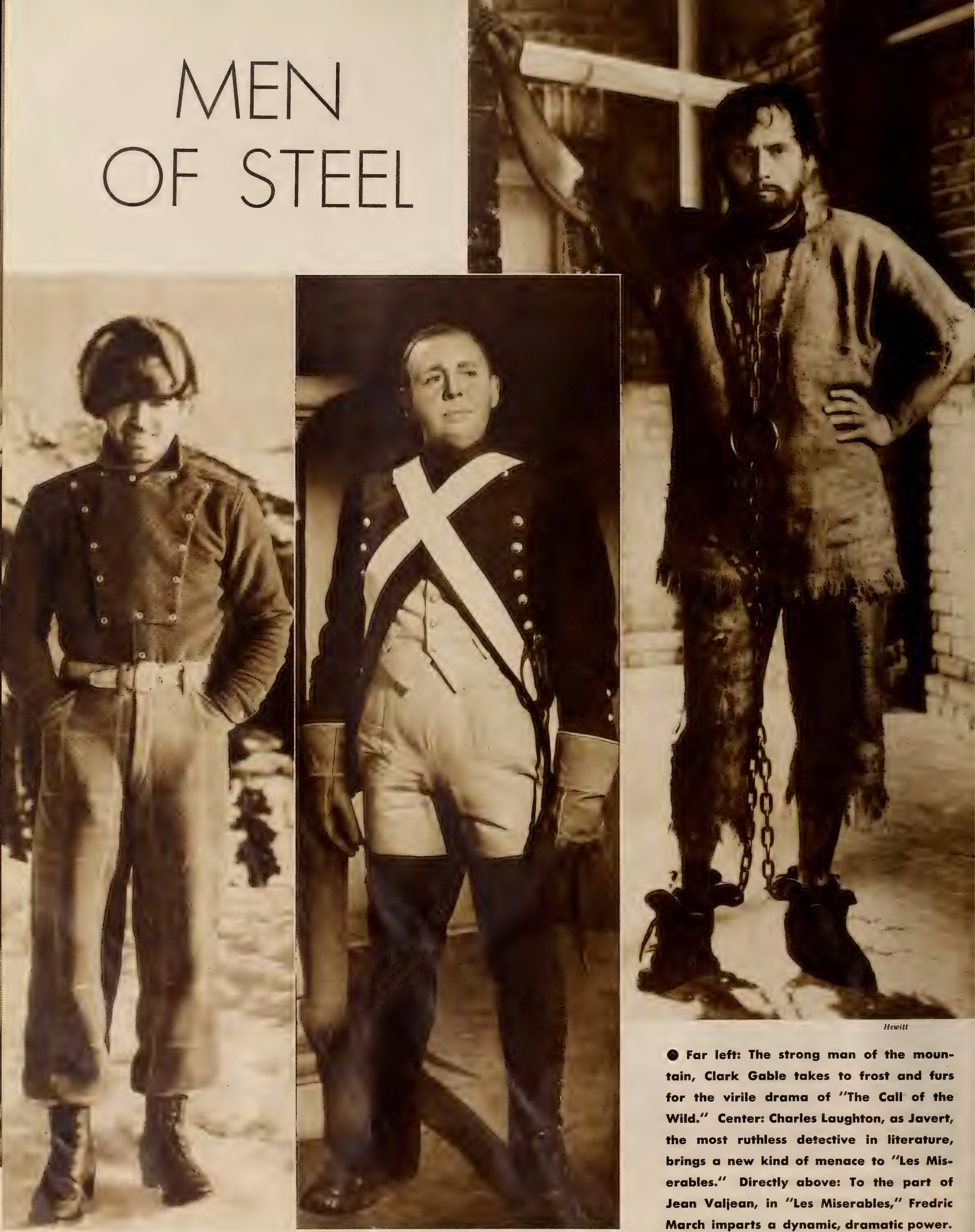
IN THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON many a gallant soldier met his Waterloo in the eyes of a lovely blond girl with lips that were meant to be kissed. Thus, Miriam Hopkins and Alan Mowbray, the soldier and the lady of "Becky Sharp." "No one else has loved as we love," they said.

LOVE IN 1935



AND TODAY, TOO, STRANGELY ENOUGH, many a gallant gentleman finds his fate in the same kind of eyes, the same kind of girl, and the same kind of lips. And William Powell and Jean Harlow, in "Reckless"—they, too, think as the others thought: "No one else has loved as we love."

MEN OF STEEL



Hewitt

● **Far left: The strong man of the mountain, Clark Gable takes to frost and furs for the virile drama of "The Call of the Wild." Center: Charles Laughton, as Javert, the most ruthless detective in literature, brings a new kind of menace to "Les Miserables." Directly above: To the part of Jean Valjean, in "Les Miserables," Fredric March imparts a dynamic, dramatic power.**

GIRLS OF GOLD



Backrach



Lobben



● **Above: Lyda Roberti, a siren who hides behind a disarming screen of gaiety, colors Fox's "Scandals" with her own brand of lure. Center: In a gown that is a sheath of cloth-of-gold, piquant Ginger Rogers floods "Roberta" with her most dazzling glitter. Right: In sequins and black paradise feathers, Mae West goes thoroughly modern as her svelte self in "How Am I Doin'?"**

A Hope Of Twenty Years Comes True. For The First Time You Will See Shakespeare On The Screen, With The Presentation Of

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAME

Written by = WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

☞ As *it* hatH beene sundry times publickely acted, by the right *honorable*, the *LORD CHAMBERLAINE* his servaNt. ☜

Persons Represented

I. James Cagney as *Bottom*, Joe E. Brown as *Flute*, Hugh Herbert as *Quince*, Arthur Treacher as *Ninny's Tomb*, Dewey Robinson as *Snug*, Otis Harlan as *Starveling*, and Frank McHugh as *Snout*.

II. A gnome.

III. James Cagney, as *Bottom*, with Joe E. Brown, *Flute*.

IV. James Cagney, his heade become a donkey's, with Anita Louise, who is *Titania, Queen of the Fairies*.

V. Fairies, Gnomes, and Sundry Other Players in the Forest.

VI. Mickey Rooney, as *Puck*.

VII. Margaret Westberg, as a lovely *Birch-Tree*.

VIII. Dick Powell, as *Lysander*, with Olivia de Haviland, *Hermia*.

IX. A dancing girl.

X. Jean Muir, as *Helena*.

XI. Victor Jory, as *Oberon*.

XII. James Cagney, *Bottom*, with Hugh Herbert, *Quince*.

☞ And *divers* other Players of the Companye. ☜



JANET GAYNOR'S SECRET HIDEAWAY

The best story about Janet Gaynor in five years! Here is the mystery that has long baffled her own best friends. You'll know Janet better than ever when you read about it

THIS is a story we never expected to print.

After all these years Janet Gaynor has been a reigning star, we never thought we'd discover a secret about her. But we have! And it's a secret which tells you more about her sweetness, more about that natural, unspoiled quality which she has kept, than all the hundreds of stories that have ever been printed about her!

Have you ever read a story telling how Janet spends her Summers?

"Oh," you say, "is *that* all your secret is!"

But come on. Think. *Have* you? Maybe it's more important than you believe. Think . . . No, you don't know anything about it. Now that you come to consider it, you've never heard a word. Summer is the slack season in Hollywood. All the stars go away—to Europe, to Palm Springs, to the Orient, to luxurious beach homes. The papers tell where all the others go. But the papers don't tell where Janet goes. Nobody tells. Nobody tells, because nobody knows! Every Summer, Janet drops quietly out of sight. For all anybody knows, she's still in Hollywood. But she isn't. She's 3000 miles away.

Where?

Up a certain road, in a certain county in Wisconsin, is a certain lake. It is just one more lake, in a countryside that is full of them, and it is small. And, because it is so small, so exquisitely shaped, it is perfect—a glowing blue jewel, shining through dense trees. No great hotel, no smart resort has ever been built there. Few persons even knew about the tiny, lost lake when, years ago, a man and his wife built a house there for themselves, because they loved its serenity and its surpassing beauty. Then, gradually, a few discovered it, fell in love with it too, and first two and then three little cabins went up. Now, beside the big house, there are six of the little cabins, hardly visible against the back-drop of silvery birches and dark green pines. No millionaire has ever heard of the place, or ever will. The people who come are just ordinary families from nearby towns in Wisconsin, who love the lake for itself and would die rather than see it spoiled by a highway, a dance-hall, or hot-dog stands. They mean to keep their lovely, quiet forest just as it was two hundred years ago, when the Indians roamed through it.

To this place, to one of the tiny cabins—up the mysterious road, in the unknown county—comes each year a certain family. There's Uncle George, good-natured, six feet tall, with a laugh (*Please turn to page* 44)



When they made "Paddy the Next Best Thing," 'way back there, the cameramen wondered where Janet had learned to ride so well. We know where!

We are keeping Janet's secret and not telling you the name of her beloved lake. But if you ever happen on it, and see a red-haired girl in a boat—that's Janet!



By

JACK JAMISON

Exclusive to

New Movie Magazine

Hollywood's Most Successful Extra

You can be a success as a Hollywood extra—if you have what it takes. Gwen Zetter, herself a top-notch extra, tells you what that is

By GWEN ZETTER

As told to Eric L. Ergenbright



FOREWORD:

"I want to interview the most successful extra in Hollywood," I told Campbell McCollough, the new chief of Central Casting.

He gave me the telephone number and address of Gwen Zetter. Having made an appointment, I visited her in her home.

She is a girl of whom the motion picture industry may well be proud, and I am frank to say, after talking with her for an hour, that I am puzzled to find her an extra, while so many others, decidedly inferior to her in both beauty and intelligence, have reached stardom.

I have heard thousands of extras bewail their lot. The officials of Central Casting repeatedly have told me that they are unable to supply enough work to keep their thousands of registrants in food and clothing and shelter.

But from Gwen Zetter I heard the other side of the story. Her success deserves the more applause because it has been won in the face of tremendous odds—but it does not mean that the average girl can earn a living as an extra. Gwen Zetter is not an average girl.

I EARN my living by working as a motion picture extra. I don't pretend to be an "actress," and don't profess to have "talent." I'm *just an extra*—but I'm one by choice, and I wouldn't trade jobs with any one of the salesgirls, stenographers or secretaries whom I know.

Too many tears have been shed about our lot. Too many articles have pointed out "the pitfalls that lurk in Hollywood for the extra girl." Too many writers have exercised their flair for melodrama by picturing us as the despised victims of mistreatment on the studio sets.

Of course, with so much smoke, there must be a fire. I know that I have been unusually lucky. I know that for every extra who earns a decent living, there are many who barely exist. Our "business," like all others, is desperately overcrowded. There are nearly ten thousand of us, all registered with Central Casting, all absolutely dependent upon our work before the cameras, and all competing for employment which would be insufficient for half of our number. Naturally, the majority must fail in the competition—and Central Casting, realizing the conditions, not only refuses to register new applicants for extra work, but is systematically trying to weed out the least suited just as fast as employment can be found for them in other fields.

Yet the fact remains that the girls who are best suited for extra work—who have the best physical assets and the best mental attitudes—all earn good "living wages."

I have been an extra for the past three years—notoriously lean ones in Hollywood—and I have not only lived very comfortably, but I have also managed to save money. I have had a great amount of leisure between jobs and I have gone to school. I consider the three years well spent. Certainly, I have gained much more than I did during the three preceding years, when I worked steadily, at good salary, as a modiste's model. But I have been unusually lucky!

Before telling of my own experiences, it is necessary to explain a few facts about "the extra game." All who are registered with Central Casting are classified as either "atmosphere people" or "extras." The former, who need not be entirely dependent upon studio work for a livelihood, receive a minimum wage of five dollars per day; the latter, who are defined by the Motion Picture Industry Code as "Those who by experience or ability are known to be competent to play group or individual business parts and otherwise to appear in a motion picture (*Please turn to page* 52)

To start with Gwen had a splendid wardrobe and, in the bargain, beauty to rival that of many a star. Even so, the road has been none too easy. What would *your* chances be?

JUST PLAIN JOHN

In which New Movie's own Elsie Janis bemoans a mistake she made in her romantic past. "I," she wails, "am the only gal who ever turned down John Boles for a leading man. O, woe is me!"

By ELSIE JANIS

New Movie Special Feature Writer

"IS IT O. K. to go back to when I first saw you in 1927?" I said to John Boles.

He flashed that gorgeous grin. "Why, bless your heart, why don't you go back to when I first saw you in France?"

I didn't even know he had been in the war and as I gazed up about a foot into his smiling eyes I simply could not believe that he was doing anything eighteen years ago, except, perhaps, going to school. The evidence was too complete in detail to doubt, however. He landed at Saint Nazaire, France, was herded into a camp and that night I came to give a show. "Not only that," John continued, "the next entertainment I saw was right after the war in London. It was your show, "Hullo! America!" at the Palace Theater and Maurice Chevalier was playing with you."

All I could say was, "Well! You must have gone to that war in your pram." He looks only about twenty-seven now. He admitted somewhat reluctantly that his folks had given him lots of milk as a kid and he got to be a big boy "right early." A big boy who told fibs, apparently. There were quite a few overgrown kids in that war, but I didn't know Mrs. Boles' boy was one of the loyalists who probably prevaricated their way into service. My admiration for him, which was already deep, naturally became boundless.

If he had told me he was an ex-soldier, that day in 1927 when he wanted to be my leading man, he undoubtedly would have got the assignment in spite of the one item which stopped him from getting it. The fact that he was married. It all seems so silly now, but I never would have a leading man who was married. Maybe I was a nice gal at heart. I knew early in my career that I was never going to be a good enough actress to play love scenes with any conviction unless they were tinged with the real thing, so I always nursed a pleasing yen for my leading man. Even if I wasn't so nice, I was at least wise enough not to risk my itinerant heart on any Benedict.

John Boles never knew until we met again recently why he did not become my leading man in "Oh Kay" when I played the Gershwin musical comedy on the coast. He had everything the role required. We shared a good chuckle as we recalled how pleased I seemed to be with him (I was, as a matter of fact) and how I said in parting that I would talk to the producers, Belasco and Curran, then let him know. I never knew what the producers told him, but I'm sure it was not the truth. No producers would want to admit that they were starring such a self-centered sap as I seem to have been. Destiny is a canny wench, but she knows her stuff. If John had become my leading man he would have missed an important talking picture role and I probably would (*Please turn to page* 56)





Elsie insists that John built this dog-house for her, but John says politely that he just likes to do a little carpentering.

Left: And here is the John Boles we all know — quiet, unassuming, reserved, manly; an actor content to let the others have the glaring headlines so long as he can have the job that he loves.



RACKETEERS STRIKE AT NEW MOVIE!

Author of Our Exposé of Hollywood Underworld Beaten by Their Hired Gorillas

LITTLE did we dream when we began our dramatic series exposing the rackets of Hollywood's underworld, last month, that we should find ourselves embroiled in a racketeering war! For exposing the fake "agents" who prey on would-be movie scenarists, our writer, William A. Ulman, Jr., was attacked by hired thugs who inflicted injuries which might well have caused his death. To Mr. Ulman we can only say, "Thank you for your great courage." But, to the petty crooks who took this cowardly revenge because they were furious at losing their dishonest livelihood, we have more to say! All the studios, the Los Angeles District Attorney's Office, and the U. S. Postal Service stand behind us in this crusade of ours to rid Hollywood of you and your skulking kind. If necessary, we will secure our information under cover, and print it without the authors' names—but we are going to fight this through to a finish!

RACKETEERS, GET OUT OF HOLLYWOOD!
YOUR DAY IS DONE!

The clippings on this page are from Hollywood and New York papers.

IT'S A FAKE



The photograph above represents a studio "still" of two stars on the set. Now—here's how it's done. At the left you see Johnny Jayhawker, the Sheik of Sagebrush Gulch. The racketeer cuts the snapshot out of the original photograph which Johnny mails him.





No. 2 of a series in which New Movie will expose the rackets of Hollywood's underworld



The racketeer pastes Johnny's picture on the face of the man star in the studio still shown above.

The still is then *re*-photographed and a copy mailed back to Johnny — now posed with a woman star. All for a dollar!

Have your picture taken with a star for a dollar . . . . . The cheapest racket of them all

By HAL HALL

HOLLYWOOD, the most racket-infested town in the United States, is now facing a new type of dollar-gathering game that has producers, stars and the Will Hays office shaking with the jitters.

The latest is a composite picture racket whereby anyone in the world may have his or her photograph made with any screen star in such a way that even the keenest observer would not know that it is a photographic trick, and not the real thing. Thus, the dream of many a hero-worshiper may become a reality, and the dream may be framed and hung upon the wall. Whether or not any of these dreams will turn out to be bad ones is what is upsetting the motion picture studio officials and players no end.

It was almost a year ago that the first move in this new racket was made by a cameraman who figured he could make a lot of easy money tickling the vanity of the suckers who were willing to hand out a dollar in order to see their own faces photographed alongside their favorite stars. That he was right was proved by the returns on his first mail-order announcement, sent to a selected "sucker list." He sent five hundred letters, and received 128 orders immediately.

HERE is the rough idea. For the price of one dollar the cameraman will make a picture of you with your favorite star and mail it to you. All you have to do is send him a dollar and a picture of yourself, naming the star you want in your picture. The cameraman, and those who have followed him in the racket, simply use what is called the "background projection" method, which has been in use in the studios for years in doing trick photography. By this method he turns out a picture that appears to be an actual photograph of you and the star together, although all he has done has been to use a picture of you and one of the star. It is a simple trick when you know how.

The cameraman thought it was a smart idea, but the studio officials think it is too smart. Looking through their mental crystal balls, they have had visions of blackmail, breach-of-promise suits, divorces, salacious pictures, a multitude of hard feelings and a barrel of headaches for stars, studio executives and, perhaps, for some of the people who had the pictures made. So when the cameraman laid his plan before the Hays office for the approval and cooperation of the studios he was turned down cold.

The turndown by the studios didn't disturb the cameraman, for he sent out his letters and the orders began to come in. How he got the photographs of the stars is something else again, but he seemed to get them. Now several other ambitious souls in Hollywood have followed in his path. It has developed into a competitive racket now, and the studio people are scared stiff. Well they may be, for there is dynamite in every picture sent out; dynamite and a possible lawsuit which might prove disastrous to the stars who are the greatest money-makers for the studios.

AT first thought, you might see no harm in putting a picture of a fan on a piece of photographic paper beside the face of a star. If the star could be absolutely sure that it would be just a harmless picture everything would be roses. But that is the rub. With this simple bit of trick photography any kind of picture can be made. And the picture people know the world has its dirty-minded people; also that there are always men who will stop at nothing to gratify the moron wish as long as there is easy money in sight.

One of the first orders received by the cameraman who started the racket was from a comely miss out in Michigan, who sent in a picture of herself attired in a rather abbreviated bathing suit. She asked that a picture be (*Please turn to page* 48)



TOWER STAR FASHIONS

TOWER Star Fashions

Here are the new Tower Star Fashions worn by three different Hollywood types and available to you at convenient department stores

TOWER Star Fashions is a newly organized service planned to help you select the dresses, suits, coats, hats and accessories which will suit your type and be most flattering to you. Are you the demure Margaret Sullavan type, the exotic Margo type or the sophisticated Kitty Carlisle type? If you are one of these three types study the clothes worn by them and featured on these pages and picture them on yourself, or, if you do not know which type you are, write to us, we will help you define your type and select your clothes accordingly. These clothes are all available to you at reasonable prices at your local department stores.

Sketched below is a lovely tea gown of silk crepe with long sleeves and a contrasting sash. Also a three-piece swagger ensemble with a Tahitian linen blouse. Selected by Margo.



The exotic Margo, who last appeared in the Paramount production, "Rumba," wears this smart and unusual evening gown of printed cotton, with a large all-over floral design. There are two wide flounces at the bottom of the skirt and another flounce at the low neckline caught up on one shoulder with a large artificial rose.

The sketches at the right include a two-piece solid color monotone cloth suit with a three-quarter length jacket trimmed with silk cord lacings on the sleeves. Also a silk net evening dress with rows of tiny ruffles at the bottom of the long skirt and on the detachable cape. Below, a pebble sheer ensemble with a bib and collar of polka-dot printed net with a tiny grosgrain bow under the chin. All are worn by Margaret Sullavan, Universal star.





Below—Kitty Carlisle, Paramount star, soon to appear in "Rose of the Rancho," wears this tropical pure silk plaid shirt frock, which has pockets in blouse and skirt and fastens in the front with large cartwheel novelty buttons. This is an extremely practical spring model, as it is washable, non-shrinking and also non-fading.





The demure and lovely Margaret Sullavan, above, who last appeared in "The Good Fairy," wears this diagonal sheer swagger ensemble with printed piqué accents. The specially cut Regency collar forms a yoke across the back of the three-quarter length coat. The dress has a collar, self-tie and vestee of the colorful printed piqué. This is an ideal dress for early spring wear and as the days grow warmer makes a charming street ensemble worn without a coat.



Sketched at the right is a Regency costume suit worn by Kitty Carlisle emphasizing the current vogue for stripes. It is made of pure silk sheer with contrasting collar and cuffs. The jacket is shirred to a fitted waistline across the back and fastens in the front with a covered buckle.







Honorable Mention

For Franchot Tone, because he finally got a chance to show what he could do, in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and did it so well that he's headed for stardom. . . . For Edna May Oliver, because her superb *Betsy Trotwood* in "David Copperfield" will never be forgotten. For Lumsden Hare, who lifts "bits" to high artistry.







Faces in the News

Siegfried Numann, in real life a dapper man-about-town, is turning in first-rate character work in heavy make-up . . . It's news when a come-back stays a come-back, and that's just what sweet Billie Burke has done . . . Jock Whitney, socialite sportsman, is the man behind the new Pioneer Pictures, Inc., who will make movies in color.







and Stars of Tomorrow

Ann Dvorak, who walked out on Hollywood just as she reached the top, is coming back strongly after her work in "Sweet Music" . . . Everybody mentioned the voice of the singer in "Babes in Toyland." He was Felix Knight . . . Little Patricia Ellis, at the right, is climbing steadily, in "Hold 'Em Yale" and "A Night at the Ritz."

Laurels for Hardy— AND VICE VERSA

By CHARLES DARNTON





Small picture above: A touching scene, full of mother love, innocent childhood, and sobs, from "The Hoosegow."

The two gentlemen in a thoughtful pose, just after winning a beauty contest. The sunset they are admiring is behind Hardy's hat

IF YOU have an ear for music, surely you know that cuckoo Prelude in B Flat, Ta-ra-ta-roo-to-loo-w-h-e-e-g-r-r-r-z-z-z-oof!

Right—introducing Laurel and Hardy.

Only now these goofy comedians are set to Victor Herbert's music, having scored the hit of their lives in "Babes in Toyland." Oddly enough, Hardy—the blimpish gentleman—never is called anything but "Babe" in Hollywood, though he sports no less a name than Oliver Norvell Hardy. The other's known as "Stan," all that's left of Arthur Stanley Jefferson.

Their latest and greatest success reminds me of what Ann Harding once said when I asked her what she would like to play most of all: "Fantasy, the legendary sort of thing. I've always wanted to do it. But Walt Disney, the greatest genius the screen has produced, beat me to it." And now Laurel and Hardy have stolen a march—anyway "The March of the Toy Soldiers"—on Miss Harding.

In this fantastic relation another genius comes to mind. For just as Charlie Chaplin eternally typifies the under-dog, so Laurel and Hardy faithfully, if ludicrously, represent the under-man.

Curiously, too, Chaplin and Laurel made their first American appearance together, for that matter stepped off the same cattleboat. Brought over from England in 1910 to join Fred Karno's Comedians, they opened at the Colonial in a vaudeville skit called "A Night in an English Secret Society" which, unhappily, got New York's goat instead of its kind applause. Discouraged, they wanted to go right back home. But they were packed off to Fall River, where "A Night in an English Music Hall" was tried out. Then they sneaked back to New York with it, scared stiff, only to thaw out in the sun of success. It was at the American Music Hall that their luck changed. I recall seeing Chaplin, as the "drunk," fall out of a stage box, but I had no idea he would one day fall into a fortune.

After their warming metropolitan experience they went on a winter's tour of the country and nearly froze to death. It was so cold they had to huddle around the stove in their car. They traveled "tourist" in one of those cars where you can do anything if you know how. They didn't.

"We were a motley crew," Laurel solemnly assured me.

"Tell him about the busted sardines," grimly suggested Hardy.

"They weren't sardines," protested Laurel, "they were herring."

"With tomato sauce," succulently added Hardy.

"That was the trouble," explained Laurel. "I never saw sauce spread so fast and so far. You see, we were heating the can on the stove when it exploded."

"Blew up all over everybody," amplified Hardy.

"How did Chaplin take it?" I asked.

"Just as it came," replied Laurel, matter-of-factly. "We weren't fussy in those days. We had to get along on very little and pay our own expenses. Chaplin was getting fifty dollars a week, I got only twenty. But that first year I saved three hundred."

Thrifty laddies, these English!

NOR has Hardy done so badly. He now is rolling in wealth as well as fat. And not long ago he had a comedy in his own name, "Oliver the Eighth," though I must say it seemed to be motivated by an acquisitive lady who rubbed out seven husbands and then had designs on him. Of course, there's still lots of room on Oliver for designs.

Laurel having lolloped off somewhere, I turned to Hardy and inquired:

"How did you boys happen to get together?"

"I suppose," he murmured, "it was fate."

I thought he had said "fat" until he gravely added:

"You see, I'm a fatalist."

Buried in that flesh, then, was a soul!

Born in Harlem (you're wrong), Georgia, Hardy studied law, then, quite logically, joined a medicine show. Later he went into vaudeville and musical comedy. (He sings tenor, but doesn't speak it.) He came to California with the Vim Company—stimulating name—and played in pictures with the late Larry Semon. In 1927 Hal Roach hitched him up with Laurel, and today both members of the team agree it has been great fun.

But it would seem that Hardy might likewise have found it great danger, what with furniture and pianos and houses and things falling on him, not to mention slopping around in more water than any man since Noah.

"No," he placidly remarked, "nothing really serious has happened to me. Naturally, there have been a few little things. (*Please turn to page* 63)

"No Movie Madness for Me!"

"And you don't have to live in Hollywood to be movie mad," says Kitty Carlisle. "There are movie-maniacs right in your own home town"

By JOHN T. CASEY

THERE'LL be no movie madness for me," exclaimed Kitty Carlisle emphatically, the very tone of her voice and the sparkle in her eyes assuring me that I had struck a most responsive chord.

"Hollywood madness" may not be a pet peeve of Kitty's but if it isn't, it at least is a subject of which she is very fond. "Maybe you're not the stenographer or the screen actor or the housekeeper you used to be," Kitty will say, "but if you're not, I've got the answer. It's Hollywood madness, movie insanity, or whatever you choose to call it.

"It's not at all uncommon," she will argue, "and if you think that the girl at the next typewriter or the exotic creature on the next set or the young mother next door are acting queerly, the answer is simple . . . they've gone Hollywood."

And according to Kitty, one of the things about this movie madness is its geographical scope. She'll tell that "You don't have to go to Hollywood to catch the germ. Right at home in Podunk or on Broadway or in Miami you'll find it. Even if you look in the mirror—oh well, just maybe!"

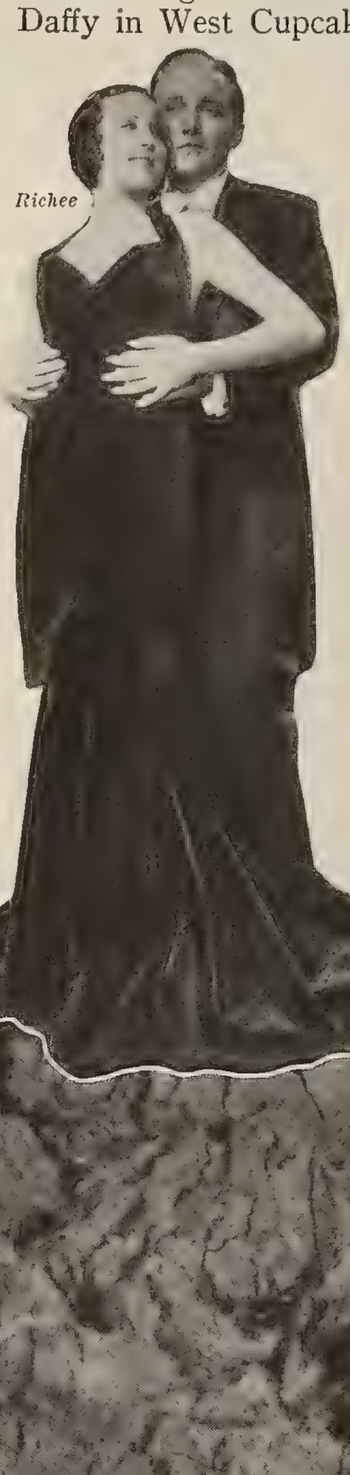
THERE are few girls in the movies who have had the social and educational advantages which have been the good fortune of Kitty Carlisle.

Early schooling in New Orleans, studying in Switzerland and Paris, and making a social debut in Rome, Italy, have combined to give her a sophisticated and broadened perspective. This viewpoint, she assured me, is the secret of her immunity to movie madness. "Whether it's Hartford or Hollywood, balance is essential," Kitty will tell you, and without any ego whatsoever, she'll say, "Take myself for example. After studying most of my life abroad, I came back to the United States in 1932 and immediately struck good fortune with the leading role in a *Rio Rita* revival which toured for eight months. Then last Winter, I sang the lead in the successful operetta, "Champagne Sec." It was this show which brought me to the attention of Paramount and resulted in my making four pictures within the year 1934, two of which have been opposite Bing Crosby. It is this being flung into screen limelight which has made me so conscious of the causes of movie madness."

Probably the most startling of Kitty's observations was the one about the absurd parties, wild romances, silly feuds, and a hundred other items which make up Hollywood scene. Mr. Crosby's new leading woman exclaims positively, "Those wild doings are really not so much a part of the town. The damage has usually been done long before most of the screen folk ever gaze upon Beverly Hills or the Brown Derby. Of course most people don't show it until screen success suddenly gives them the fame and fortune they have always dreamed about. But that's only part of the problem. They would never go off balance if they had the proper background before they came to Hollywood."

Following the Carlisle diagnosis, when Dotty Daffy in West Cupcake starts spending her hard-earned money for mail-order screen courses, then watch out. She is probably about to subject her friends and neighbors to the highly contagious disease of movie madness. Even if she doesn't buy a course, she may be Hollywood Haywire. She may wear Dietrich trousers or pester the local paper to run her picture; she may give up home town admirers because they cannot match John Boles or Clark Gable in romantic settings; or she may show it in a dozen other ways. If she has any of these

(*Please turn to page* 42)



Richee



Kitty Carlisle was practically thrown into pictures, and into Bing Crosby's arms, in "She Loves Me Not" and "Here Is My Heart." But she keeps her head!

FREDDIE and FRANKIE



Freddie Bartholomew, the ten-year-old English boy you saw in "David Copperfield," talks like a professor

By
CHARLES DARNTON

ACROSS a strange sea and a stranger land—and he but a mere lad, mind you—he had followed his faith for six thousand miles and proved himself true to it.

This is the most remarkable thing about one of the finest child actors the talking screen has produced.

A light rap at the door, then there stepped through, for all the world like stepping out of Dickens' pages, the amazing English youngster, Freddie Bartholomew, who so appealingly and completely realized the boy David in the film production of "David Copperfield."

Vividly alive, his dark, curling hair tumbling almost into his gray-blue eyes, he smiled up at me as we shook hands. Instantly he gave the welcome impression of never provoking you into an indulgent attitude, but meeting you, gladly, on an equal footing. Of course, that footing was somewhat wanting in physical ease for a three-footer talking with a six-footer. But any possible difficulty was overcome when Freddie climbed into a chair and let his roll-socked feet hang in suspense.

I almost fell out of mine when I asked what had led him to undertake his long journey on a mere chance of getting what he had come for and heard:

"My faith."

"In yourself?"

"Not that, so much as my faith in Dickens. I had a lot of faith in him. "You see," he explained, "I knew his books so well that I felt I knew him—just had a feeling. I'd read 'David Copperfield' two or three times. Funny enough," and his voice had a gay rising inflection like a kite going up, "that was my favorite book. I mean it's funny I should get the part."

"Had you any doubts?"

"N-no," he considered, knitting his brows, "not any real doubts. On the way over I didn't think about it—that is, not much."

"What did you think about?"

"Indians!"

He watched the effect of this exciting revelation, then merrily joined in a laugh. We were getting on.

"And nothing shook your faith?"

"Well," he admitted, "when I reached here and found that ten thousand other boys were trying for the part my hopes were slightly dashed."

Still, even in the face of such competition, Freddie never lost hope. It now remained for him to tell what he had done to win the much coveted role:

"I recited Portia's speech."

Just a kid, yet with "The Merchant of Venice" at his tongue's end!

"I know Cromwell's speech and Marc Antony's," he added, "but I thought Portia's would be enough."

He wasn't boasting, simply being matter-of-fact, as though Shakespeare were an old story to this young boy.

"I like Shakespeare very much, don't you?" he asked.

In agreeing with him, I recalled that the first play I had seen, as a small boy in London, was "Hamlet," and that it had been followed by an exhibition of horsemanship.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, his eyes widening. "'Hamlet' and horsemanship—that must have been

(*Please turn to page* 51)



Freddie, with Edna May Oliver and Lenox Pawle, in a scene from the picture that will long be remembered.

Another stage veteran, at twelve, Frankie Thomas is unlike Freddie in that he's all boy. He loves "Dawgs"

By
LUCILE BABCOCK



UPON the stage a little blond boy with pain-tortured face huddled in a wheel chair. On his slight shoulders rested the responsibility for so convincing the audience, of a miraculous cure, that all subsequent events would have reality.

I shivered for that little player. I knew from my own acting days how perilous it all was, how easy to fail.

"Dear God," he prayed, with upturned face. "Please let me walk. Please!" Off stage the Jesuit Choir soared in an ecstatic *Te Deum*. He half-raised himself on the arms of the chair. Struggled to his feet. Stood erect and took four triumphant steps.

There was just one moment of that breathless silence which means utter credulity on the part of the audience, and then applause came thunderously. The little boy with the halo of blond hair was Frankie Thomas, brilliant new screen star. The stage play, although that is unimportant, was "The First Legion," that strangely touching story of life in a monastery. What was important and exciting to an old trouper like me was the fact that here was a boy of twelve completely swaying an audience with his playing of a part which not only demanded genuine emotion but a technique to portray that emotion that it takes years to acquire. His timing seemed as instinctive as breathing . . . this line taken at slow tempo to sink every syllable, that line speeded to build a climax. It is as God-given as perfect pitch in music. Either you have it or you haven't, and without it you'll be a ham actor all the days of your life.

I knew that afternoon at "The First Legion" that I wanted to meet Frankie Thomas, but also that I wanted to see him act again to make sure that his performance wasn't coincidence or circumstance. A good play has so often carried a poor actor! A good director so often saves both stupid acting and inadequate play!

And then, as Bobby Phillips, in "Wednesday's Child," that heart-tearing drama of a lonely little boy trying to adjust himself to the problem of his parents' divorce, the miracle of impersonation happened again. The episode between Bobby and his mother, following the discovery of her affair with "the other man," is as quietly contemptuous as any moment I have ever seen on the screen. He looks at her with level, tortured brows and then, with a slight dilation of nostrils and an almost imperceptible pinching of his lips, faces away from her and marches up the stairs. You can feel tears in every line of that straight childish back.

But Frankie Thomas in real life is something pretty jolly, and I think you'd get a great lift out of meeting him. He walks like a buccaneer, with enormous strides. Beret worn as nearly as possible in the manner of a sombrero, slanting well down over his triangular gray eyes. His handgrasp is as hearty as a salesman's. You wince and you wonder. Later you learn that wrestling is his favorite indoor sport. But more of the private life of young Thomas when I show him to you with his spinach. (Mothers of growing boys, please note.)

He likes to think of his own personality, I am sure, as one part Cagney, two parts Frank Buck, a dash of Max Baer. Tough. Tireless, Titanic. Especially the latter.

He sat across the luncheon table from me and Big Frank, his father, and in less than two minutes had sold me a carload of Frank Buck and a couple of jaguars. The last first.

(*Please turn to page* 50)



And here's one of the "dawgs." Frankie must love him, because he's giving him the center of the stage.

FRED ASTAIRE'S SECRETS of SUCCESS

They've made Fred "the tops."
Maybe they'll help you



By DAVID FLOURNOY

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown!"

A moth-eaten saying, I grant you; yet it tells quickly the success-story which today has all Hollywood a-buzz.

The story of Fred Astaire.

If you are surprised, so was I. Not at the thought of his wearing a crown, for the world knows that his wing-footed rhythm in "The Gay Divorcee" established Fred as the screen's premier dancing star—a King of Terpsichore.

But that his crown might lie uneasy on so debonair a head, I never dreamed. Until I talked to the man himself.

While Fred Astaire was making all three of his pictures—"Dancing Lady," "Flying Down to Rio," and "The Gay Divorcee"—he was not merely "uneasy," I learned. He was probably the most worried star in Hollywood.

And that's why he was so good!

Moreover, despite his sensational success, he is still worried. And that's why he will continue to be good!

It doesn't make sense, you say? Then suppose we start at the beginning. That is where Fred and I started, in his new dressing-room at RKO-Radio the other day.

IMPRESSED by his screen nonchalance, I was all set to meet a carefree young blade without a worry; a Fortune's Favorite without a care. When Fred appeared, his slim, wiry, perfectly-conditioned dancer's body clad in a spotless suit and a smile lighting his warm brown eyes, he looked the part. Not especially handsome, not "stagey," but friendly and "regular."

He was born in the breezy burg of Omaha, Nebraska, on the twenty-sixth of a bleak November, about thirty years ago; his real name, Frederick Austerlitz. This, in spite of the fact that many of his admirers seem to think he's an Englishman.

He told how his mother had taken him and sister Adele, one year older, to New York when he was six. How he picked up his first desire to dance while watching Adele's dancing lessons. That he was born with a God-given genius for it, he'd be the last one in the world to admit, I'm sure.

He laughed over his first public appearance.

"It wasn't dancing at all," said Fred, "but frightfully heavy drama. You see, Adele was producing, for a New York school entertainment, no less imposing a classic than Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' She was playing the title role, schnozzola and all. And I, because I was little brother and she couldn't get another heroine at the last minute, had to pinch-hit for the 'fair Roxanne.' After that I stuck to dancing, believe me!"

So far, so good. I saw no sign of Astaire worry or unease. But by coincidence I found that worry on the part of his mother, over family finances, started Freddy (then aged eight) on the road to fame.

Realizing the potential worth of her children's dancing ability, Mrs. Austerlitz took them to a Broadway theatrical agent. He got them a booking outside New York. A short time later, they were Orpheum Circuit headliners at $200.00 per week.

The pair left the stage for several years during the awkward adolescent period, then "came back" without difficulty and, with Fred only seventeen, were featured on Broadway in Ed Wynn's musical show, "Over the Top."

A long string of hits followed, including "Funny Face," "Smiles," "Lady Be Good," and "Band Wagon." While with the last-named show in London, Fred played command performances for the King, chummed with nobility, and acquired a racing stable, but lost not a whit of his democratic modesty.

Adele, for her part, got married. Leaving her happily retired from the stage as the wife of Charles, Lord Cavendish, near London, Fred deter-

(*Please turn to page* 46)

Fred was a success before he danced with Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorcee," but that film made him a new kind of success.



LES MISERABLES
(20th Century)

For those who love the Victor Hugo classic and want to see Fredric March—dirty, unkempt, with matted hair and tangled beard, reduced to a vengeful and degraded animal by manacles and the lash—in a superb performance quite equal to his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."



BECKY SHARP
(RKO-Pathe)

Taken from another classic, Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," this is done in full color. Miriam Hopkins is a conscienceless minx who can't help chasing after men. She loses her husband and ruins her life by it, but at the end of the picture she's still going strong.



SPRING IN PARIS
(RKO)

Anne Shirley attends a girls' school and is miserable there, so O. P. Heggie, a kindly old bookworm, rescues her, with complications provided by Anne's villainous guardian. Tender and sweet and romantic, this is for you if you go to the theater to escape harsh reality.



BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
(Universal)

Frankenstein carries on. This time the inventors who created the monster raid a vault, kill a girl, and in such gruesome fashion provide a mate for their horrible creation. For Karloff fans and horror fans, this is guaranteed to give you bad dreams for three weeks.



PRINCESS O'HARA
(Universal)

Jean Parker is in love with Chester Morris, head of a taxicab company, until her hackman father is killed in a taxi war. A child actor, Jimmy Fay, helps to reunite them. The good old tears-and-laughter hokum. See it if you like Jean Parker and Chester Morris.



PRIVATE WORLDS
(Wanger)

Walter Wanger, a courageous new producer, takes you inside an insane asylum to give you something different. Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea and Charles Boyer are doctors in the asylum, trying to untangle their own love affairs along with the tangled minds of their patients.

ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

Think you might like to see a movie? Read this page and learn what the best ones are, and which ones have your favorite stars—By BARBARA BARRY, New Movie's Studio Scout

THIS month's studio-hopping divulged a potpourri of comedy, mystery, drama, horror and an interesting visit to—of all places—a psychopathic clinic.

For a hot day we give you your choice of Frankenstein or Dracula, those two boy scouts gone wrong with a hey, nonny, nonny and a scream in the night! Or, if you'd like to know why you can't describe a circular stairway without making spiral gestures in the air, let Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea lead you into the psychopathic ward (first door to the left) a la "Private Worlds," and tell you all about inhibitions, complexes and stuff.

LES MISERABLES
•
20th CENTURY

For the top-notcher of the month's Ten Best, considering cast, director, story and producer, we happily pin the medal on "Les Miserables," the Victor Hugo classic.

Fredric March has never had a more difficult role (with the possible exception of "Jekyll and Hyde") nor handled it better. As the be-devilled Jean Valjean, sentenced to imprisonment for stealing bread, pursued for the rest of his life, even after his release by the French government (in the person of Charles Laughton), Fred gives an incomparable performance.

Dirty, unkempt, with matted hair and tangled beard, reduced to a vengeful and degraded animal by manacles and the lash inflicted upon him on the galley, Fred lies upon a bed before the camera.

A moment's silence . . . then he rises cautiously, crosses the room and, kneeling before a dirty gray bag, fumbles among its contents, finally extracting a short iron bar.

As Fred fumbles in the bag, a property man makes faint, clinking noises by tapping two pieces of iron together.

Quietly opening the door, March tiptoes across the hall, opens another door and slowly approaches the bed whereon his benefactor, the Bishop (Cedric Hardwicke), peacefully sleeps.

It is a tense moment. Raising his right arm, Fred is about to bring the iron bar down on the Bishop's head, when . . .

"Cut!" says Director Richard Boleslavski. And that has to be that for the time being at least! Just our luck, too—always missing out on the kill!

Hopping out of bed, the erstwhile Bishop pulls up his nightie and produces a thin leather book. "Here," he says, handing it to Freddie, "if I don't get that autograph today, the child will browbeat me no end!"

So Freddie signs it nicely, stops for a five-minute rest in his colossal (in a small way!) portable dressing-room, and then . . . back he goes again to the grind!

Boleslavski is one of the most even-tempered, pleasant people in the business, and, in this land of hysterics and temperament, people like "Boley" are like water to a thirsty traveler. And, boy! are we thirsty! (*Please turn to page* 58)

Barbara Barry Recommends These Ten

1. "Les Miserables," with Fredric March and Charles Laughton.
2. "Oil for the Lamps of China," with Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson.
3. "Becky Sharp," with Miriam Hopkins and Frances Dee.
4. "The Crusades," with Henry Wilcoxon and Loretta Young.
5. "Mark of the Vampire," with Bela Lugosi and Lionel Barrymore.
6. "Private Worlds," with Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea.
7. "Werewolf of London," with Warner Oland and Henry Hull.
8. "Public Enemy No. 2," with Charles Butterworth and Una Merkel.
9. "Paris in Spring," with Tullio Carminati and Mary Ellis.
10. "Bride of Frankenstein," with Boris Karloff and Elsa Lanchester.

HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY

Day by day, in every way, Hollywood is in the news. Here Nemo brings that news to you with all its thrills

WELL, it's gossip time in Hollywood and . . . Peep! Peep! . . . here comes Old Man NEMO with a hatful of things you ought to know about the ones you love the best.

•

SPEAKING of rabbits, or to be more exact, of rabbit's feet— Dolores Del Rio has one, all dressed up in beads and dangling ornamentally on a formal bag! Mae Clarke wears one around her neck (sort of lavaliere effect) on varied corded chains to match her different costumes!

And you'll never catch Janet Beecher without a tiny piece of Koa wood that she wears on a gold chain around her wrist. The wood bears an inscription in silver that reads, "knock on me!", and believe me, Janet knocks, too, before making any important decisions!

THIS is really a very funny month!

After a Boy Scout demonstration, some smarty asked Bob Montgomery what he'd *do if he were lost in the woods and wanted to light a fire, sans matches.*

"Humph," said Bob, "I'd rub two boy scouts together!"



•

FOR the first time in her movie career, our buxom Mae West was called upon to take a location trip.

All was well until the sun set and darkness sneaked up on the ensemble. In the distance, a coyote howled. Mae shivered. Again the animal turned loose one of those blood-curdling wails . . . a little nearer, this time. Mae double-shivered.

"How do you like the wide open spaces?" one of the lads asked.

"M-mm-m . . ." Mae murmured, none too enthusiastically. "They're all right in their place, but, give me a roof garden where all the coyotes are the two-legged kind!"

•

MORE fun on the Paramount lot these days!

Bing Crosby and W. C. Fields were arguing about their respective golf scores (and doing a lot of high-powered falsifying, if you ask us).

All of a sudden, finding himself in danger of being outdone, Fields said: "Now, now, Mister *Crosby . . . you prevaricate! I don't like men of your ilk!"*

"That's O.K., Bill," says Bing. "I'm not an Ilk—I'm a Mason!"

•

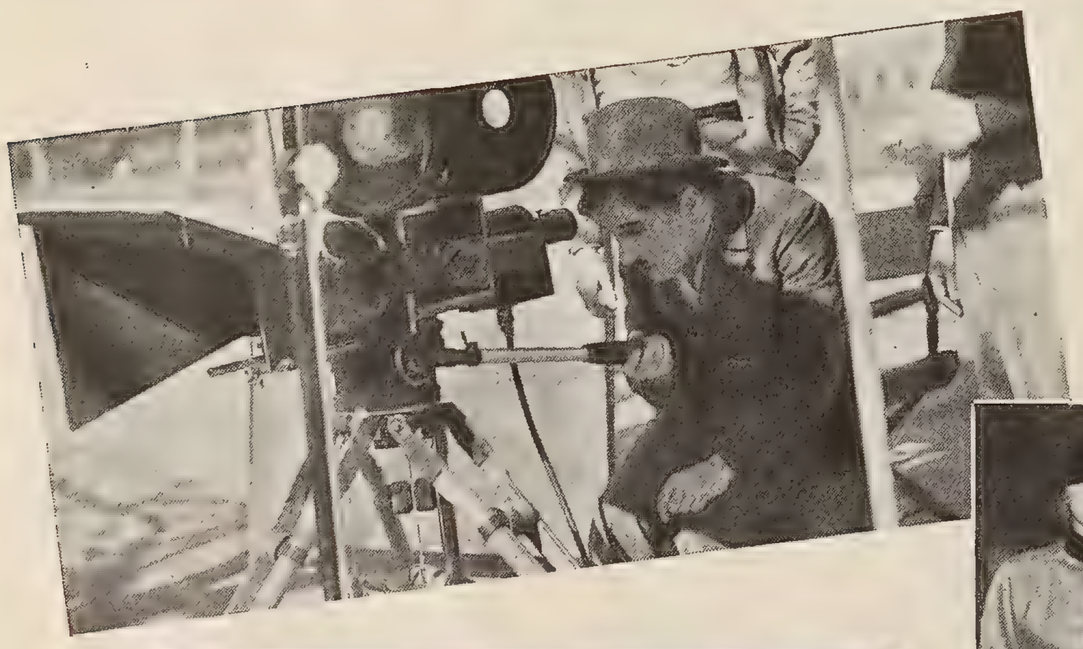


GLENDA FARRELL'S Siamese kitten, "Frankie," is a honey, but on account of it's double-crossed optics, the poor thing roams around bumping into the furniture and generally getting into lots of bad spots.

Alan Hale's tender heart couldn't stand up under Frankie's sorry predicament, so he designed a tiny pair of spectacles, with goggle strappings, and now Frankie can join the boys on the back fence for a bit of midnight harmonizing and dodge everything that's thrown!

•

DASHING over to the studio cafe for a bite between shots, we couldn't eat for laughing at the antics of Alison Skipworth and Charles Laughton who were doing a swell job of taking off the



Charlie Chaplin checks the camera set-up on a scene for his "Production No. 5." Notice it's a *silent* camera. Does this mean the picture will be silent?





Left: Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, snapped as they left a Hollywood premiere. Above: Marlene Dietrich and Travis Banton, who designs her gowns, attend the opening of the Ballet Russe.



Above: At Colleen Moore's party, James Blakeley borrows a reporter's camera and flash-gun to experiment with a little amateur photography on Mary Carlisle. Mary looks scared.

exaggerated gushing of some of our Hollywood elite.

"Dah-*ling!*" *screamed "Skippy," falling on Buster's neck. "It's so lovely to* see *you!! . . . How* have *you* been?"

"Splen*did, my deah . . .* per*fectly* splen*did!" Buster yelled. "And youah looking* too *perfectly dee-voone!"*

"Youah too, *TOO precious!" Skippy countered. "And* thinner *. . . my* deah!"

"So nice to have seen you again. I say *. . .!" he stopped abruptly, "what was your name again . . . ?" And so on, until there were cracker crumbs, omelet, and general hysterics all over the place!*

•

THOSE crazy Marx Brothers! Because everybody in the family including the servants, likes a different radio program, the nutty brothers went out and got themselves *seven* radios, just to keep peace (or maybe it's 'bedlam'?) in the family!

•



WE asked Richard Dix what he intended naming his new police puppy, who is, incidentally, the great grandson of the original Rin-Tin-Tin.

"Oh, I don't know," he temporized. "D'you think I ought to call it Rin-Tin-Tin Tin?"

•

ANY rags? . . . ol' clo'es? . . . bottles?

We may have an abundance of empty bottles out here, but old clothes . . .? Well, the local rag man would have to give up and turn to selling parasols for a living in these parts!

In "One More Spring," Walter King was supposed to wear the oldest suit of clothes he could find, all through the picture.

After prowling through dozens of Good Will shops, Walter happened on a hand-me-down that he figured would be just what the director ordered. But . . . nope, said Director King, not half shiny enough.

So, for days, Walter leaned over a chair while the prop boys went to town on his elbows and trousers with many pieces of sandpaper.

And if you think Walter's Good Will suit wasn't thin in spots . . . ask him why he stood up to eat most of his meals, that week!



•

AND, speaking of dogs—Dorothy Tree is keeping a close eye on her pet sheep dog, "Cheka," on account of she has such a small house that a litter of sheep dog puppies would be just about the last straw.

(*Please turn to page* 65)



Above: Bing, Bing, Bing, Bing, here come the Crosbys. Below: Warren William entertains Bill Lee, captain of the Alabama football squad. Right: Jean Parker and Little Jimmy Fay, of the "Princess O'Hara" cast.

Photos by Wide World



Right: Anna Sten abandons colored make-up to try out a new kind, painted in black, white and gray.

Below: Henry Hull, made up as a Southern gentleman for "Transient Lady."



Below: At Colleen Moore's gay party were those two nice persons known as Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott.



reported by NEMO

THE SPRING PARTIES

Grace Kingsley, our Hollywood Society Reporter, takes you on a personally conducted tour of the smart affairs of the month



I SHOULDN'T be a bit surprised if Colleen Moore threw a doll-house-warming!

That would be something new under the sun, even in Hollywood, wouldn't it?

For Colleen Moore thinks her new doll house—costing, says rumor, no less than a hundred thousand dollars—is worth all the fuss she can make over it. And after getting a private and particular peep at it, following a party at her Benedict Canyon house, I'm inclined to agree with her, even though I never had a passion for doll-houses.

In case you can get a thrill out of a doll-house, though—and even if you can't—just listen to this.

Every fairy tale in the world is represented in its murals and carvings—German, Spanish, ancient, modern, Oriental—and these carvings are so fine and delicate that you must use a microscope to see some of them. The house is nine feet by nine, and everything in it in proportion.

And oh, the magnificence of it! The doll herself is a princess, and her bedroom is of mother-of-pearl inlaid with gold, while the tiny bathroom is of silver, crystal and jade. And the chandeliers are fitted, not with glass pendants, but with tiny diamond ones!

The house is going to travel around the world, for charity's sake, and that naturally justifies its existence, if its existence must be justified.

In the meantime, that party of Colleen's was just a sort of Cupid rendezvous, with all the romancing couples showing up.

Mary Carlisle was present with James Blakeley, Jeanette MacDonald with Robert Ritchie, Marion Marsh with Edmund Lowe—and that does look ever so serious—Maureen O'Sullivan with Johnny Farrow.

And then there were Antonio Moreno and Doris Dawson. And Doris admitted she didn't go out with anybody else, and didn't deny there was or at least soon might be an engagement between them.

Two of the most attractive young actresses came alone—Margaret Lindsay and Gail Patrick—but were soon surrounded by the unattached, and even by some of the attached, bachelors, including Randy Scott, Reed Hewes, Louis D'Arclay, and Billy Haines.

By
GRACE KINGSLEY

IT is fun just to play at acting once in a while, the film folks think, and so, every so often, somebody gives a fancy dress party.

There was the one that Mrs. Elizabeth Fraser Lloyd, Harold's mother, gave, for instance, at her suite at the swanky Town House. There were masks at first, of course, but you know how that goes—nobody ever keeps a mask on right up to twelve o'clock, the old (*Please turn to page* 54)



Wide World Photos

At the costume party given by Harold Lloyd's mother: Art Goebel, aviator, May Robson, Harold Lloyd, and Louis Aldon Jr.

●

Right: Guests at Elissa Landi's "At Home" were Phillip Reed, Countess Landi, Elissa's mother, Elissa, Cary Grant, and the irrepressible Tom Brown.

●

Below: Cary Grant and Elissa Landi autograph photos for the Ballet Russe dancers, appearing in Hollywood.







Above: Harold Lloyd, his mother, and Mildred Lloyd with Kathleen Williams Eyton, remembered by fans as Kathleen Williams.

●

Left: At the Colleen Moore party, reported for you on this page, Sally Eilers and William Haines were among the guests.

The Masculine Touch

"Si, Signor, Spaghetti!" Chef Guy Kibbee can really prepare the much loved Italian dish so that one is almost tempted to gourmandize. Guy is now at work with Aline MacMahon in "Wanderlust" at the Warner Studios

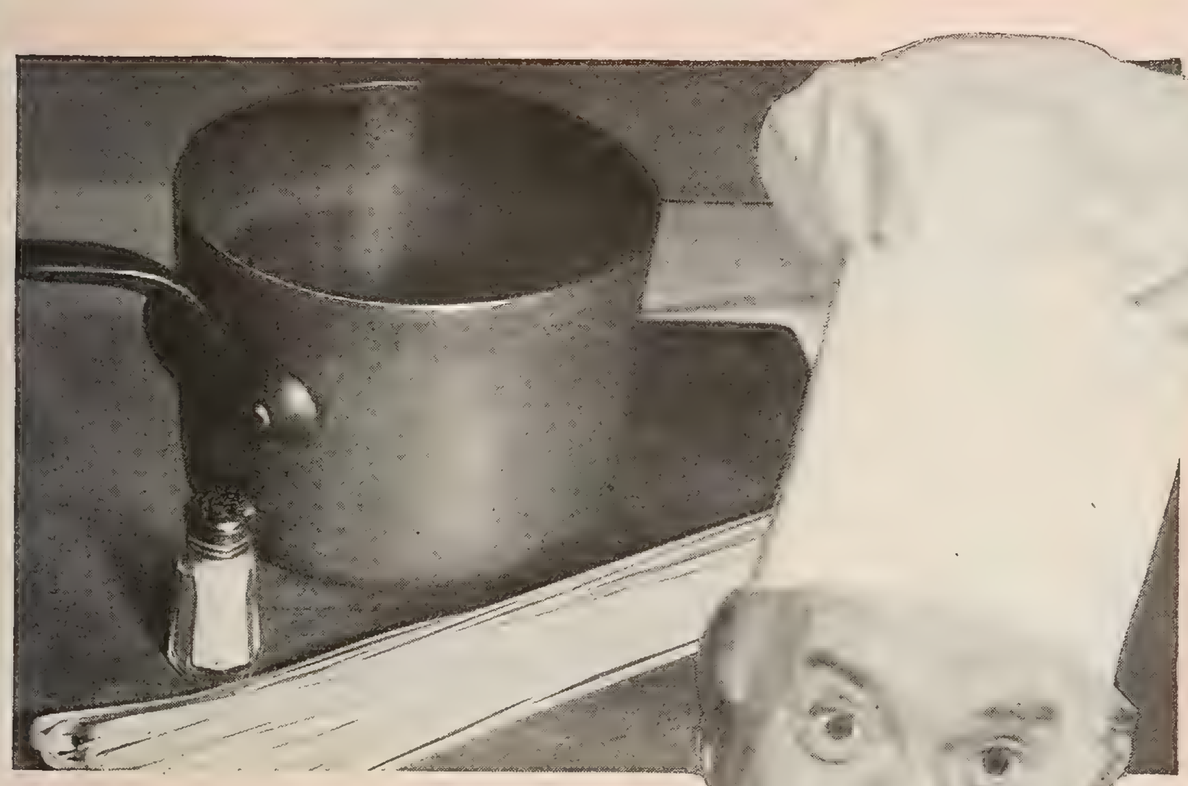
By RITA CALHOUN

ANYONE who thinks cooking is a woman's special prerogative should talk to Actor Guy Kibbee for about five minutes. Or better still, watch him in operation while he's "chefing" it at one of his famous Italian dinners.

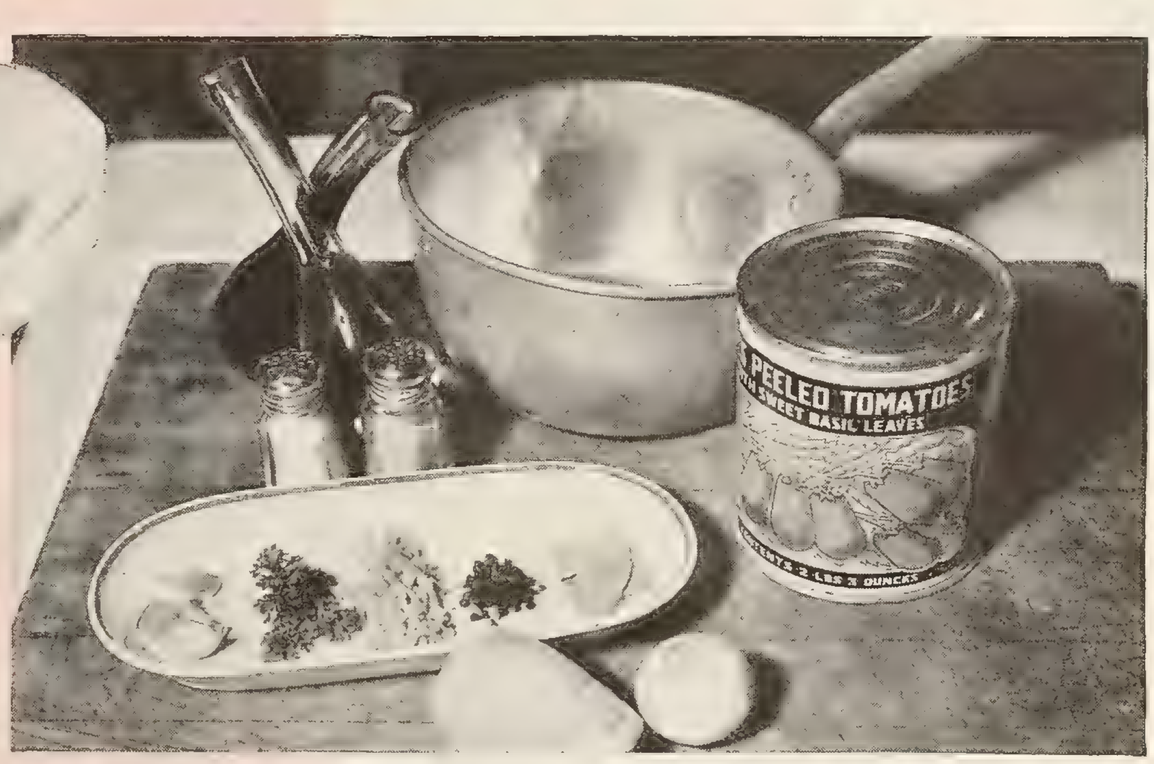
"Maybe a man wouldn't be very patient about cooking three meals a day," Mr. Kibbee admits, "but let him feel he's doing something very special, and by George, with a little practise, he *can* turn out something special, too. Every man should have one dish at which he excels. Mine happens to be Italian dinners."

Mr. Kibbee is a great enthusiast about garlic. "It's a flavoring that the true epicure approaches with relish. Here in America we are all too prone to cast it aside but its subtle flavoring is the making of many a dish."

With some recipes it is fairly simple for the experienced cook to glance at them and have a pretty good idea of what the finished product will be. The variety of condiments and seasonings which go into Italian dishes makes this more difficult so you really have to try the recipe to judge it. There are many sauces, for instance, for spaghetti, but Mr. Kibbee's is supreme. You'll be surprised what the addition of carrots does to the flavor—and you'd never know they were there. Incidentally, this sauce served over green noodles (green Tagliarini to the Italians) makes an excellent and rather unusual dish. You can either make green noodles or buy them already packaged at most grocery stores.



A gleaming copper pot in which the spaghetti may be cooked.



Ingredients for the sauce are many and varied.



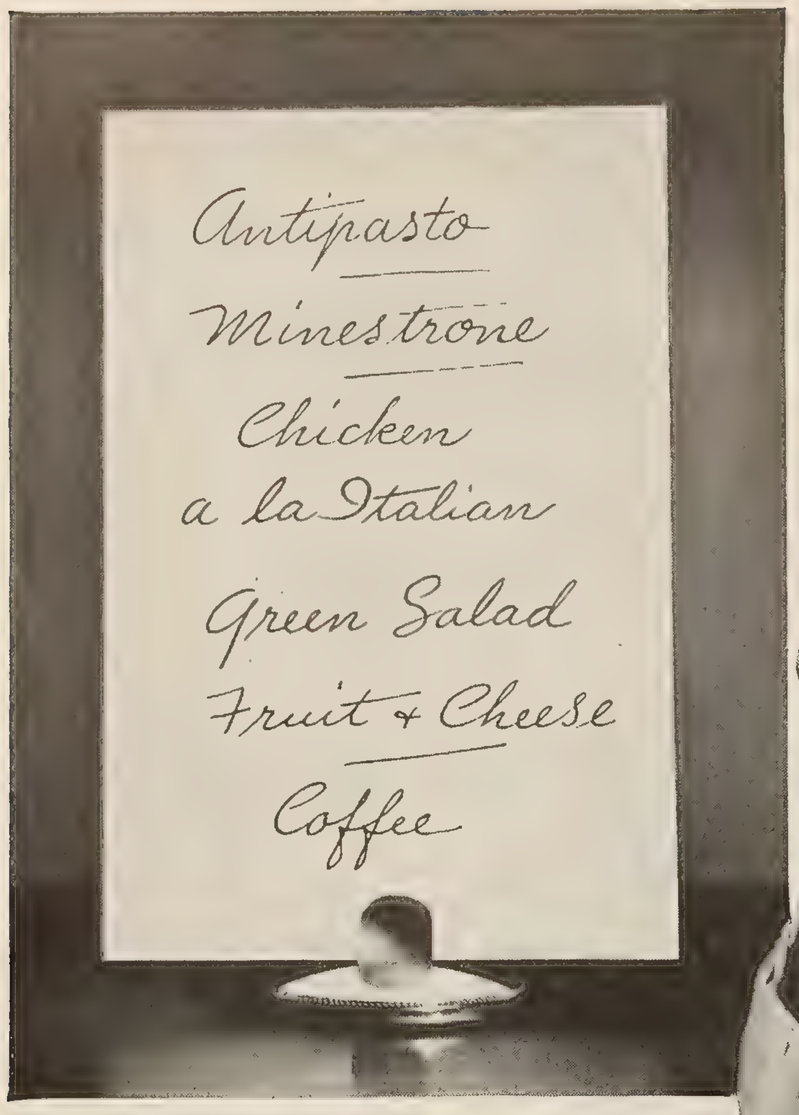
The most appetizing way to begin your Italian dinner is with an assortment of antipasto. Any five or six of the following makes an attractive, zestful plate: halved stuffed eggs, strips of anchovy, olives, sliced tomatoes, sliced cucumbers, salami, cold slaw, shrimp or crab salad, celery stuffed with cheese.

Recipes for Mr. Kibbee's Italian dinner follow, together with some other recipes which we recommend when you want to serve something a little different for dinner.

Spaghetti

1 package spaghetti
1 good sized onion
1 green pepper
2 tablespoons butter
1 can tomato soup
½ cup bread or cracker crumbs
¼ pound cheese broken into small pieces
Salt and pepper to taste

Cook spaghetti in two quarts of boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Drain and let cold water run through it. Cut onion and green pepper into small bits and fry in butter until tender but not too brown. Add tomato soup and heat. Season with salt and pepper. Mix with spaghetti and put in baking pan. Cover with bread or cracker crumbs and cheese. Bake until brown.





Follow this menu when you give your dinner a la Italian.

The dinner begins with assorted antipasto accompanied by Chianti.

An appetizing dish of spaghetti generously covered with meat sauce.



Italian Minestrone

1 cup dried navy beans
1 tablespoon minced onions
1 clove garlic
1 sprig parsley
1 stalk celery
¼ cup olive oil or substitute
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ teaspoon pepper
1 cup tomato soup
1 cup coarsely chopped cabbage
1 cup cooked macaroni

Soak beans over night. Drain. Cook in five cups of water over slow fire until tender, adding more water as needed. Chop onion, garlic, parsley and celery and cook in olive oil until tender. Add seasoning, tomato soup and coarsely chopped cabbage. Bring to boiling point. Combine with cooked beans. Add cooked macaroni. Let simmer half hour until cabbage is tender. Sprinkle individual servings with grated Italian cheese.

Sauce for Italian Spaghetti

1 large onion
1 large or two medium carrots
1 clove garlic
Celery—about three stalks
1 can tomatoes
1 pound chopped meat
Parsley

Put the onion, carrots, celery and clove of garlic through a meat chopper. Fry in olive oil until done. Season with salt and pepper. Rub tomatoes through a colander to eliminate the seeds and add to the mixture. Add chopped meat and allow to simmer over a slow fire until thoroughly tender. Pour over platter of cooked spaghetti, and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

Tip for an impromptu Italian dinner: use the canned spaghetti which you have found to be so delicious as a luncheon or supper dish!

Green Noodles or Tagliarini

2¼ cups flour
2 eggs
1 cup finely chopped cooked spinach
1 teaspoon salt

Beat egg, add spinach finely chopped and salt. Work in the flour. Roll out as thin as possible on a well-floured board. Let stand for about six hours or until thoroughly dry. Turning will facilitate the drying process. Roll tightly together and continue to dry for one-half hour. Slice the roll into thin slices. Let dry one more hour before cooking. Cook in boiling salted water for 10 minutes.

Chicken a la Italiana

1 roasting chicken

Cut chicken in pieces. Dip in olive oil, roll in flour, salt and pepper to taste. Put in roasting pan in 2 tablespoons olive oil. Cook over flame for ten minutes or until a light brown. Add one cup water. Cover tightly and bake in a medium oven until tender.

Green Salad

Rub salad bowl well with a cut clove of garlic. Mix lettuce, romaine, endive, celery hearts, chives, water cress and chicory. Just before serving pour French dressing over the greens, tossing them lightly together with a fork and spoon. Garnish with tomato sections and olives.

Chicken Cacciatora

1 young tender chicken, about 3 lbs.
1½ cups diced Italian tomatoes, canned or fresh
2 cloves garlic chopped fine
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon thyme
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
Olive oil

Cut chicken as for fricasse, rub with salt and pepper and saute in olive oil until light brown. Cover with chopped garlic, parsley and tomatoes and cook slowly in covered kettle on top of stove until tender—about one-half hour.

Italian Steak

3 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 clove garlic
Steak

Shake oil and vinegar together in an emulsion. Rub small bowl well with garlic. Put steak in hot oven and as it broils, baste it with the oil mixture. The Italians do this by dipping a lettuce leaf in the oil and lightly brushing it over the steak as it cooks.

Italian Asparagus and Cheese

1 bunch asparagus
½ pound American cheese
2 tablespoons butter

Cook asparagus in salted water until tender. Spread a layer of cheese (grated or cut in small pieces), dotted with butter, in a shallow baking dish, then a layer of asparagus, sprinkled with salt and pepper. Continue, making the top layer of cheese and butter. Bake in oven until brown.

Zucchini au Gratin

6 Italian squash
½ cup grated cheese
1 green pepper
1 tomato
1 onion
Butter

Slice squash, onion and tomato into thin rings. Chop green pepper finely. Into a buttered casserole place a thick layer of squash. Season with salt and pepper and with butter. Cover with a layer of onion, tomato and green pepper. Season with salt and pepper. Repeat, finishing with a layer of the onion, tomato and green pepper. Dot with butter and sprinkle with cheese. Cover and bake in a moderate oven one hour or until squash is tender.

After a substantial Italian dinner, you would do well to follow the Italian custom of a light dessert. Fruit and cheese are both interesting and satisfying if a variety is offered, attractively arranged.

If you have a sweet tooth, you'll probably want to try Biscuit Tortoni some time as an alternative.

Biscuit Tortoni

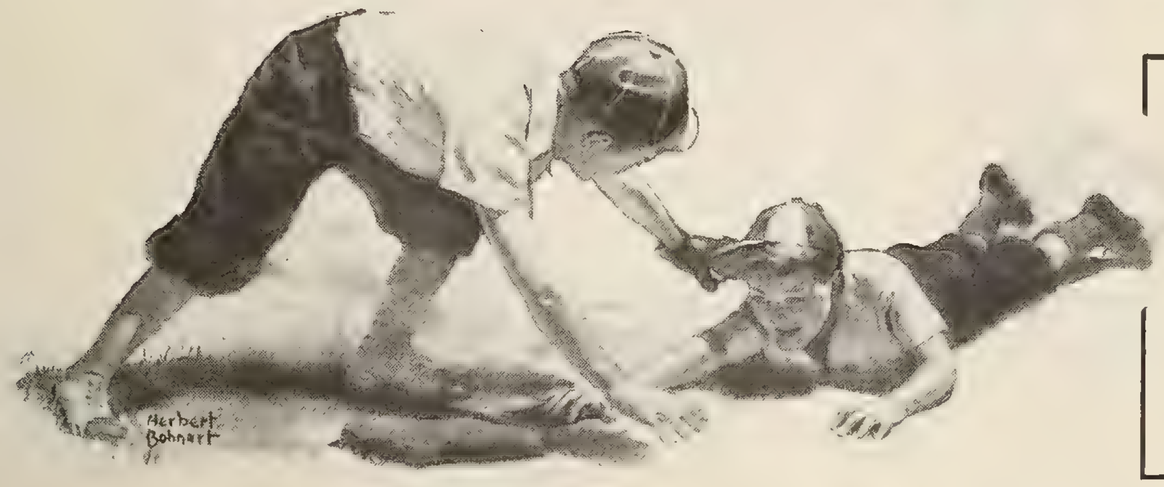
¾ cup finely chopped nuts
¾ cup powdered sugar
⅛ teaspoon mace
4 egg yolks
1½ pints heavy cream, whipped

Beat egg yolks thoroughly. Add ½ cup finely chopped nuts, sugar, mace and fold into whipped cream. Pour into individual molds or the pan of an electric refrigerator. Sprinkle top with remaining nuts. Freeze.

Send 10c to Rita Calhoun, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., if you would like our new party circular giving recipes, games and favors for parties.

Health—

through Exercise



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 535-B.
1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the new publication on Exercise prepared by your Bureau of Physical Education.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

WHEN boys and girls play hard they use practically every muscle in their bodies. They run, jump, bend, twist and turn. It is the exercise they need to strengthen their muscles, straighten their backs, deepen their chests and square their shoulders.

Youngsters who are taught, as a part of their physical education, the other hygienic habits that have to do with posture, diet, cleanliness, fresh air and sleep, are bound to build stronger, healthier bodies. The pleasure found in exercise and in the skill acquired in those early years should encourage these boys and girls, when they are grown up, to continue their physical activity.

Fathers and mothers can learn from their children at play. It is easy, as one grows older, to give up exercise at the very time when it is needed. Perhaps you have forgotten that you require exercise to keep your heart and lungs in tune, to stimulate circulation, to preserve a correct posture which aids digestion and a more active functioning of other body organs.

There are some persons to whom vigorous exercise might be harmful. But unless your doctor has advised against your taking reasonable amounts of physical exercise, the booklet prepared by the Metropolitan's Bureau of Physical Education will





be helpful in supplementing your normal outdoor activity. You will not begrudge the few minutes a day given to exercise when you begin to get the benefit from it.

The Metropolitan has sent to policyholders and their neighbors more than 1,500,000 illustrated Exercise Charts. Send the coupon for the 1935 revised edition of the publication on Exercise.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1935 M. L. I. CO.

The MAKE-UP BOX

Ask Marilyn! Her Beauty Task Is to Help You Bask in Beauty

THE FASCINATING FIVE: No, I'm not speaking of those adorable quintuplets but of a special beauty set to give you a complexion as divinely soft and smooth as a baby's. There's a cake of superfatted soap that lathers profusely; a cleansing cream to rid the face of its daily dust and make-up; a jar of special fluffy cream to cover minor blemishes and impart a pearly shimmer to the skin; a box of feathery face powder; topped off by a bottle of classic



Eau de Cologne. The whole outfit has the same clean fresh outdoor fragrance that characterizes the cologne. I just had to have all five and so will you, for the price of the set is within the most limited budget.

HINTS TO THE HIRSUTE: Hosiery this spring is triple-sheer and noteworthy is the popularity of navy blue stockings of cobweb texture. All the more reason that your limbs *must* be free from ugly superfluous hair. Now is the time to remove the dark unsightly growth that destroys the beauty of sheer silk stock-



ings. Use of a new double-surface pad with snap fastener is an easy and effective way of doing the job. True, the hair will grow in again, but it won't be that dark stubble that is often the aftermath of shaving, and is *that* a consolation!

BETTER BOSOMS: Seems as though everyone is either too flat-chested or too buxom because recent mention of this so vital subject in this column brought inquiries by the carload. Had to reorder new circulars so there's plenty to go round. Be sure to send your stamped envelope for this month's circular . . . it's just brim full of gay and exciting beauty news from—

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"If my eyes screen well, it's no particular credit to me," says Merle Oberon.

The charming star with Maurice Chevalier and Walter Byron in "Folies Bergere." (Below)



Care of the eyes and tricks with make-up lend depth, expression and beauty to commonplace eyes

Merle Oberon's Beautiful Eyes

WHEN I was a little girl, I was terribly unhappy about my eyes. Truly I was!" said Merle Oberon earnestly. "Children are so sensitive about the casual remarks of adults, you know, and the more often they said 'unusual' the more passionately I longed for the round blue eyes which were my childish standard of beauty."

She sat in a large easy chair, a turquoise blue satin robe wrapped about her slim, supple figure. She's not nearly as tall as she appears on the screen and her slanting hazel-green eyes, chestnut hair, tip-tilted nose and soft, pleasantly full lips, which curl enchantingly at the corners, give her a mischievous rather than exotic expression.

"As I grew older, I was told that my eyes would screen well—that they were my biggest asset. As a matter of fact, I sometimes consider them a drawback. I'd infinitely rather have the critics say, 'She gave a poor performance' or 'She was splendid' than 'What exotic eyes!' You see, the fact that my eyes screen well is no particular credit to me as an actress—care of the eyes and skillful make-up will do as much for any girl."

We asked Merle Oberon for advice on eye beauty, for surely her eyes are among Hollywood's most beautiful, both on the screen and off.

"First of all, there's nothing attractive about tired, dull and listless eyes. That's why eyes should be bathed morning and night, to remove dust and relieve eyestrain. And, whenever there's time, I saturate pads of cotton in astringent, place them over my eyes and relax for a few minutes. It brings a shining, rested look not only to the eyes but to the whole face. Few girls under twenty years of age need special creams, but a bit of rich tissue cream or oil smoothed on the lids every night when you're young is a safeguard against the squint-lines and laughter-lines that form later.

"There are, of course, many make-up tricks which are suitable for the screen only—too heavy an application of eye-shadow, or lashes beaded with mascara, for example. Incidentally, the practice of tweezing the brows to a thin line is definitely a thing of the past. Only one girl in a hundred can tamper with the natural line of her brows and improve it. Yet not so long ago it seemed that the remaining ninety-nine had been over-industrious with their tweezers, with disastrous results! Of course, brows must be well-groomed. With my tweezers I remove stray hairs that spoil this natural line. If brows are light, they should be accentuated with brown eye pencil, using black only if the brows are black. Eyeshadow should be applied only to the upper lid and the portion of the lid that folds back, but in the evening a delicate shadow may be carried almost to the brow. The secret of applying mascara for thick and silky lashes is to use two little brushes. With a little moisture and very little mascara on one brush, start brushing the lashes on the upper lids upward, going over the lashes again and again until the desired effect is obtained, then using the dry brush to separate each lash.

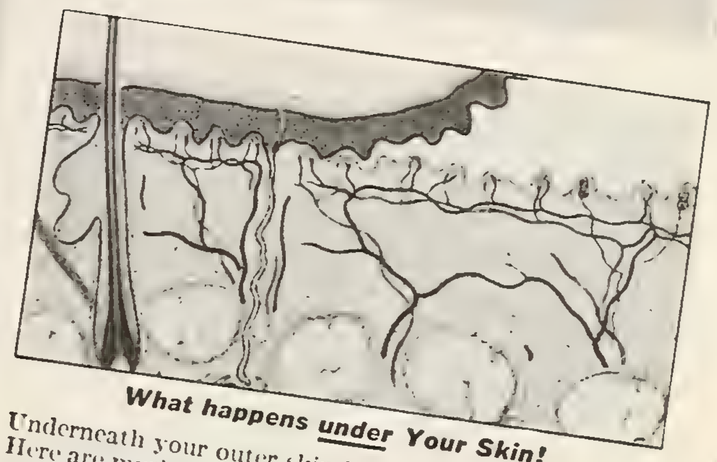
Here's another trick I use when making up my eyes for the screen which might be practised for evening make-up. With a small camel's hair brush and a bit of white grease paint, I draw a fine line *above* my lower lashes. Then I touch the inner corners of my eyes with rose grease paint. This makes the eyes appear simply tremendous.

"Eyes play such an important part in the character of the face, in the expression of emotion, that no woman can afford to neglect them."

FIGHT LINES, WRINKLES, BLEMISHES *WHERE THEY BEGIN*—IN YOUR *UNDER SKIN!*



Mrs. Crawford Blagden, Jr., of Tuxedo, New York, says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly."



What happens under Your Skin!

Underneath your outer skin is the true skin or *corium*. Here are myriads of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, fat and muscle tissues, oil glands. On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines!

LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

BLACKHEADS come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

DRYNESS is often due to poorly functioning underskin, inadequate oil supply.

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

SAGGING TISSUES, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles.

SEE SMOOTH GLOWING CHEEKS RETURN AS DEEP-REACHING CREAM STIRS UNDER SKIN BACK TO VIGOROUS ACTION

HAVE you ever asked yourself *where* do skin faults first begin? The answer is—in the *under* layers of your skin.

You see, the *under* layers of your skin are just full of little nerves, fibres, cells, oil glands, fat and muscle tissues. Keep *them* actively at work, and your outer skin just blooms beauty.

But once the teens are past, all these busy goings on in the underskin slow up. Oil glands begin to dry up, or lose control and give off too much oil. Circulation slows. Nerves and fibres lose their snap. Result—all sorts of little blemishes, blackheads, roughness—as you grow older, lines, sallowness, wrinkles, sagging tissues!

THAT is why you must choose a cream that *goes deep* and keeps your underskin active.

Pond's Cold Cream goes right to the underskin. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it into your skin, you feel the circulation freshened, stimulated. Dirt, make-up, all sorts of impurities from within the skin itself are softened, loosened, lifted from the pores. Your underskin is liberated, free to function actively again.

Take a look in your mirror, after a thorough, deep-skin cleansing and stimulation with this cream. How much fresher and clearer your skin is! With just one treatment!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure, germ-free. Use it daily. *Every night* before retiring to flush impurities away, free the skin, stimulate its under layers.

In the daytime, too, to freshen it, bring the color to your cheeks, give your skin the satiny surface that takes your rouge and make-up so smoothly.



What **Mrs. Francis Grover Cleveland** *says to you*

"Pond's Cold Cream seems to wipe away lines and blemishes—gives the skin a fresh, smooth look." Mrs. Cleveland's skin was pronounced by a leading dermatologist to be "of fine, soft texture . . at least ten years younger than her actual age."

See what 9 treatments will do

It is easy to try Pond's. We are making it especially easy for you, by offering you a special tube of it, enough for 9 treatments! Just send us the coupon below, and a generous package is yours. Remember, the healthy, vigorous *underskin* Pond's Cold Cream gives you is a sure means to the lovely, satiny *outer skin* every woman wants.

Mail coupon today—**FOR GENEROUS PACKAGE**

including 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream and 3 other Pond's beauty aids.

POND'S, Dept.E-48, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

YOU TELL US

On this page our readers tell us—and each other—what they think. It is our fan club. And all you need to get in the fun is a pencil and a three-cent stamp for Uncle Sam

From London

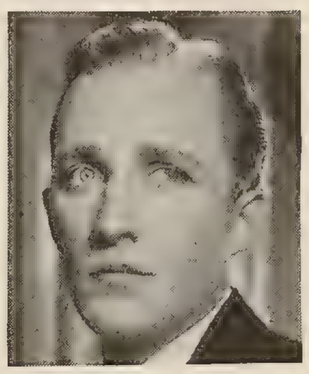
As spokeswoman for a London girls' club, I should like to say how much we love and admire that fine actress, Norma Shearer, over here in England. We admire her for the courage she had to break away from her frothy sophisticated roles and play the romantic heroine in "Smilin' Through," the unusual and intensely dramatic role in "Strange Interlude," and above all the invalid Elizabeth Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

We love her because she gives her public what they want, brilliant performances, splendid pictures and variety in her roles. Because we do not see her name blazoned across newspapers in scandals and divorces, and because, when we do get glimpses of her in private life, she is always her gracious and charming self, never running from the camera or hiding her face, as many film stars do.

Her fine acting, her charm and intelligence, and the sane way in which she conducts her private life, has made her the most popular star in England, the idol of the ordinary working girl. She will always hold a sure place in the hearts of filmgoers because we can love Mrs. Thalberg just as much as we do Norma Shearer.

(We are all sincerely hoping this letter will miss the wastepaper basket, as we know there are many fans on the other side of the Herring Pond who will heartily agree with us.)—"Just a Bunch of London Working Girls." London, England. *Thank you, girls. It's pleasant to know you feel about Norma as do so many of us on this side of the "Herring Pond."*











"Mae West is my favorite actress, but if she would only pick a he-man for her new picture!" "Tomatoes and onions for Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee." "Delighted to see Charlie Ray back." "Shades of my ancestors! 'The Gilded Lily, turned out to be Lizzie Glutz eating popcorn!" So say these fascinating letters from our readers.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

More for Anne

One of the most delightful and entertaining pictures enjoyed by young and old, was the everlasting "Anne of Green Gables." Anne Shirley's touching performance certainly proves what a wonderful actress she really is.

Why not give us more pictures starring this charming personality? Mrs. Harry C. Gordon, Jr., 114 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md.

Movies vs. Morals

Lately, the movies have had to bear a great deal of criticism, especially as corrupters of our children's morals. As far as I know, movie outfits are lots more scrupulous than Broadway theatrical producers. However the question of our very young remains. There is no doubt that too many children go to the movies too frequently. In well-run movie theaters, they are not admitted unless accompanied by an adult. But, who can refuse a group of smiling youngsters who want to buy tickets?

Even so, I should like to know how you parents would otherwise provide for your children's leisure. When once children have been, they want to go again. But, that's up to the interested parent—to select a discriminating movie diet for their youngsters. There are plenty of movies that are clean enjoyment for children. So why blame the movies?—Mrs. Ann Zimmerman, 228 E. Broadway, New York City. *This seems to be the only sensible solution, Mrs. Zimmerman. It's up to the parents to keep the children away from the harmful pictures.*

Do You Do This, Too?

I cannot afford to pay 35 cents to see the new pictures that come to town. But, by having a little patience and waiting a few weeks, the best pictures come back and I can see two at one theater for only 15 cents. By listening to comments from other people and reading the NEW MOVIE Magazine, I can be sure of seeing only the worthwhile pictures, even if they are second-run pictures.

Have just seen "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Peck's Bad Boy." They are both first rate pictures and they gave me a whole afternoon of pleasure for only 15 cents.

Someone asks, "Have you seen the new picture that is on?" and I answer, "I will—later."—Elinor F. Nelson, 2128 Miner Avenue, Muskegon, Michigan. *We admire your lack of snobbishness, Miss Nelson. A good picture is still good two weeks later—and the bad ones are forgotten.*

Strong Words

If George Raft is to live up to his earlier promise of "another Valentino," such hackneyed and horse-cart affairs as "Limehouse Blues" must be discarded in favor of fresher and swifter vehicles.

This conglomeration of celluloid would have stifled the genius of the illustrious Rudolph, himself. — Hope Wynn, P. O. Box 2171, Jacksonville, Florida. *Thank you, Hope Wynn, for words that go straight to the point.*

Mental Faculties

NEW MOVIE has many fascinating features, but the *piece de resistance* is "A glimpse at the Editor's notebook." Right you are, Mr. Editor, that the moral crusade has not made the films Pollyanna-ish.

I am still under the spell of the way several great themes have been handled in recent films, namely:

"The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," a daring exposé of the munitions "racket," is of untold value as anti-war propaganda.

"Our Daily Bread" tackles the unemployment problem and proves that the "good earth" never denies any man an honest living.

"Imitation of Life" handles a delicate subject dealing with the educated quadroon and her revolt against her race. The moral that "East is East, and West is West' 'is vividly and realistically portrayed.

Who can say, in the face of these powerful themes, so excellently acted and directed, that the movies are turning to saccharine? They put one's mental faculties to work, and that, you must agree, is some accomplishment!—Mrs. D. W. McCravy, 554 Poplar Street,

(*Please turn to page* 68)

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1935 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count when we make the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE _____
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS) _____
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR) _____
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE _____
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE _____
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE _____
7. BEST ROMANCE _____
8. BEST COMEDY _____
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE _____
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE _____
11. BEST DIRECTION _____
12. BEST STORY _____

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Which story do you like best in this month's New Movie? (Title) .....

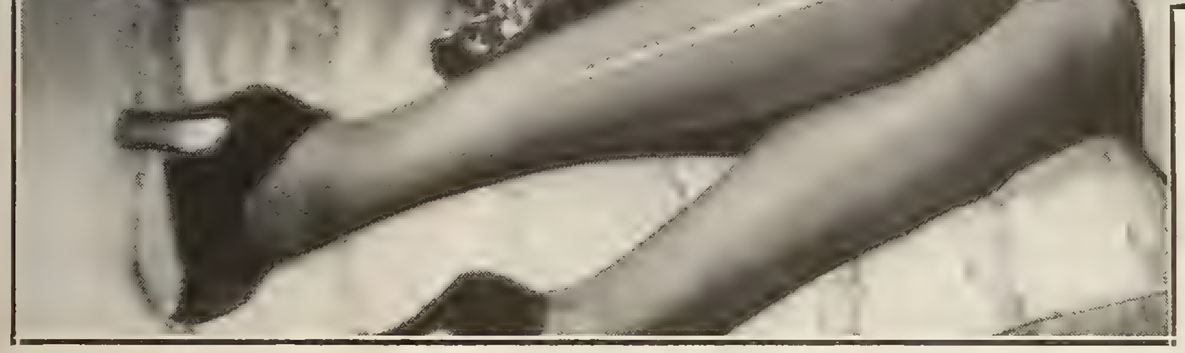
Which story do you dislike in this month's New Movie? (Title) .....

Name ..... Address .....

MAY

WIFE ENDS QUARRELS BY CUTTING DOWN RUNS





Young Marrieds have another scene about stocking bills!

Pretty Mrs. Elton Lord thinks her husband a "brute"—he wonders if *every* wife is as extravagant as she is. "How can I help it if my stockings go into runs like nobody's business!" she cries. "Don't you say another word—I'm fed up!" And so—a little quarrel becomes a big one—ends with Ruth in tears. Then . . . *Read Story Below*





RUN TROUBLES SOLVED WITH NEIGHBOR'S HELP "You can cut down on runs and save Elton's money if you wash your stockings in Lux," friend advises. Lux saves elasticity, so the silk *gives* instead of breaking under strain so easily. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali *weaken* elasticity—then runs often start.

RIFT ENDED! Ruth and Elton find Lux *does* cut down run troubles. **"I bet we nearly paid for this week-end trip out of what I've saved on stockings!"** Ruth boasts as they roll along the boardwalk at the shore. Elton's thrilled, too. "Lucky that you got on to Lux," he says. Every husband will say that to every thrifty wife who sticks to Lux!

LUX SAVES STOCKING ELASTICITY

NRA CODE

OUR "HOPE CHEST"



—it tells you why you shouldn't try an untried laxative

AT the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go . . . while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year . . . simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative . . . but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The *way* it is made . . . the satisfaction it gives . . . these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit . . . you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

AND . . . THAT "CERTAIN SOMETHING"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that *no other laxative has*. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is . . . at our expense . . . just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
B55 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name _____
Address _____

JUNIOR HOLLYWOOD

On this page we tell you of the youngsters who may be the stars of tomorrow

By HENRY WILLSON

IT'S all very terrific—stupendous—exotic—tremendous . . . the Wampas Stars have been neglected. So what—so what—so what! Just an issue or so ago one of our readers asked why we didn't write more about these girls. If you really want to know, stick with me—here's the answer.

Two years ago, becoming a Wampas star meant instant feature roles awarded by the studios. Two years ago, each studio put up about three of their whitest hopes for the coming year, and out of the entire entry *thirteen beautiful girls — thirteen* — were chosen for their talent and possibilities. But ah! That is no longer. The studios are now prohibited from submitting a contract player—which doesn't leave much to chose from. But in the past year particularly, each studio has concentrated on developing its own stock companies from which every six months graduate refreshing young blood. I think at the moment there is more of this in Hollywood than ever before. The studios seem to be welcoming it and, this month, there are more players of our own age at work in the studios than ever since the advent of talking pictures. They have talent, these young people—

In all due respect to this year's entry in the Wampas—only one girl of that group has had what might even be determined a "part" in a major studio production. The studios have neglected the rest.

Since this department is striving to devote its space to young players who, at the time of writing, are going into important parts—have just completed them—or are in line for some screen recognition by the time the magazine is on the stands, I have picked about eight who are now definite bets.

Cecelia Parker at the moment is probably Hollywood's most potential starlet. Although she has had good parts in a few pictures her greatest role to date is that of *Muriel* in Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness"—which goes before the cameras April 15th. We promise you Cecelia will emerge as a full-fledged star after the fans and critics witness her work in this production. The same goes for Trent Durkin, who plays the role of *Richard* in the same picture.

Another M-G-M-er who bears watching is Robert Taylor, Oklahoma boy who took his first big stride in "After Office Hours," with Chester Morris and Virginia Bruce. His success is international already, and several companies in England are bidding for his services.

Fred MacMurray is another up and coming leading man; his work in "The Gilded Lily" was outstanding. His, however, was the round-about way to success. Fred started in Hollywood as an extra, playing bits here and there. He was constantly told that he had not had enough experience for more important roles, so MacMurray left Hollywood. He joined the California Collegians who toured the country playing for dances and in vaudeville theaters, finally ending in New York. Fred secured a job with the "Three's a Crowd" Revue, and later was placed in the musical, "Roberta," at the Majestic Theater where Paramount scouts one night, came, saw and conquered MacMurray. But Paramount did not give him his real break. Cliff Reid, RKO producer, picked MacMurray for a featured role in "Grand Old Girl." From that time on he has been accepted as a definite find.



Wide World

Will Rogers' cute daughter, Mary, is succeeding without Pa. (Right) Cecelia Parker, who is climbing fast.



Fred MacMurray's first leading role was with Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily."

Two young ladies who will surprise Hollywood in the very near future are daughters of two of the country's greatest comedians. One would just naturally think that a daughter of Will Rogers would be a gum-chewing, rope-throwing cow-girl, but that's one time Will fooled us—because there's not a cuter girl around than nineteen-year-old Mary Rogers. Mary was born with the traditional silver spoon in her mouth, but I think she swallowed it eight months ago when she struck out for New York and a career. She landed there as just plain Mary Rogers—no letters of introduction—no ballyhoo of being Will Rogers' daughter—just a blonde, good-looking girl, with lots of talent and even more ambition. Mary trotted from morning till night up and down dingy stairways to the theatrical managers' offices, trying to get a show on Broadway. After succeeding in securing a summer of strenuous stock work in Maine, she finally landed a job in a Broadway production.

"I think they gave it to her just to shut her up," her Pa says—but whatever the reason, Mary has made a hit in the production "On to Fortune," with nothing but a blessing from the royal king of laughs.

Paula Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, famous stage comedian (and boyhood friend of Rogers) is the other young stage actress now attracting the attention of Hollywood producers. Paula, after years of hard work and training, made her debut in the Broadway production, "Ripples," four years ago, and ever since has been considered one of the best dancers in New York by everyone BUT Paula. She turned down picture work for a year and a half, saying that she wasn't good enough, but now that Fred Stone is under contract to a studio here, and Paula is in Hollywood with

(*Please turn to page* 48)



Tintex

BRINGS COLOR MAGIC TO EVERY WASHABLE FABRIC



Keeps Your Wardrobe and Home Decorations Up-to-the Minute in Color-Smartness

The millions of smart women who are never without Tintex in their homes have learned this vital fact: *Tintex Tints and Dyes give you the color you want . . . when you want it...where you want it!*

Tintex always gives professional tinting and dyeing results . . . in a jiffy . . . without muss, fuss, or bother. Simply "tint as you rinse" and Tintex brings fashion's latest colors . . . or restores faded colors . . . to everything in your wardrobe...or home decorations. Try Tintex today! 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

Avoid Substitutes . . .
Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women
INSIST ON TINTEX

Tintex

The World's Largest Selling TINTS & DYES

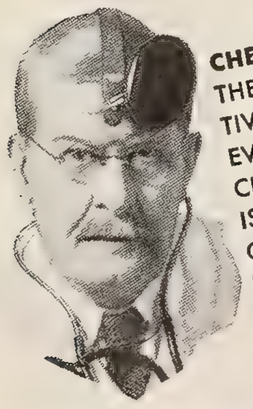
I was sallow and sort of logy



● Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

Used by over 15,000,000 people

Our files are full of letters telling what FEEN-A-MINT does for people. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT does a more thorough job, and does it gently, because you must chew it—and chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the intestines so that more complete relief comes without straining and griping. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—you'll join the 15,000,000 people who are boosters for FEEN-A-MINT—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... THEN IT MIXES WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE THOROUGH RELIEF, WITHOUT VIOLENCE. ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR BETTER RESULTS CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Are Handsome Men Safe in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page* 4)

the aggressors; Lew isn't the type and Cabot was far too busy dodging. When you think of what they had to go through, just shed a silent tear for Ronald Colman, so handsome, so ironic and so embittered! And don't let them kid you—actresses are quite as human and susceptible as any other female!

Colman's much publicized "hide" act is no press agent's dream. The man simply found that remoteness was the greatest safeguard against the ways and the wiles of the too appreciative. The burnt child that dreads the fire, Ronald Colman's elusiveness is a thing of joy and beauty to the beholder who has seen so many succumb on the slightest provocation. Naturally his reputation for being "hard to get" has enhanced his charm, but the first Hollywood-made British star is still dodging with all the ease of the guy on the flying trapeze.

Three men widely acclaimed by the male-hungry inhabitants are the only blond leading men of the screen, Gene Raymond, Douglass Montgomery and Phillips Holmes. Never married, they represent the desirable younger clique—established, eligible and hence fair prey. Strangely enough, all three of these pursued lads have taken refuge in the company and companionship of society girls. Occasionally, but rarely, they are seen here or there with professional friends. But, by going over to the bluebloods, they've discovered a sanctum of exclusiveness that not all the resourcefulness of a thrice-wed movie star can pierce.

While we have never heard any protests about their plight from the handsome men of Hollywood—on the contrary I *have* heard a number of pleased gurgles—those that are not so handsome devoutly wish that the colony, for once, might be surfeited with Adonises in order that the not-so-handsome might have a little peace. Consider the case of Gary Cooper. A nice boy, painfully inarticulate, with his extreme height and average face, one would hardly think he was the type to be pursued by beautiful women, famous women who fight not only with their wits but with their delicate, bediamonded hands if need be!

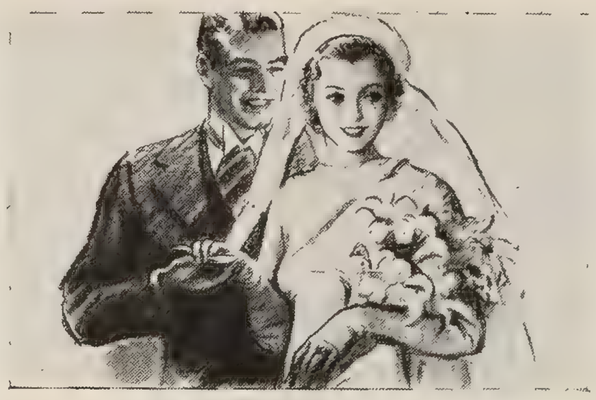
Yet, for the five years of his bachelorhood, Gary Cooper became the screen's most sought-after male. Eventually he became the rage of society both here and abroad, while some of the screen's pearliest teeth were gnashed in anguish. Why he should arouse such predatory instincts brings us back to the question of just how safe would a really handsome man be in Hollywood?

There was Johnny Weissmuller, he of the long hair and the rippling muscles. Johnny, too, won his service stripes in the brief period between his divorce from Bobbe Arnst and his marriage to Lupe Velez. And Clark Gable. You can call Gable handsome if you will, but if Clark ever hears you you'd better be running while you rave! His marriage has not been dissolved, but think of those countless rumors you have heard that the Gables' matrimonial bark was headed for the rocks!

In the topsy turvy world of the cinema but one thing is certain. Handsome men who are eligible and have "arrived" haven't a chance to evade either Cupid's shafts, or feminine pursuit on the part of the screen's most famous beauties. The latter admit that Hollywood has given them a plenitude of everything but personable men!



SAD AND BLUE



NOW "I DO"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

I used to be so sad, so blue. Secretly I was starving for good times, dates. It seems like a miracle to think that all those dreary days are gone and that now I'm a happy bride. And all because I discovered what alluring charm Blue Waltz Perfume can give!

It's almost magic how this exquisite perfume creates a world of enchantment around you... how, like a dreamy waltz in moonlight, it inspires romance and tender yearning.

And you can look lovelier, too. I got the thrill of a lifetime when I tried all of the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. You can get the same thrill!

Make up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. See how temptingly luscious your lips look. Notice how perfectly this fine powder blends with the natural tone of your skin, making it radiantly fresh and youthful. Your mirror will tell you honestly how beautiful you are and what a glorious improvement Blue Waltz Cosmetics have made!

You are really unfair to your beauty if you don't buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Brilliantine, Cream Rouge, Talcum Powder, Toilet Water. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Blue Waltz

PERFUME AND COSMETICS

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

No Movie Madness for Me

(*Continued from page* 26)

symptoms, or you see any of them in your looking-glass, Kitty Carlisle serum is guaranteed.

The New Orleans screen beauty and singer says, "I think careful schooling would eliminate a lack of balance. It allows you to take success in stride, so that if a fortune in salary and a world of fame come along, they hardly interfere with your accustomed manner of living."

Of course what Kitty means is that with an educational background, you will be sensible enough not to get high hat because of a mere raise in salary or a few lines in the magazines and newspapers. Kitty, herself, has no desire for a footman, or the biggest house in Hollywood, or the most diamonds. She has no desire to flaunt pennants of personal triumph in the faces of her associates. She has lived a life of comparative luxury and has never had to envy people with money. Limousines and titled noblemen have been everyday incidents to her and not the mere accident of the "million to one chance" of movie stardom.

Two years at Princess Mestchersky's Finishing School in Paris may not have taught Kitty everything, but she does declare, "my psychology course taught me to recognize an inferiority complex when I see one. And Hollywood has the biggest one in the world. What is actually behind all this is the realization of the suppressed desires of a lot of boys and girls suddenly grown up and dropped in fairyland. Big salaries and names in electric lights are the mosquitoes of movie madness. And the bite has mighty serious effects."

"My answer to it all," says Kitty with all the assurance of a prescribing physician, "is balance, which is really just good taste. The boy or girl who will take time to study something of the culture of the world and its history, will then not be fooled into thinking that success is the mere making of a smash picture."

Attractive specialist in the affairs of the Society for the Prevention and Eradication of Movie Madness, comely Kitty Carlisle has no compassion for the home-town folks who catch the dread movie ailment. Her eyes will flash and she will exclaim, "People in their home towns have plenty of diversion. They don't have to work and play with the same people. There's plenty of change of scenery. And that's not so in Hollywood. There is a humdrum and a bore of the same faces day and night. It's a condition which makes the Hepburns and the Barrymores do strange things. And let me tell you, stars who have once had perspective and lost it, are just as violent cases to cure as are the mentally arrested Sadie Zilches who through some trick of fate became movie stars."

Kitty may not know all the answers to Hollywood's queer malady but she does know how to protect herself. Right after each picture, she rushes back to New York where she engages in a round of singing lessons, theaters, supper dances, concerts, and opera. This keeps up until she is recalled to Hollywood, where she does all work and no play. This constant change of scenery, people, and activity keeps Kitty interested and prevents her from becoming bored. And more than that, it explains what she means when she looks at you so seriously and says in her warm, modulated voice, "Take myself for example—no movie madness for me!"

"Only in Kotex can you find these 3 satisfying comforts"

CAN'T CHAFE . . CAN'T FAIL . . CAN'T SHOW

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."



Mary Pauline Callender

Author of
"Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

CAN'T CHAFE . . .

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.



CAN'T FAIL . . . .

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually *5 times* more absorbent than cotton.



CAN'T SHOW . . .

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.



● I've always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page — the 3 features that bring you women the comfort and safety you seek.

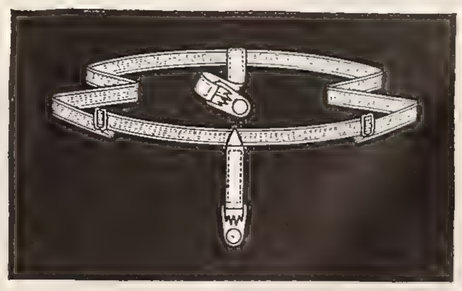
And did you ever look at it this way? With Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

5 times as absorbent

Did you know this? The Kotex absorbent cellucotton (not cotton) is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals.

If you require extra protection you will find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!



No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness.* Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED

Cigarettes

CORK-TIPPED



MEET THE STAR OF SMOKING COMFORT!

Lay-dees and Gen-tel-men! We offer an all-star *fee*ture!! The tobacco is choice Turkish and domestic. It's mildly mentholated to give your throat a most *dee*-lightful, a most *ree*-freshing coolness. There are cork tips to save your lips. And—finally—there's a valuable B & W coupon in each pack good for handsome nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U.S.A. only). So step right up! Buy a pack or buy a carton. Have the time of your smoking lives!! And write today for FREE illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Janet Gaynor's Secret Hideaway

(*Continued from page* 17)

that can be heard across the lake. There are Uncle George's four children, most of them in their 'teens now—Ruth, Helen, Eve, and George Junior. Ruth is blonde. Helen is dark, with brown eyes. There is Auntie Gus. There's Uncle Bill, a golf bug. (But not such a good fisherman!) Along with these, just part of the family, come another mother and daughter. The daughter looks as though she were in her 'teens, too, and has dimples and a mass of curly, light red hair. She happens to be quite well known in her line of work. Her name is Janet Gaynor.

Of course, the first time Janet ever came, the man and woman who own the big house and rent out the little cabins almost fainted. So did the families in the other cabins. But that is long ago. To have a great movie star in their midst, yelling "Hello" to them when they get up in the morning and roasting marshmallows with them at their camp-fires at night, has become a habit, now, and they regard her as just one more girl at the camp; one of themselves. Long ago they have found out that she's no different, that she's just one of the bunch, loving the lake for the same reason they love it, wearing the same old clothes and eating the same rough-and-ready food that they do. Janet's best friend at the camp, in fact, is Elrene, the nineteen-year-old daughter of the proprietor. Elrene knows the woods as well as the Indians ever did, and when they go out at dawn to hunt for deer tracks it is Elrene who acts as guide and boss, with Janet meekly following where she is led. (A Janet, incidentally, in faded riding-breeches and high laced boots from a department store, costing no more than Elrene's did.)

Janet and her mother have one of the cabins. There are two bedrooms, with hooks on the plain board walls, instead of clothes-closets, and a sitting-room furnished with old odds and ends of furniture that is rickety and has seen far better days. There is blue linoleum on the floor. The rooms have electric lights, but no running water. Heat comes from an old iron stove.

And this is the place loved best in all the world by Janet, with her beautiful home and luxurious studio cottage in Hollywood—Janet, who could afford the finest hotels at Palm Beach, or Lake Placid, or the fashionable resorts of Europe.

What does she do, there? Well, what do *you* do, on your own summer vacation. The whole family—and Janet is just one of the family—get up late and dawdle over breakfast. During the morning they play tennis, if they feel that ambitious. Out behind the cottages there's a tennis-court that has never been graded or rolled. You hit a ball, it strikes a rock or a bump or a clump of grass, and you never know where it's going to land.

Or sometimes, when Uncle George has his way, they go fishing. The fishing excursions are a sight to see! There are three row-boats, one of them boasting an outboard motor. Uncle George, sunburnt and swearing, works over the motor until he finally gets it started. Lunch, fish-poles, cans of bait, and everything else is dumped in on top of him. (And usually Eve, too.) The other two boats are tied on in back, Indian-file. Uncle Bill, Janet's mother, and Auntie Gus climb into the first trailer. Janet and Helen bring up the rear in Boat No. 3. Down the lake they go after bass and wall-eyed pike, towed by the putt-putting outboard motor, which usually coughs and dies and gives Uncle George another half-hour of misery. There are muskellonges in the lake, too, but—"Not for me," says Janet. "They're so big you have to shoot them." Which sounds like a fish story, but happens to be true.

At noon, a big bell rings at the camp for lunch—dinner, there—and by that time everybody is more than ready to go back. You know how your appetite gets in the woods. After dinner everyone has the afternoon to himself. Janet reads or takes a nap on the screened porch.

At 4:30 everybody gets together again for what Janet jokingly calls a "rip-snorting game" of croquet. "And what they do to me!" she wails. "They do everything but knock me into the lake!"

Supper—no, dinner!—comes at six. Then, in the evenings, the family gathers to play hearts or poker. Can you imagine Janet playing poker? They chat until bed-time, which is early. Sometimes they spend the whole evening out on the porch, just watching the moon on the lake, with hardly a word spoken.

It's just an ordinary vacation, in other words, such as your own family might have. What does it mean to Janet? Why has it been such a big thing in her life that she has kept it secret all these years, as though she were afraid knowledge of what she did with her Summers, shared by those who did not understand, might spoil the beauty of the experience for her? The things she has loved best are . . . a morning when she went out with Elrene to see if they could catch a glimpse of the deer . . . and another morning when, tip-toeing steathily up the banks of a serene stream, they caught sight of a family of beavers busily at work building a dam.

"It was just after a rain," Janet says, her voice hushed, her eyes shining. "Toadstools had popped up everywhere, as big as plates, some of them, and the raindrops still glistened on them. It was like an illustration from a book of fairy-tales. You could almost imagine you saw the little gnomes hiding under the toadstools!"

Last year she could not bear to leave. She stayed on and on, until, finally, the Fall came. Then the leaves on the maples all turned to gold, and all the oaks burned with crimson fires. She could not bear to stay in the cottage. She walked for miles and miles through the woods, even when it rained. She could not get enough of it.

You may have wondered how Janet, who has been a star for more years than most, has been able to keep her sweetness, her naturalness, her genuineness. She is the same girl today that she was when she made her very first picture. No amount of fame, no amount of money has gone to her head. She has kept in touch with common, everyday folks, with the people who are neither famous or rich, with old Mother Earth.

Now you know her secret.

For three months out of the year, like a fairy princess released from the bondage of the horrid old ogre, Janet can be the self Hollywood never sees and will never know—her real self. And that is why she can keep the other Janet, the Janet of the screen, so clean and sweet and fine and good for you.

That is the blessing she cherishes. That is the secret she has saved.

* * *

P. S. What is the name of the lake? Well, the name of the lake is Elrene's last name. Do you know Elrene?

From HOLLYWOOD *comes the* NAIL POLISH *of the* STARS



The beautiful FAY WRAY, a Columbia Pictures star

Here's a Better Nail Polish —and **TWICE AS MUCH** *for your money!*

Moon Glow's popularity started in Hollywood, but now it's just sweeping the country. It is easy to see why.

THE POLISH WEARS BETTER — THE LUSTRE LASTS LONGER. Women everywhere are changing to Moon Glow Nail Polish because it is a finer, superior blend of polish. It will not chip—it will not crack, peel, fade or streak. Moon Glow outmodes other blends of nail polish.

FASHION'S SMARTEST SHADES — Take your pick of any of the six enticing colors of Moon Glow clear or cream polish. They were created to match or harmonize with the colors of ANY lipstick or rouge.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH — The large bottle of Moon Glow Nail Polish costs you only 25 cents, and for it you get two to three times as much polish as you have been accustomed to getting for 25 and 35 cents. And, to make for even greater economy, Moon Glow wears longer and keeps its soft, moon-like lustre for many more days.

NO WONDER Moon Glow has become one of the country's fastest selling nail polishes. No wonder department stores and good drug stores from coast to coast feature it. Go to your favorite toilet goods counter and get this large size bottle of better polish for 25 cents. Or, try the generous size bottle featured by the better ten cent stores.

Send for Sample

We will be happy to send you a trial size bottle of any one of Moon Glow's six smart shades. Simply mail the coupon below.

Moon Glow
Nail Polish

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Dept. T55, Hollywood, Calif.
Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish ( ) cream ( ) clear. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral. ( ) Oil Nail Polish Remover.

Name.....

St. and No.....

City.....State.....



Some call it glamour

I call it FAOEN



says FRANCES WILLIAMS

"To be successful, an actress must possess that subtle something that accentuates her charm," says lovely Miss Williams. "Some call it glamour—but I call it FAOEN! Naturally, I have tried many expensive perfumes and cosmetics but frankly, I find that FAOEN beauty aids are more beneficial to my complexion. They've kept my skin smooth, firm and fine. As for the perfume . . . . glamourous . appealing . compelling . . . call it what you will—I *prefer* it!"

In her inimitable way, Miss Williams has deftly expressed the preference of many fascinating women for FAOEN perfume and beauty aids. Let FAOEN show *you* the way to glamour!

Miss Williams is well known both here and abroad not only for her excellent stage and screen characterizations, but for her keen perception for what's correct in fashions and things fashionable. She is now featured in the current Broadway musical success, "Life Begins at 8:40".



FAOEN *Beauty Aids*
in tuckaway 10c sizes

perfumes and beauty aids in compact sizes as illustrated, are on sale at your local five and ten cent store.

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

PARK & TILFORD



New!

AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

(1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

(2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.

(3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason,* return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.



Fred Astaire's Secrets of Success

(*Continued from page* 28)

mined to forge ahead alone. The task looked tough, but proved easy for his twinkling feet.

He opened in New York in the stage show, "Gay Divorce." An instant hit! An RKO official saw the show, whipped out his pen, and—well, that's how contracts are born.

That's how Fred's worries were born, too.

Fred slipped quietly into Hollywood and went to work. No blatant fanfare of publicity. Just work and, piling up gradually, worry. The dancing king of the stage was wondering how well he'd retain his crown on the screen.

As he described his feelings I realized what a mistake it had been to put Fred down as merely the carefree young blade of a few paragraphs ago.

"I found myself gripped by a sickening feeling when I stepped before the camera," he confided. "For one thing, I've always hated being photographed. Now I have to do it for a living! But if the feeling it gives me isn't a first-class dose of old-fashioned stage-fright, it'll certainly do until some comes along!

"When a scene actually begins, I throw myself into it and the feeling passes. When Ginger Rogers and I danced 'The Continental' in 'The Gay Divorcee,' I remember, the cameras were on us for over two minutes—a terribly long scene to do without a break. Thank heaven, that doesn't happen often.

"When a scene is finished, I worry for weeks as to how it will look in the finished picture. It's silly, but I can't seem to help it. My one consolation is supervising the cutting of my dance sequences, so I can throw out what isn't good."

Later, on the set where he was filming his current picture, "Roberta," with that blond whirlwind, Ginger, Fred's actions bore out his words.

Director Bill Seiter was ready to shoot "The Conversation Dance," sprightly successor to "The Continental." During the usual focusing of cameras, testing of sound apparatus and miscellaneous fussing about which precedes an important "take," Fred Astaire watched with apparent nervousness.

His body was tensed, like a fighter awaiting the gong. He smoothed his sleek brown hair, adjusted costume, flexed his fingers, tapped off a few lightning steps—in short, for those brief moments Fred Astaire, dancing king of the world, was a stage-struck youth about to plunge into the delicious horrors of a first performance.

But when the click of the "sync-slap" sent him into action, he was perfect. When that scene is shown, I can already hear the audience whispering:

"I'll bet he hasn't a care in the world!"

And now you see why worry makes him perfect? Worry keeps him practicing his routines for months before the camera records a single step; practicing until he's so adept there is no chance of muffing.

It seems ironical that now, with success won, Fred Astaire cannot stop his worrying, and let his crown rest easy.

"But I have dreams," he told me, back in his dressing-room, "of audiences walking out on me. It's my pet nightmare." Then he smiled, "I've extracted a shred of comfort from it at that. Whenever the dream occurs before the opening of a show or picture, the actual performance turns out to be okay. It seems to be a *good* bad omen.

"The other day, however, my audience did walk out on me—a big black spider, which appeared from nowhere and began prancing around my feet.

"'If you want to dance with us,' I told him, 'you'll have to lead with your left foot!'"

"Having eight feet, he may have felt embarrassed. At any rate, he disdained an answer, but retired into a crack in the wall."

INCIDENTALLY, you should see Fred rehearse! He dons old tap shoes (he wears out almost a pair a day), ties his necktie around his waist and goes at it like a fiend. He gets dance ideas at odd times and from many sources—music, paintings, people. And he calls them by weird names—"Little Toots," "Dead Dog," "Old Dutch Hop." Develops them step by step and carries them in his head. Fans are constantly writing him, Fred declares, for the diagrams of dance-steps which he never writes down.

Needless to say, this requires a marvelous memory. And Fred also has that something—personality, if you will—which, in dancing, means the all-important difference between "good" and "great."

"Always be the originator, never the imitator," is his advice, both to beginners and to himself.

Fred's achievements are the things he hates to talk about. No more will he demonstrate them at parties, and seldom attends Hollywood functions for that reason.

His gift for song-writing, too, he passes off with a laugh. He ignores his published successes such as "Blue Without You" and "Not My Girl," to say:

"A tune I wrote called 'Tapping the Time' broke all sales records. Sold four copies, of which I bought three myself!"

He forgets to mention being selected as one of the world's dozen best-dressed men. And he is, of course, an excellent comedian. He wants some day to play "rubes" and "muggs" on the screen, if he doesn't retire too soon.

"I do want to retire early enough to enjoy life—in private," he said earnestly. "To me, dancing is a job. I'm not sentimental about it. When I've earned enough I'll quit without a tremor. There's no grease-paint in my blood that keeps my heart anchored, as it were, to show-business.

"I believe, you see, in separating one's screen and private life. I like to play golf, go to the fights, and hunt in my spare time. Went to Mexico last Thanksgiving and bagged my own turkey. I like good horses and dogs. I got a great kick out of our black cocker-spaniel, 'Scamp,' winning at the dog show in San Francisco."

Folks are going to okay any guy who can be so successful and stay so "regular"—any guy, in short, like the nimble Fred Astaire.



Some women still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

Others have put this martyrdom behind them. The days they used to dread are just a memory. They approach this time without any fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

Midol has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

"Oh, yes," say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

True, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison. The comfort is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the start.

The best time to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt. You may escape all pain. You are sure to have an easier time. The action of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Why postpone this comfort another month? One reason some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubters should just ask anyone who has tried it! Another reason for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

The next time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You will find it right on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

HOLLYWOOD RACKETS!

Have you read "It's a Fake," in this issue? Then you know how thugs hired by racketeers attacked and seriously injured a New Movie writer for his honest and fine attempt to rid Hollywood of its underworld. Defying the racketeers, we are going ahead with our series. Next month we will run an article on these Hollywood grafters which will be as gripping as any mystery or murder story you ever read. And every word of it true! Don't fail to read it in New Movie for June.

CHARM

Natural to Blondes Attainable by Brunettes!



NOT every woman wants light blonde hair—but every woman wants the fascinating charm that "blonde" can give. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, used as a rinse, will impart beauty or glorious high-lights even to dark hair. A lovely golden sheen to ordinary light hair.

Another side of the secret of blonde beauty is that charming, fresh clean look so natural in the fair smoothness of their arms and legs. Brunettes may easily acquire this by using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash on their arms and legs, and there, at least, hold their own with charming blondes.

Have you been using preventative preparations? Risking depilatories? Or even shaving? Don't risk making arms and legs coarse, rough and unnatural looking. Keep the hair Nature intended you (and all of us) to have. Certainly. But make it *unnoticeable* with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Try one application of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in one of our three economical sizes. See for yourself how bright and silky smooth your arms and legs become—how soft and alluring to the touch!

At your druggist's now, for Marchand's in the new gold and brown package. Start using it sometime today!

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!

(see coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest treatment you can give your hair. Guaranteed to remove every trace of stickiness. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for your bottle today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. 251 West 19th Street NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....T.G. 535

FO bottle's new design
Is my idea of something
fine!



CREME POLISH
AND
CREME POLISH
REMOVER

At all 10c stores . . Cuticle Remover—Polish Remover—Oily Polish Remover—six shades of polish in both the Creme and Clear Polishes



Colorless
Natural
Rose
Coral
Ruby
Deep

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y.

It's a Fake

(*Continued from page* 21)

made of herself with Gary Cooper. Gary, of course, must be in a bathing suit, too.

That's just what the picture people are afraid of. Just a couple of heads a fair distance apart might cause no trouble, but studio officials figure the heads may not be kept far enough apart. They figure that more than mere heads will get in the picture. They are also of the opinion that, as the pictures look so real, there will probably be a thousand broken hearts and a lot of husbands running around with broken heads, or with guns in their hands. Show us the good wife who wouldn't get sore if she found a picture of friend husband in the arms of Clara Bow—especially if Clara was wearing that costume she wore in "Hoopla."

And what of a jealous wife who has just discovered a picture of her husband holding hands with Mae West as Mae seems to be saying how glad she is that he has come up! She could hardly be blamed for thinking the buxom Mae had done her wrong; even though Mae knew nothing about the trick photograph.

PICTURE folk also have visions of a nasty alienation of affections suit if some middle-aged husband with a pretty young wife should find a photograph of her with her head resting on the shoulder of Clark Gable. Most middle-aged husbands wouldn't stop to ask *HOW* it was done. They'd want to know *Where* it was done and *WHEN*, and might get mad enough to try to put Gable in jail.

The conductors of this picture racket say there will not be any pictures of this unwanted sort, which might cause trouble and a lot of misunderstanding and bad publicity, but studio executives stick their tongues in their cheeks and say, "Oh, yeah?"

NEW MOVIE Magazine has a number of these composite photographs in its possession. Out of respect for the feelings of the stars, however, we are refraining from printing them. But, to show you how the trick is done, we have had a series especially posed for you by professional models. *The picture at the top of the page* represents two stars—a studio 'still,' taken on the set. Now, the racketeer's customer writes to the racketeer and says he wants his photo printed with the girl in the still. He cuts out a snapshot of himself and sends it along with his dollar bill. This snapshot is carefully enlarged to fit the size of the man's head in the picture at the top of the page, and glued on to the 'still' where the man star's handsome profile originally was. Then, as a final step, the composite picture is photographed a second time, and the finished product sent back to the adoring fan. He now can show the boys down at the poolroom an actual picture of himself, taken with his favorite woman movie star.

Can't you picture a loving wife finding such a picture in her husband's pocket? Most of them would start running for a lawyer and the divorce court without stopping to ask any questions.

At first glance, this particular racket might appear harmless. The public regards the movie stars as its own personal property. You see their faces advertising everything from beauty lotions to cuff-links, and for a quarter you can send in to the studio and get a picture of any star to decorate your living-room. Why get so touchy about this new wrinkle, then? Well, for several very good reasons.

Suppose, for example, that a burglar is hauled to jail, charged with committing a crime on the night of May 2nd. He needs an alibi, so he tells the judge, "I was in Hollywood all during the month of May." To prove it, he pulls out a picture of himself posed—apparently on a regular studio set—with a movie star. The faking is done so well that it would take a jury of experts to decide whether the photo was real or not. Result, doubt. And the burglar goes free—and the movie star has received publicity in the newspapers which hints that she is just a regular pal to a known criminal.

THAT'S far-fetched, but it gives you the idea. Any number of unpleasant results are equally possible. To name another, if every Tom, Dick and Harry can go around telling lies about his personal friendships with the stars, the stars will lose their glamour for everybody, and business will fall off at the box office. Familiarity breeds contempt, as the old saying has it.

But the thing about this particular racket isn't so much that it's dangerous, as that it's disgusting. Cheapness in thought and deed is always disgusting. Any racketeer is a loathsome creature, but the petty racketeer, tricking dollar bills out of movie-struck young girls and men, is the most abominable one of them all.

Now . . a Make-up that
Beautifies and *Protects*
at the same time!



ANY face powder will remove "shine" and give your skin a smoother finish . . . *Any* rouge and lipstick will add color to your complexion.

But all too often these are merely *momentary* effects. To achieve true and *lasting* loveliness, your cosmetics must not only beautify your skin, but *protect* it, too.

That is why so many women are turning today to OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. For these are the *only* beauty aids of their kind made on a base of pure Olive Oil . . . an ingredient long known to skin specialists for its beautifying and protective qualities.

Try OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder. Notice how light and fluffy it is, yet how loyally it clings to your face. No other powder does so much to rid the skin of dryness . . . to keep it soft, smooth and gloriously supple.

OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick blend naturally with the living tones of your complexion . . . make your beauty *come alive* with youthful radiance and color. Lips are protected against cracking and chapping. Your face is never dry or rough.



For a totally new experience in make-up, try OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Aids. They come in a variety of smart shades for every type of complexion. You can get the large economical sizes at your favorite drug or department store for only 55c. There are handy purse-size packages, too, at the leading 10c counters. Mail the coupon for liberal samples of powder, rouge and lipstick.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E.D.S.T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 2-E
Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Junior Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 40)

him, we predict that she will do for the producer who signs her what Ginger Rogers has done for RKO.

Speaking of RKO—that studio can be credited with re-discovering William Bakewell, who was almost a star in his own right some years ago. Billy has just been assigned two pictures there and, if things turn out, he will be awarded a term contract.

Virginia Reid, another RKO player, will soon come into prominence. She was discovered, so to speak, coming out of a Los Angeles theater a year ago when a contest was being held at the RKO Theater and the manager spied the beautiful Miss Reid, but noticed that she was one of the few girls who had not entered her name in the contest. He persuaded her to present a picture of herself, which she finally did, but instead of the usual procedure of waiting around for an answer, Virginia left town, thinking nothing more of the incident. Fortunately, the studio did think more of it, for she is now back in Hollywood with a career in the offing.

So keep an eye on these coming stars; after all, most of them have really worked and earned their little place in the Hollywood sun. They will, each one of them, be stars with your support. Inasmuch as they have the talent, and have honestly earned their break, let's support these players, Mary Rogers, Fred McMurray, Paula Stone, Bob Taylor and the rest, and establish them definitely as a part of the motion picture younger set.

There are eight more young people such as these, just coming over the hill—but next month we shall be better qualified to endorse their work and predict a future for a few.

Yes...IT'S THE Same Girl!

Photographer's Affidavit: I, Frederick Bradley, do hereby affirm that I have taken both these pictures, *that they have not been retouched,* and that they represent the actual change in the appearance of one girl before and after her use of Marvelous Beauty Aids, as outlined in the FREE Marvelous Make-up Guide.

Frederick Bradley



YESTERDAY – *unnoticed* . . . TODAY – *adored!*

MARIAN thought she was doomed to be one of the girls that men forget.

Her world is different, now! Dates, parties, excitement—she has new confidence in herself, a new lift to her head, new sparkle in her eyes. She literally made herself over in a day!

And *you* can do it, too—as easily and quickly as Marian did. You can do it right in your own home in your spare time. And you can do it without spending a lot of money—Marvelous Beauty Aids cost only 55¢ apiece!

Sounds like a miracle, doesn't it? Well, it's not. Marvelous Beauty Aids are the practical result of more than fifty years' experience in the Richard Hudnut Laboratories. Years of painstaking research taught Hudnut scientists the secrets that bring new beauty to you.

It is these men, skilled skin specialists, who created Marvelous Creams to smooth away the tired lines, refine and soften your skin, Marvelous Freshener, that clears and tones your complexion. Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick that accent the youth in your own coloring. And Marvelous Face Powder, that clings so closely, stays on so long, hides every tiny line and wrinkle!

FREE BOOKLET tells how to make yourself over! Send for the Marvelous Make-up Guide that gives complete instructions. Enclose 6¢ for packing and postage, and we'll also send you four generous purse-size boxes of Marvelous Face Powder, enough to last two weeks. If you don't want to wait, go to the nearest drug or department store for Marvelous Beauty Aids. Do it today—mail the coupon now!

MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS *by Richard Hudnut*



Mail this!

This coupon brings you FREE Marvelous Make-up Guide to help you find your type. Mail it today.

RICHARD HUDNUT, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

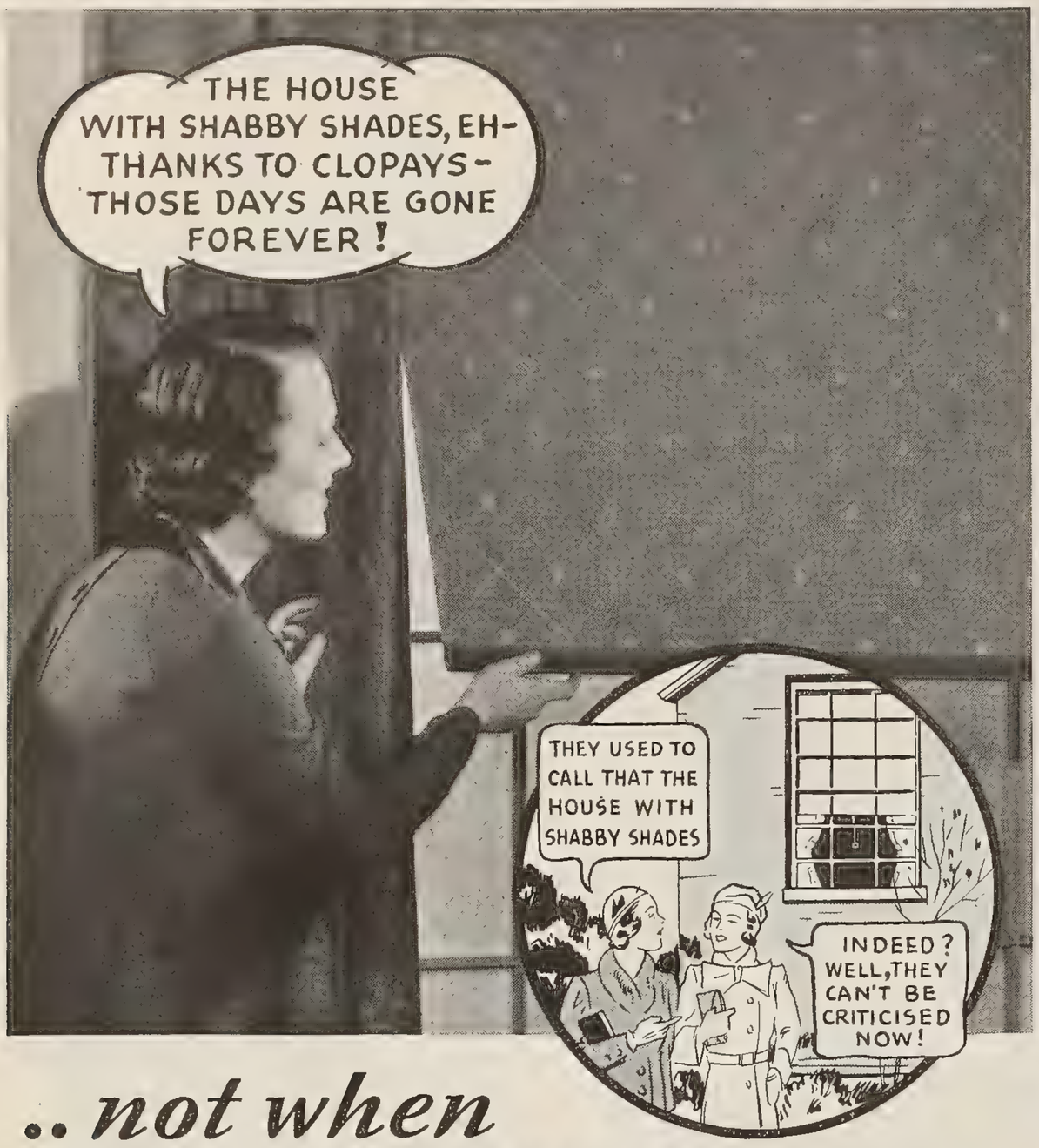
Yes, you may send me— ☐ FREE Marvelous Make-Up Guide

☐ In addition, I would like four purse-size boxes of Marvelous Face Powder in the four most popular shades. I enclose 6 cents in stamps for packing.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State_____ H-7

"*No More* Shabby, Cracked Shades at My Windows!"



.. not when Lovely **CLOPAY** *Shades are Only* **15¢ EACH**

"How deeply embarrassed I was when I accidentally overheard someone call my home 'the house with the shabby shades'! But what could I do? I simply couldn't afford to buy all the shades I needed. Luckily I found Clopays, the remarkable fibre window shades that cost only 15c each. Now there are no smarter, neater windows in town than mine. Clopays are simply wonderful. Not only all the popular plain colors, but so many lovely chintz patterns that harmonize with any decorative scheme. What amazing wear, too! Clopays actually outlast shades that cost me 3 or 4 times as much."

Clopays offer many features found in no other shades. Patented gummed strip makes attaching to old rollers easy. No tacks or tools. Patented creped texture makes them hang straight—roll straight—wear longer. Being solid fibre instead of filled cloth, Clopays will not crack, pinhole or ravel at the edges. No other shade regardless of price can give you all these features. Clopays are sold at all 5-and-10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c for color samples to Clopay Corporation, 1356 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

And...

"HOW DID I EVER KEEP HOUSE BEFORE I FOUND FABRAY?"



New FABRAY Gives You Every Advantage of Oilcloth at 1/3 to 1/2 Lower Cost!

And think of finding a revolutionary new kind of material that serves every purpose oilcloth can serve—does it as well or better—yet costs ⅓ to ½ less! There's real economy. FABRAY—another CLOPAY product—actually outdoes oilcloth. Has an oilcloth surface on a fibre backing. Looks, feels and wears like the best oilcloth but will not crack or peel even when creased because it has a solid fibre backing instead of flimsy cheesecloth. Many lovely new patterns. Comes in 46-inch width for tables, also 12-inch widths for shelves. See FABRAY at leading 5-and-10c stores, or send 10c for a 2½-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State colors preferred.

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1363 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Frankie and Freddie

(Frankie Thomas)

(*Continued from page 27*)

He said: "Did you see those new jaguars they've got at the zoo? Boy, were they fierce."

I hadn't. I regretted it, too. I could see that I should have been equipped with some data on the wild animal situation.

He said: "Did you see Frank Buck's last picture? Boy, does he have a swell time. Did you know I'm going to play with a dog in my next picture and I have three weeks after I get to Hollywood to do nothing but get acquainted with him?"

I didn't. He looked a trifle downcast, but it was as nothing compared to my feelings at being so tried and found wanting. I had practically no small talk about Frank Buck or lariats or other real boy interests.

"Do you think Frank Buck could have a good adventure with sharks?" he demanded hopefully. "Boy, would that make a keen picture!"

At this point Big Frank, who is very serious about being a father, which means that he knows just when to be firm and take charge of a situation, said, "Suppose we lay off the shark business, old man, and have a look at the menu."

He proposed boiled tongue and spinach and, as I live and breathe, there was no small-boy protest when his father said: "I think you'll like the tongue and the spinach will be good for you."

He grinned that engaging grin, which twists up the corners of his wide, flexible mouth and narrows his eyes until they're fine lines of silver shining out from behind rather absurdly long lashes, and said, "Okay, Dad. Let's go for spinach."

Nor do I think it was company manners. If a thing is good for him it is good for the job, and he is completely serious about the importance of keeping himself fit.

They tell a revealing story about him at the Professional Children's School, that fascinating New York school attended by child actors and singers and dancers, with hours only from eleven until two, so that they can keep afternoon engagements.

He came to school one morning with a very black eye and when asked how he acquired it, said: "Well, if you must know, I got it playing football, but I guess I'll have to give it up. There's too much at stake."

They chuckle a little, too, those understanding teachers, over the fact that he learned the eighty-two pages of his part in "Wednesday's Child" in four days, and they had to keep him after school to learn two verses of "The Ancient Mariner."

"You see, it doesn't make sense, and my part does," he explained, which seemed to me one of the best socks Ye Coleridge had ever received.

By the time we had progressed to dessert, which turned out to be a Cream Napoleon with two scoops of ice cream, I knew that his favorite books are "Captain Blood," "The Odyssey of a Shark Hunter," and "Medieval History," because there are lots of fights in them; that he wants to play Kipling's "Kim"; that he is going to write a play with his dad; that his favorite speech is the immortal "To be or not to be"; and I knew that, as a private individual, Master Thomas was all boy and no boredom. Also that the exhilarating quality of vitality which leaps out at you from the screen and stage is in part the result of a thoroughly masculine preoccupation with all feats of physical strength as much as it is inner spirit.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" I asked. Not that there was much doubt in my mind. No broncho busters or bank presidents for him, I was sure—the average wish of the usual child actor.

"Oh, an actor, of course. I couldn't be anything else. And there's so much to learn that I'm awfully glad I got an early start."

That in all sincerity. All humility.

He has all a grown-up actor's ease in covering a situation. There was a play, name forgotten now, in which he was to go off stage, get a chocolate bar, and come back with it half-eaten but face smeared up. He made his exit on schedule and was handed the bar of chocolate by the stage manager. Then, boylike, he ate the whole bar. When his cue came, however, he remembered the business of his entrance. No smear. No laugh. So he rubbed his fingers over his mascaraed eyelashes and from there to his mouth. Unfortunately it almost broke up the group on the stage as well as the audience, for what he had shaped over his five-year-old mouth was a well-defined moustache.

A FEW days after our luncheon I went back stage for the last performance of "The First Legion" before Frankie's embarking for Hollywood. I went especially to see his mother, and now that I have talked to her I feel very hopeful about his future.

She is a professional, like Frankie's father. Years of stock company work and some on the screen. Her elfin beauty flashed out at you in the recent screen version of "Dancing Mothers."

She refers to Big Frank and Little Frank as "the boys." She is maternal without being maudlin. Very conscious of how to help Frankie develop his talent, but also healthfully casual about it all. She does Frankie's make-up and stands in the wings every night until he comes off the stage, whereupon she whisks him home and to bed with a glass of milk. On Saturday nights, as a special favor, he stays up until twelve to read the Sunday funnies. In Hollywood he will have more regular hours for working and sleeping, and a part of each day will be spent on the correspondence course he takes from the Professional Children's School in New York. He will make two pictures each year if the right parts can be found, and spend the rest of the time on the stage in New York, the technique of one type of acting aiding and abetting the other.

"Frankie isn't a pretty boy," his mother said, with what was to me a surprisingly impersonal appraisal for a fond parent; but, after all, she is a professional as well as a professional child's mother.

"Well, not in the pretty-pretty sense of most stage children," I said, "but what a big break that he isn't, after all! He is handsome enough for any leading part, but he'll never depend just on his looks. The most important fact about him is that he can act."

"Yes, he can act," she said simply. "And he has so much to help him. No stage fright at all. He can't understand grown-ups who shake and shiver on opening nights. An audience is

just a nice big friendly crowd of people that he wants to give a good time to."

"And how did you happen to say 'Yes' to the question of 'To be or not to be a child actor?' So many people think it forces them and is a bad mistake for future work."

"But why?" she flashed back at me. "It hasn't proved that in the other arts. The great dancers started as children. Our great musicians, too. Honestly, I wish I had started at ten instead of eighteen. Growing up with the theater is, it seems to me, the very surest way. Provided you have the talent, of course. But Frankie really decided the whole matter of talent by his first performance at four. He spoke "When a little boy goes to his grandpa's house" at a Sunday school party in Union Village, and I could hear the handkerchiefs flourishing then as now. After that there wasn't any question in my mind about where Frankie belonged."

Nor in mine. And ten years, perhaps, from now, not only Frankie Thomas but other gifted children—Nova Pillbeam and Freddie Bartholomew, and Jane Withers—children who have their eyes as clearly fixed on the shining goal as he has, will develop into actors whose art will be as many-sided as a piece of sculpture. Not one-dimensional, like so much of the acting that we see today.

Back-stage at the Biltmore Theatre the actors in "The First Legion" crowded around Frankie to say good-bye.

"Make a good picture and come back to us," said Bert Lytell, putting a cherishing arm around Frankie's shoulders.

"Thanks, Bert, I'll try. And say, do you know I sort of hate to leave the old wheel chair behind. Boy, can I do some fancy stuff with it!"

"Good luck, kid," said the wardrobe woman, clasping him to her capacious bosom.

"My darling!" he said with a mock catch in his voice, but I knew that the squeeze of her hand was warm and sincere.

"Good-bye, kid. I hope it's a good part," said the thin old man who had played the Father Curate, and his manner was a little wistful.

And that, it seemed to me, was the most important wish of all. And as I left the theater I made a little prayer to the guardian angel who watches over parts for young actors, and I besought her to give him parts to test his talents; for too often in recent years when the parts for child actors have been passed out, I am afraid that she has had her lovely head tucked under her shining wing.

Frankie and Freddie
(Freddie Bartholomew)

(*Continued from page 27*)

rather confusing, I should say."

There was time out for another laugh over his pat comment. Then it was necessary to get back to work on the ways and means he had taken to gain a studio hearing.

"Cissie—my Aunt Millicent, who brought me over—wrote to Mr. Selznick. I supposed he was ready to see anyone who might be English."

Catching my smile at this naive view of a movie producer, Freddie grinned appreciatively, then soberly remarked:

"So all I had to do was recite something."

"You weren't afraid?"

"Oh, no! I'd been used to it so long, ever since reciting nursery rhymes told me by my aunt. Cissie encouraged me in it from the time she adopted me and took me from London, where I was born, to live with her in Warminster, Wiltshire. I owe everything to her. We got along so well in our work that in quite a short time I was giving recitations in London at the Lyceum Theater and the Albert Hall—some Shakespearian, others just light ones. I never could have done it without Auntie, who also gave me my schooling until I was nine."

"Nine! How old are you now?"

"Ten."

He doesn't look a day over seven, this surprising boy; fine, sensitive, poised and with the same effortless, flawless speech which so enhanced the charm of his "David." Best of all, he is not precocious, betraying no sign of that insufferable abomination, the child wonder.

"I wanted to be an actor," he now was saying, "but I never got the chance. I'd done 'bits' in three or four English pictures, but they didn't mean anything. So when I heard that 'Copperfield' was to be done in Hollywood, I asked if I couldn't be put in for it. Auntie, not having the same faith, didn't think there'd be much use trying, but anyway she thought the trip would be a holiday. And eventually I got the part—it was lovely. I was terribly pleased, jumping all around the place."

Freddie swung a leg over the arm of his chair and kicked up a foot. It halted in mid-air when I asked whether he had felt sure he could play the part, then slowly lowered with:

"I was hoping I wouldn't let them down."

"And when you were actually playing 'David,' what was it like?"

"Fun," was his enthusiastic reply, "not a bit like work. I enjoyed it immensely. I found no difficulty whatever in the easy scenes, but I liked the harder ones better because they gave me more to think about. There was only one trouble—at first I couldn't quite cry. Mr. Cukor, the director, did everything he could think of to start the tears, telling me of the saddest things, but it wasn't any good. Then he spoke of how terrible it would be if Cissie were to die, how awfully I'd feel and how much I'd miss her. That did it, and I got crying so hard, just roaring, that he couldn't stop me. I think I helped with my imagination. Then I got the knack of it."

Was this kid kidding?

"But what made it all so splendid," he earnestly resumed, "was the cast—all fitted in so well. I liked everyone, particularly Mr. Fields, who was such a funny Mr. Micawber. He was always doing funny things, surprising things that he made up as he went along. I had such a good time with him!"

"What character were you fondest of, which one was closest to your heart?"

"Peggotty," he promptly replied, glowing with affection for that good and fat servant, "even more so than my mother. Maybe it was because I did some of my first scenes with her. Indeed, most of my crying scenes were

(*Please turn to page 52*)



Sally is a little gossip . . . *and I'm glad she is!*

"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your dolly's clothes, Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."



"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

" 'Deed they can! My mommy says the little bride across the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't unstick *all* the dirt."



"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naptha, mommy says—heaps of it."

"So that's why Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt. You've given me an idea, Sally—"



Few weeks later: "Goody! Goody!—strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha. My washes look lots whiter—and I'm delighted!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

LITTLE gossips *are* cute—but you wouldn't want any grown-up gossips to see "tattle-tale gray" in your clothes.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets clothes gorgeously *white*—you can count on it!

For Fels-Naptha is richer soap—*unusually good golden soap!* And there's *lots of naptha* in it, too! When these two cleaners get busy, dirt has to let go—ALL OF IT!

Fels-Naptha is easier on clothes—*so gentle, so safe*—you can trust your daintiest silk undies and stockings to it! It's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Try Fels-Naptha in tub, basin or machine. Get a supply at your grocer's today! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

NRA CODE

© 1935, FELS & CO.



Pretty on the
TABLE . . .
and grand for
BAKING *in the*
OVEN

YES, those platters and serving dishes, those round and oval bowls, those cute little French one-handled casseroles, even the cups, saucers and plates, will all stand oven heat.

So bake in them . . . pies, puddings, meats, vegetables, anything you like. And whisk them from oven to table. They save work in serving. Save dishwashing.

Next time you're in Woolworth's, look over Oven-Serve dishes. They cost but a trifle. And you can do with them what you can't do with any other table dishes . . . use them in the oven!

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES

Freddie and Frankie
(Freddie Bartholomew)

(*Continued from page* 51)

with her, and they affected me so much that afterward I felt tired. But when I got home and went to bed I found it hard to go to sleep."

For my part, I had the feeling of looking into the heart of a child. Yet wondering at the same time how this child felt at seeing himself grown up in the person of an older actor, so I asked:

"Do you think Frank Lawton looks as you'll one day look?"

This was, naturally—or unnaturally—a bit of a poser for Freddie, but, after pondering it a moment, he said:

"I saw myself in him. I noticed his hair particularly, for it was much like mine. Then I went over his features, and they seemed pretty much the kind I might have when older, only"—and he was acutely critical—"his nose was a little sharper than mine is likely to be at his age."

Canny judgment of an uncanny subject by Master Freddie.

"The whole cast," he added, "was my vision of the Dickens characters."

For absolute perfection, I chose his David and the Mr. Dick of Lenox Pawle.

"Yes," he heartily agreed in the latter case, "isn't Mr. Dick marvelous? You know, don't you, he's quite mad, only happily so?"

He was proving himself so discerning a critic that I wanted his opinion of Hollywood.

"I love Hollywood," he declared.

"Did it surprise you?"

"Enormously! I'd no idea it was so big. My impression in England was that it would mean a bunch of cottages, with a few shops. It was very strange to me at first, but in about a week it was just like home. And do you know what surprised me most of all? The red lights in the drug stores—we call them chemist shops. They are gorgeous, and it's wonderful at night to stand and look down the boulevard. If for no other reason, I think I shall always want to live in Hollywood."

"And do you want to be a romantic actor when you grow up?"

"No," reflected Freddie, "I don't think I do. I like old-fashioned things."

Possibly this explains his liking for pumpkins. He was given one for Hallowe'en by a studio electrician, who lighted it for him and enshrined it on a bench in a corner of the huge stage. Freddie had never seen a pumpkin before, having been compelled to make the most of a large turnip for Hallowe'en in England, and he would sit before its glowing gold by the hour with all the rapt devotion of a worshiper before his Buddha. Days, weeks went by with no change, except in the pumpkin. Finally something had to be done out of olfactory consideration for the other members of the cast. And one night when Freddie was fast asleep at home, the pumpkin was carried gently to its final resting-place.

"I'll never forget it," he now assured me. (Nor will the others.)

As he gave me his hand on it, and jumped down, I wished him a pleasant journey. For Freddie was starting within the hour for New York to make "personal appearances." Lightly he went out like a schoolboy off on a lark.

After all, what did a mere continent mean to a boy who had journeyed 6,000 miles to get a job—and got it?

★ STARRING IN "SWEET MUSIC"

ANN DVORAK, WARNER BROS.



How movie stars guard the natural beauty of their hair.

Hollywood's loveliest screen stars guard the natural beauty of their hair like a precious jewel. For this reason DUART PERMANENT WAVES have become the choice of the stars and are featured in the finer Hollywood Beauty Salons. These salons take great pride in offering their famous patrons the protection of genuine Duart Waving Pads that now come in INDIVIDUAL SEALED CARTONS.

Duart and only Duart offers *you* this protection when you buy a permanent wave. When the operator breaks the seal before your eyes you *know* the waving pads are genuine Duart and never before used on another person's hair. For your next wave insist on Duart—the choice of the Hollywood stars.



PERC WESTMORE

famous make-up artist and coiffure designer at Warner Bros.' Studio says: "I cannot endorse too highly the Duart sealed package of waving pads. It is a protection every woman should demand for her hair."

FREE • SEND COUPON FOR BOOKLET OF MOVIE STAR COIFFURES

You can wear a movie star's coiffure

Send for this booklet containing smart new Hollywood Hair Styles. 24 pages of photos showing how to dress your hair the way the movie stars do. Sent FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. Choose from 12 shades listed in coupon. Remember it does NOT dye nor bleach the hair.



DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE Booklet of Smart new Movie Star Coiffure Styles.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**State**.....

Mark your shade of rinse.

☐ Black	☐ Golden Brown	☐ Light Golden Blonde	☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Dark Brown	☐ Chestnut Brown	☐ Henna	☐ Medium Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown	☐ Titian Reddish Blonde	☐ White or Gray (Platinum)	☐ Golden Blonde

Hollywood's Most Successful Extra

(*Continued from page* 18)

in other than atmospheric background or crowd work," receive a minimum daily wage of seven dollars and fifty cents.

Extras are further classified as "ordinary extras" and "dress extras"—and there lies the margin of difference between a fair living and a bare existence, for dress extras, who must maintain at their own expense a complete wardrobe, suitable for every modern setting, receive a minimum of fifteen dollars a day.

Obviously, it is good business to be a dress extra—for they not only get top pay but also receive more "calls." Frequently they are given "lines" to speak, and, in that case, they receive twenty-five dollars or more per day.

Don't think, however, that an extra works every day. We never know today whether we will work tomorrow, or next week, or a month from today. We live from day to day. If we average one and one-half days a week we are lucky; if we average three days a week, we are almost unbelievably fortunate. Central tries to spread employment as fairly as possible—and until the total number of registered extras is greatly reduced, there isn't enough work to go around. The few of us who receive top wages fare well, the others suffer.

Thanks to my previous work as a model and to an inborn passion for clothes, I came to Hollywood already equipped with a much better than average wardrobe. And, as soon as I discovered that only the dress extras can hope to earn good livelihoods, I determined to have a *complete wardrobe.* I skimped and scraped, and sewed and shopped, until I knew that I could accept any call. Those were hard times, and if I hadn't been fortunate enough to have a small amount of money, saved from my previous employment, I know I could never have survived the first few months.

Since then I have averaged three days' work a week. On rare occasions I have been selected to speak a line or two of dialogue. During the last two years my average income has been at least fifty dollars a week.

WITHOUT considering the fact that I have a tremendous amount of leisure, what employment can a girl in her early twenties, without any special training or talent, find that will pay her better wages?

I live by myself, in a well-furnished cottage. I drive my own inexpensive car, purchased new and paid for out of my earnings. I deny myself nothing that I want in the way of food. Contrasting my lot with that of most working girls, I believe I have a distinct advantage. But, I repeat, I have been very lucky!

During my first six months as an extra I earned considerably less than I do now and I had to be extremely economical to meet my living expenses. I had been accustomed to a weekly salary and it was terribly difficult for me to budget correctly on an uncertain, spasmodic income. Whenever I had worked for several days in succession and found myself suddenly "flush," I was tempted to go on a spending spree, forgetting that weeks *might* pass before I would work again.

Finally, by keeping an exact record of my earnings over a sufficient time, I struck an average and made it the basis of an iron-clad budget. Since then I

have fared very well. Out of every pay check I set aside a certain percentage for rent, for wardrobe, for food, for transportation and for all of the other items on my budget. And I refuse to contract debts.

I honestly believe that more girls fail in the "extra game" through poor management than ever fail because of insufficient earnings. The cost of living is remarkably low in Los Angeles, and any girl should be able to get along here on twenty-five dollars a week. Few dress extras average less.

I have heard dress extras complain that it costs them every cent they earn to maintain their wardrobes. When I first reported for extra work, I was warned that it would cost me at least $2,000 to acquire a satisfactory wardrobe. Perhaps it would have cost that much if I had bought with the same reckless extravagance which most extras display.

I design my own clothes. I watch the sales and I buy material in advance of my needs in order to get it at real bargain prices. I do most of my own sewing—and, whenever I lack the time to sew, I take my material and my patterns to a very capable dressmaker whose shop is in a nearby small town and whose prices are very reasonable. The net result is that I pay twenty dollars or less for an evening gown which would cost at least four times that much if purchased ready-made in one of the fashionable shops. And I have discovered that a little ingenuity, exercised in making over old things, will show a saving of several hundred dollars each year. Twenty-five to thirty dollars a month is ample to cover all of my wardrobe needs.

MOST of the extra girls whom I know have their hair dressed before each appearance on the set. So do I—but "I dress my own" instead of submitting to the prices charged by Hollywood's most fashionable hairdressers. When I discovered how imperative it is for a dress extra to be perfectly coiffured, I took a course in hair-dressing. It has paid for itself a hundred times.

Too many extras have "star complexes." Instead of frankly admitting that they are extras and living accordingly, they are apologetic for their status and live far beyond their means to uphold their pretensions. They are too conscious of the caste system in Hollywood, which places a wide gulf between the extra player and the so-called featured actor.

I see no reason for being ashamed of being an extra. My work is important to the finished picture; I receive a fair wage for it and I try to do it to the best of my ability. And certainly there is no cause for shame in living within one's means. I'd much rather be a capable extra than to step beyond my abilities and be an incapable actress. I'm like most girls; I would like to be a screen star with all the fame and money that goes with it—but there's no use in kidding myself. I'm an extra and the best thing for me to do is to stick to my own job until I have earned something better.

People continually ask me about the way extra girls are treated on the sets. I always answer that we are given exactly the treatment which we, as individuals, invite. And I think that answer is the exact truth. Girls who show by their actions that they respect themselves are seldom treated with disrespect. In three years I have never received a single "insult."

It is no more difficult to remain moral as an extra girl than it is to remain moral in any other business. It is up to the girl, herself, to determine her way of living.

Several years ago, I understand, extras often were treated with lack of consideration—especially by the smaller studios. Sometimes they were required to work under conditions which were not only disagreeable but actually dangerous to their safety. But that is all changed now. If any extra meets with unfair treatment on the set, he has recourse by filing a formal complaint with Central Casting—and Central, which is a branch of the powerful Motion Picture Producers' Association, immediately takes action.

My work is interesting. I like to study people and, on the sets, I have had a chance to meet and study some of the most interesting people in the world. I have worked with almost every star and every famous director. Probably they were unaware of my existence, but I enjoyed watching them at work. I'm like all the rest of you—a dyed-in-the-wool fan.

I have played in pictures laid in China, in Paris, in London, in Rome—in short, in every locale on earth. And since Hollywood's technicians conscientiously try to make every picture a truthful reflection of its setting, I feel that I have learned more than I could have learned from a round-the-world cruise. My education was limited and I deeply appreciate the general information that I have received on the sets.

I have learned to speak better English, for I have had the opportunity, day after day, to hear the dialogue written by famous authors. And I have made the most of the opportunity, for I am Swedish and I spoke broken English when I came to Hollywood.

Another thing—and this touches my one great ambition—I have been able to study the clothes designed by some of the greatest artists in the world. Eventually I want to be a designer, a modiste, and where could I possibly receive better instruction than on the motion picture sets, studying the work of Hollywood's Travis Bantons and Adrians?

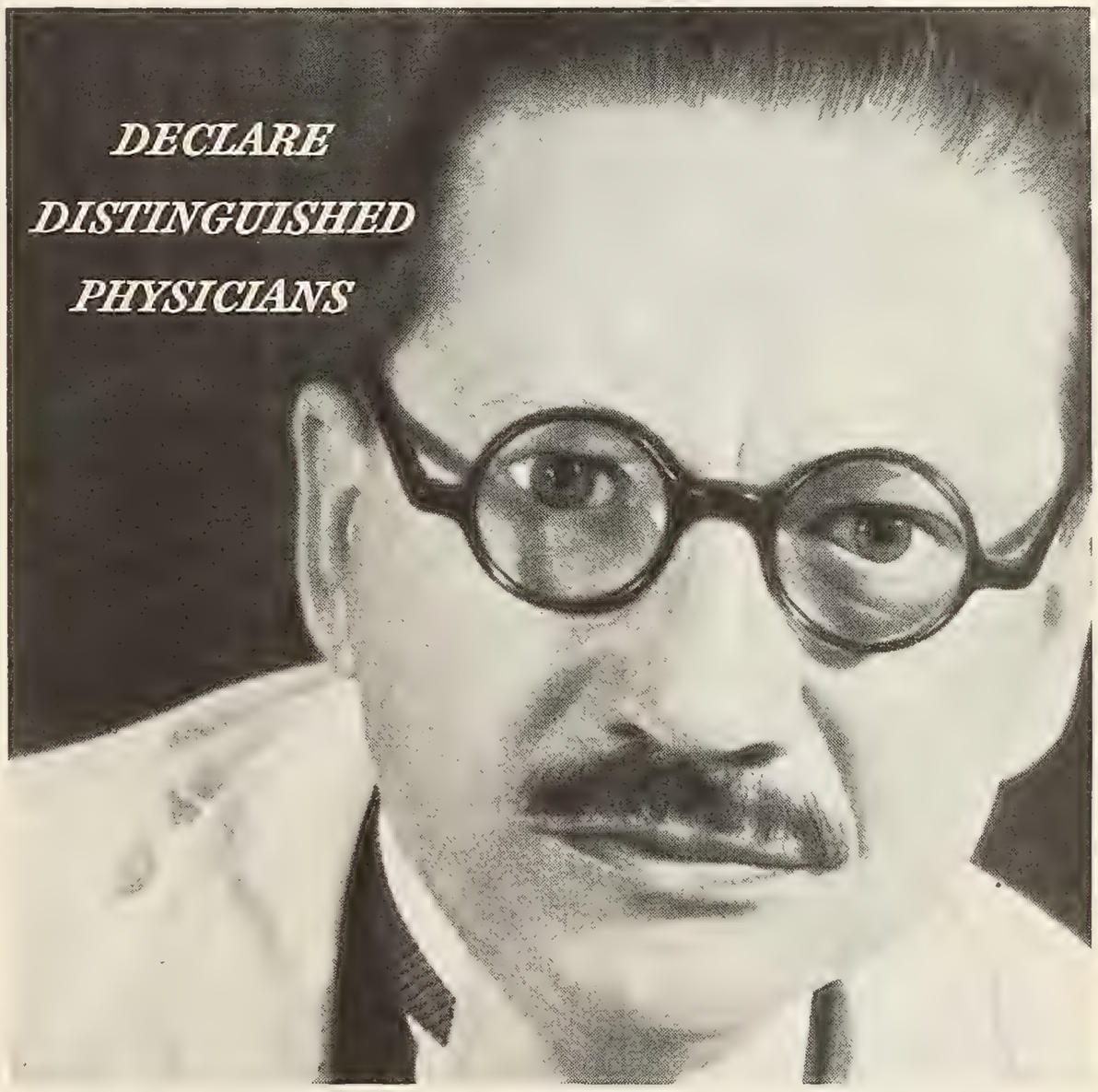
The point that I have tried to make is this: being an extra is not vastly different from being a worker in any other *business*. The girls who approach extra work with the proper equipment and a businesslike attitude can make it pay them satisfactory wages. It is not necessary to be beautiful, it is not necessary to have acting ability, it is not necessary to have "personality." It *is* necessary to have common sense and clothes sense. One must know what to wear and how to wear it, and one must know how to live sanely and economically.

EXTRA work is the poorest of stepping-stones to screen success, for the very qualities which make a girl suitable for stardom actually handicap her as an extra. It is not best to stand out from the crowd if you wish to work regularly as an extra. If you are too noticeable in one sequence of a picture, often you are automatically barred from work in another sequence.

Certainly I would not advise the average girl to work extra for a living. The very fact that Central Casting now refuses to register a new applicant, no matter how suitable he or she may be for the work, is sufficient proof that the great majority of already registered extras are unable to work often enough to earn living wages. Depression and unemployment have overcrowded our ranks. And I know that the luck which has stuck with me for three years may turn against me to morrow.

Still—I wouldn't trade jobs with any one of the girls I know.

—*new fresh Yeast* will solve the cathartic problem for thousands!



DR. JULES BELOUX, a noted intestinal specialist and editor of a medical publication, reports: "Patients in my clinic obtained remarkable results from this new yeast. I am astonished . . . It is a notable discovery."

Corrects Constipation and related troubles so effectively by stimulating the whole digestive tract!

NO LONGER need you constantly "dose" yourself with cathartic drugs that make you weaker, and usually make your constipation *worse!*

For a new discovery that doctors call "the greatest advance in years for treating constipation and its related ailments" is now here!

It is an *entirely new yeast*—a new "strain" of fresh yeast—discovered by a great American medical scientist.

It speeds digestive muscles and juices. Food is thus digested better . . . carried through the body faster . . . expelled more easily and regularly.

Won't you start eating this new Fleischmann's Yeast? See how speedily you feel full of pep . . . how quickly your skin is cleared of pimples.

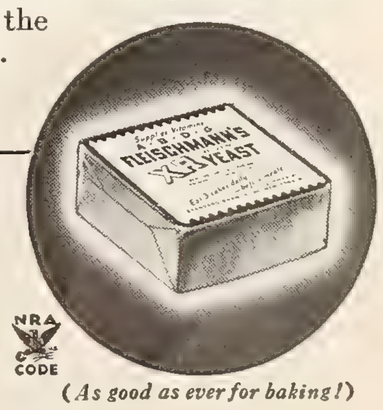
Note how soon your appetite picks up, and how you can eat what you like without distress afterward.

See how you avoid frequent colds—with the Vitamin A in this new yeast. It has Vitamins B, D and G, also—*four* vitamins in all, needed for health!

Start feeling better Now!

So get some of the new Fleischmann's Yeast now. Then eat 3 cakes every day—just plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains! Keep on eating Fleischmann's Yeast even after you've seen the first results. Keep it up!



(As good as ever for baking!)

DISCONTINUE CATHARTICS not all at once but *gradually*, as this new Fleischmann's Yeast "normalizes" your digestion and elimination. You should feel better in just a few days, but *keep right on.* It's a food, you know. So eat it regularly and give it an opportunity to really *correct* your constipation . . . to make you feel and look well again.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

It must be good

OVER ONE BILLION GLASSES IN A YEAR

SUCH popularity is well deserved. Hires Root Beer has won its fame and friends because it is a superlatively fine beverage—delicious and wholesome — at an economical price.

One little bottle of Hires Extract makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer. All you add is sugar, water, yeast.

And think what you save! 8 glasses of Hires Root Beer for 5c.

Hires Root Beer *is* good — the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods has accepted it. The Good Housekeeping Bureau has approved it. Buy a bottle of Hires Extract *today*. All dealers have it.

To avoid oil flavored imitations, insist on

Hires R-J ROOT BEER FOR REAL-JUICES

FREE

FREE—a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 4 quarts of Hires Root Beer—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3¢ to cover postage and handling.

The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me *free* bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing. T-5-35

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Canadians should mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Spring Parties

(*Continued from page 32*)

French novels to the contrary.

Harold Lloyd forgot he is Scotch, and became a dashing Spanish toreador—and led a toy bull around on a string. Mildred Lloyd wore a demure Quaker costume; the hostess was Lady Hamilton in a wide Gainsborough hat; May Robson wore the costume she used on the stage in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," and Gaylord Lloyd was brave in a Russian peasant get-up. Una Merkel and her husband were Spanish peasants.

There was the usual buffet supper, where you buttled for yourself.

EVEN if Winfield Sheehan is a Fox Film Corporation head, it must have been a thrill to be decorated, even at so late a date, for his services during the World War, when he drove an ambulance.

He and Ketti Gallian made a trip to the *Joan d'Arc,* French battleship at San Pedro, for the purpose, and Commander Yves Douval performed the deed.

Ketti is just back from France, but said she bought all her new clothes in New York.

M. and Mme. Henri Didot, French consul and his wife, assisted in receiving, and guests included W. S. Van Dyke, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, Jetta Goudal, Inez Courtney and others.

All the French officers demanded photographs of Ketti, and Winfield Sheehan (Ketti being under contract to Fox) generously and gallantly told her she might have some new ones taken.

Fred Stone Entertained

CAN you imagine a sadder fate for a young fellow than coming all the way from New York to Hollywood to see someone and then missing her?

That's what Ronald Simon thinks, too.

Of course he saw Glenda Farrell ultimately, but not for a whole day and a half. She was working in a picture when he arrived, and couldn't meet him at the station. Then he went to the party given by Helen Ferguson for Fred Stone, expecting that she would be there, and she couldn't get away from the studio. She worked that night, too, and was too dog-tired when she finished even to say hello. But next day at noon they staged their reunion.

Frances Dee had some pictures of her baby with her, and she and Sally Eilers deserted their husbands, Joel McCrea and Harry Joe Brown, to get into a huddle in a corner and discuss baby lore.

We gave John Mack Brown a "hero's entrance," as they say in the movies, applauding him when he came in, the reason being he had saved his wife (she was riding a runaway horse) from serious injury the day before.

Tit-for-Tat Party

IT was a sort of tit-for-tat party those ten actresses playing in "Naughty Marietta" gave for their director, W. S. Van Dyke.

You see, Van dearly loves kidding people. And he gave a dinner party at his home for the ten, at which he pulled a number of hilarious jokes.

Not to be outdone, the actresses decided to get lively revenge. So they gave a party at the Clover Club, inviting Van as the only man, and at dinner pulled twice as many jokes on him as he had previously. When he sat down to the dinner table, one of the girls pressed a bulb, and his soup bowl raised from the table. Then shortly after dinner a large box of flowers, containing a handsome corsage, was presented to him.

But the dancing feature was the last word. When the music started, Van Dyke asked one of the hostesses to dance. In the meantime the girls had arranged to have the music play through four hours without stopping, they cut in for dances with Van, and the director didn't have a chance to rest once during the entire time!

The hostesses included Jeanette MacDonald, Irene Hervey, Pauline Brooks, Kay English, Julie Laird, Linda Parker, Agnes Anderson, Mary Doran, Cecelia Parker and Lillian Rosine.

Maybe Van is cured. At any rate, he gave another party for the young ladies, at his home, and never a joke was pulled on them!

Elissa's Ballet Russe Party

CARY GRANT is wondering whether he was complimented or not the other day at Elissa Landi's party for the Ballet Russe.

Cary was warned by Elissa that he had better bring along some photographs, as it was certain the Ballet people would want them; in fact they had asked Elissa if she thought they could get some. So, persuaded, Cary brought them. At least he thought he had photographs; but to his amazement, having snatched up a bunch of pictures as he was leaving home, he discovered that the bottom ones were just the pasteboards on which the photos should have been mounted.

However, all the ballet members clamored for his autograph on the blanks, after the photographs had all been given out.

"And they seemed quite contented," he declared. "And I wonder whether to be flattered or not."

Elissa's party was given in her new home at Brentwood, where she has a complete little suite of rooms in a wing of the house all to herself.

Countess Caroline Sanardi-Landi, Elissa's mamma, helped receive.

Trick Microphones Add Gaiety

HAVE you one of those trick mikes in your home? If not, you can't be said really to belong.

Besides the Quillans, John Mack Brown, Chick Chandler, Walter King, Mervyn Leroy, and Groucho Marx, a lot of others have them, including John P. Medbury, whose party revolved 'round it tother night at his home, gracefully named "Mortgage Manor."

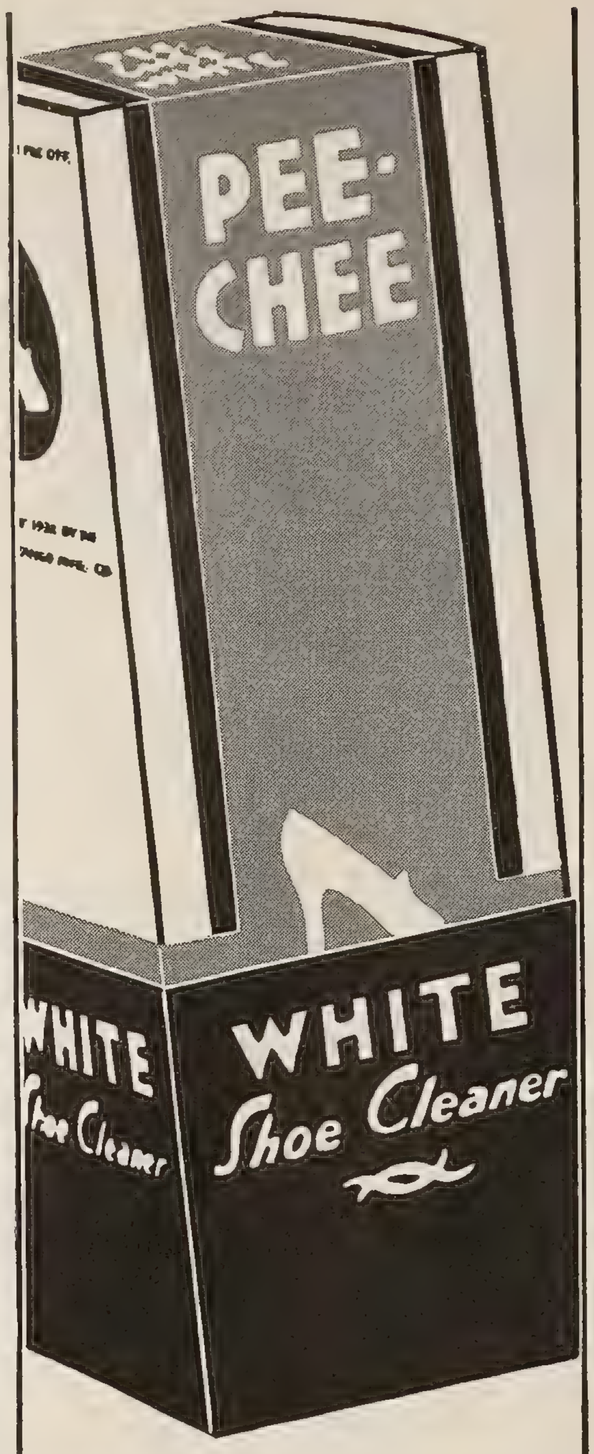
None of the guests knew of the contraption, which is new in the Medbury household. John absented himself, declaring he had to go away for a broadcast for a little while, and the guests were surprised and taken aback for a minute when John's voice came over the radio: "Glad to have you at my house, although I could have done very well without you."

Whereupon Joe E. Brown, first to recover and suspect the truth, went and wrote in Medbury's guest book, "Just a quip from the old block."

An "Un-Birthday" Party

A VERY odd person is Chick Chandler in one respect. He never accepts birthday presents. On the other hand, he always bestows gifts on his friends to celebrate his own natal day. So if he gives a party, it is what Alice in Wonderland would call an "un-birthday" party.

Chick had one on his last birthday,



STYLE DICTATES WHITE SHOES

COMMON SENSE DICTATES ...

PEE-CHEE



and you might with justice call that party a honey, because it really was that—a honey party. Chick owns a bee ranch, you know, and he held his natal festivities out there. Not that anybody except two or three hardy souls, like Claudia Coleman, James Barton and Walter King, dared venture close to the hives. But Chick bestowed on each of his guests a huge jar of the sweet stuff.

And the dessert at supper was biscuits and honey.

Teaing With the Martin Johnsons

HAVING tea with the Martin Johnsons, those makers of "Baboona" and other wild animal films, were Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck. The two couples had met—of all places!—in the wilds of Africa, when the Zanucks went down there to hunt big game.

Mrs. Zanuck brought orchids for "Osie" (Mrs. Johnson) to wear that night when she lectured, and, though Osie had gathered orchids in the jungle, she was that thrilled!

Claudette Colbert's Brick Party

WELL, of all things—a brick party! Sounds sort of Irish, doesn't it? And Claudette Colbert is French.

But, all the same, Claudette is going to have a brick party. But a peaceful one. Some fans gave her the idea. They sent bricks with the hint that she use them in her new home. So, just as soon as Claudette gets time for a party, she is going to issue invitations to her friends to come and bring bricks, autographed, to use in the building of the house she is planning.

KATHERINE DEMILLE has known Mitchell Leisen ever since he was her papa's art director, and she used to go over to the studio to have him admire the "flum" of her new white dress, when she was a mere child of five.

The friendship has been kept up, and it didn't surprise us at all to receive an invitation to a party which Mitchell was giving for Katherine's house guest, Betty Saxe, of San Francisco.

Such a lot of the guests arrived alone! Gail Patrick, Laura Hope Crews, Catherine Alexander, were among the feminine guests who weren't afraid to venture forth into the night alone, while lone wolves among the masculine element included Randy Scott, Jack King, Cary Grant, John Cox, and Douglas Blackley.

We all noted that Katherine DeMille danced a lot with Jack King.

Helen Morgan's Traveled Cat

WE met Helen Morgan over at the Jocelyn Lee and James Seymour wedding reception, and she told us all about her much traveled cat, Charlie.

"He has traveled thirty thousand miles with me," explained Helen. "He has a meowing acquaintance with cats in Paris, London, New York, Miami, Hollywood and way stations. Has he good manners? He has. I take him right into the compartment with me."

The musicians arrived so late that everybody got nervous. Nancy Carroll relieved the strain by going out into Jocelyn's garden and swinging in a kid swing in a pepper tree, with Van Smith, frock coat and all, pushing her as she "worked up," as we used to say of climbing to heights in a swing.

Thursday Night's the Night!

SOME of the film stars do cook.

Four of them have a sort of organization. They are Sally Eilers, Mrs. Ricardo Cortez, Mrs. Pan Berman and Mrs. Mervyn Leroy. Taking turns, three of these repair with their spouses to the home of the other one, on Thursday nights, and the four gals concoct dinner for their husbands. So far there have been no casualties, although it is said that for a while there was a little feeling between Miss Eilers and Mrs. Leroy as to which made the best strawberry shortcake. The husbands kept mum.

Leo Carrillo Obliges

LIVING right up to the best Spanish traditions, Leo Carrillo played host to a picture company which happened to be working on location next his Santa Monica ranch.

The company, headed by Louise Fazenda, were provided with box lunches, as the players didn't want to go to a neighborhood cafe in make-up. But when Leo spotted the actors, he went right over and invited them to his ranch for lunch, got the barbecue fires going, and served all comers, including prop boys, grips and other workmen as well as stars, with chile beans, barbecued steaks and other good things.

When the day's work was finished Louise, not to be outdone, asked Leo, his wife and daughter Antoinette and the company to sup at Thelma Todd's Cafe nearby.

And Leo wrote an "excuse" to Louise's husband, Hal Wallis, a la school days, because Louise was late coming home.

Here and There

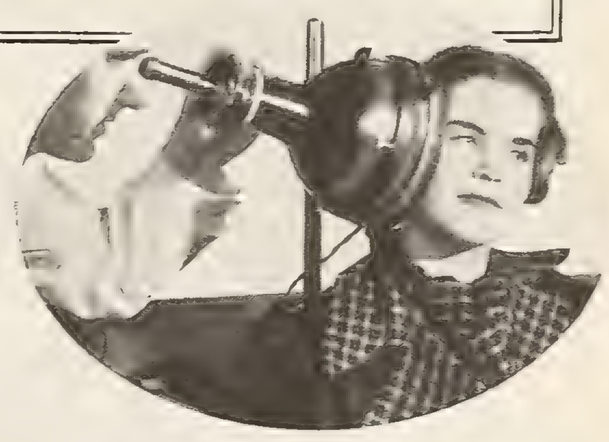
JEANETTE MACDONALD entertaining at a farewell party for Helen Hayes, with Louise Rainer, the Viennese star, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Montgomery, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, and Ernst Lubitsch as guests; John Hewlett squiring Margaret Lindsay. And it wasn't a spider bite, after all, that injured Warner Baxter, but a broken finger, suffered playing tennis. Isabel Jewell says she got a "silent version" when she bought that Minah bird; the punsters started pun-ishing everybody around when, on the set, Lord Byng met Bing Crosby—one actor going so far as to remark, "Byng, Bing, here come the British!" Jose Iturbi often plays the piano for Ruth Chatterton; Dick Powell escorting Merle Oberon about Hollywood; seen at the Persian Room of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, Loretta Young, George Brent, Ronald Colman, Virginia Moore, William Sistrom, Jean Harlow, William Powell, Barbara Blair, Fred Keating, Monroe Owsley and Virginia Frost; busy winning and losing at the Santa Anita horse races: Everybody in the films.



Miss Susan Hall, fair-skinned brunette (below) Miss Dorothy Richards, dark brunette

Should Brunettes use Brunette Powder?

Optical Machine Gives Surprising Answer



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades.

Yes and No!

Nothing could be more foolish than for a girl to choose her face powder by the color of her hair! Some of the blackest hair is found with very white skin—commonly known as the Irish type. Some girls with brown-black hair have a muddy skin which needs to be cleared up. Others are pale. Their skin needs to be warmed up.

With an optical machine, Pond's color-tested the skin of over 200 girls, the most beautiful as well as some very poor skins. They found the secret of beautiful skin is in certain hidden tints in the skin itself. That blonde skin owed its transparent beauty to hidden notes of brilliant *blue* in it—brunette skin owed its allure to hidden tints of *green*. They blended these tints *invisibly* in the new Pond's shades. Now every girl can find the powder that will give her skin the lively look it lacks.

If you are dissatisfied with your skin, try these new scientifically blended shades—

Rose Cream—lovely on many clear-skinned brunettes

Brunette—a wholly new brunette shade—gives a velvety look

Rose Brunette—gives a warm glow to dull skins

Light Cream—lightens the skin

As you smooth them on in turn, you'll find one that brings life to your skin. Coarse pores, blemishes are concealed. Your complexion looks satiny. Hours afterward, Pond's remains as even and flattering as the moment you put it on.

So that you may try them free of charge—Pond's will send you absolutely *free* generous samples of 5 different shades . . . enough of each shade for a 5-day test, so that you can test this powder thoroughly on the three points important in a face powder—smoothness—staying quality—flattering color.

5 DIFFERENT SHADES—FREE!

. . . mail coupon today

(THIS OFFER EXPIRES JULY 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. E92. Clinton, Conn.
Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name_____

Street _____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

DO YOU LIKE A GOOD SCRAP?

Then read "You Tell Us," the department in which our readers tell us what *they* think. And do they tell us—and each other! Sometimes it's a regular hair-pulling contest; sometimes they hand each other orchids, these swell, high-spirited readers of ours—but, always, what they have to say is interesting. Get into the fun yourself!

Secrets Of Success For All Women

How to Get and Hold Jobs, Friends, Beaux, Husbands

Success or failure in the most important events of a woman's life often depends on her appearance.
The French Woman's Art of Chic, Charm and Seductiveness—their alluring art of perfect "Make-up"—revealed by one of them.

Get this priceless knowledge from the unique and only

Paris Personal Fashion Correspondence

(La Marquise de C_____)

$1.00 so invested can save you MANY

Ask yourself these questions:

1. Do you make the most of your good points?
2. Do you know how to apply Fashions to your OWN personality?
3. Can you go anywhere with poise and confidence, *knowing* you are correctly dressed?
4. Are you a help to your husband's position by your Smartness and Charm?
5. Are you a pretty girl neglected while a plain girl has success?
6. Do you realize first impressions are as important as references when you apply for a job?
7. Have you Buying Mistakes hanging in your closet?
8. Are you in front line or side line of your social circle?
9. Are you expert in "MAKE-UP" to accentuate your beauty?

Mistakes in buying are expensive

French Women are the most Economical in the World, yet the Best Dressed. They know little tricks that change old clothes to Smart Clothes. For centuries they have regarded "CHIC" as an ART worth studying. They hold youth and defy age. French history records many such women.

Learn the French Woman's secrets from one of them

Charm and Chic with Economy!

Send this coupon today
For expert advice for you
—individually

Send details of your face and figure, income and environment—snapshot if you wish.

(All letters held in confidence)

ANSWERS will be Practical; the latest fashions from the fountain head, Paris; what YOU should buy from your OWN shops for Supreme Smartness and ECONOMY.

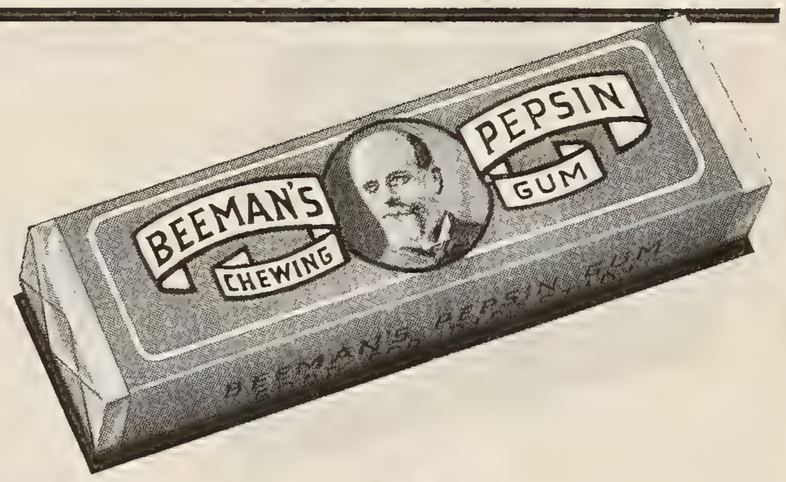
*Write today. State your need—be it One correct costume or a Wardrobe for a Season—Business—School—A Cruise—Week-end—Travel—Wedding,—Vacation.
OR
The French Woman's Technique of Make-up.
Enclose $1.00 and *this coupon* for either answer—$2.00 for both. (Send 20c additional to cover loss on dollar in foreign exchange). Put 5c (foreign postage) on your letter. If checks, etc. are used, make out as below. Address:

PARIS PERSONAL FASHION CORRESPONDENCE

No. 1 Rue Royale, Paris, France

**Expect answer in three weeks or less. Longer if you live far from European mail steamers.* T

Flavor ?
Lots of it



Enjoy Beeman's *Gum*

. . . AIDS DIGESTION

"HUSH"
FOR
BODY ODORS
AT 10¢ STORES



Be an ARTIST

MAKE $50 TO $100 A WEEK!

Many of our successful students are now making big money. Our simple methods make it easy to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing at home in spare time. New low tuition rate. Write for big free book "Art for Pleasure and Profit," today. State age Address:

STUDIO 725, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, 1115--15th ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.





Have You Tried Them?

Rich with pure, imported Olive Oil—three wonderful new creams by Vi-Jon—marvelous for the skin—beautifying, nourishing—and *so reasonable!*

Sold at the better 10c stores

If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether you desire Cleansing, Vanishing or Cold Cream. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c. Try them.

VI-JON LABORATORIES, 6300 Etzel Ave., St. Louis



Vi-Jon OLIVE OIL CREAMS

Just Plain John

(*Continued from page* 19)

have come out of the three months' engagement with heart, head and sense of humor missing.

I had already interviewed six leading men when John Boles walked up the path leading to our bungalow in Beverly Hills that day in 1927. I took one look at him through the rose sheltered window and said to my Mother, "If this one can act and sing, he's too good to be true. I suppose that is his accompanist with him." While Mother was welcoming the young man and his "accompanist," I was in my bedroom dolling up for a star entrance.

"I'm sure glad to meet you, Miss Janis," said John with a southern accent for which he asked no pardon. Even if he had spoken with a Swedish accent I would probably have had the part rewritten to fit it, so intrigued was I by his charm. "This is Mrs. Boles!" he said very proudly.

As I was picking up my lost illusions, Mrs. Boles walked to the piano, seated herself graciously and said, "I think Miss Janis would like this song, John." I don't remember what he sang. His voice was excellent, then as now. He was handsome, then as now. Eight years in Hollywood have not changed him. He still looks as if he had just come in from a brisk walk on a snappy October morning.

It's remarkable that after playing young men and old men in comedy, drama, operetta and tragedy there is so little of the actor in the off stage and screen personality of Plain John Boles. He simply exudes health and enthusiasm. I don't mean to suggest that most of our "heroes" are frail or blase, but Boles always looks as if he were just going into some contest which he was sure of winning or just coming out of one in which he had been the victor.

I watched him at the tennis matches one day. He was alone in a box, (a fact which in itself demanded my attention) and completely oblivious of anything but the tennis. Around him other celebrities were being whirred at by motion picture cameras. Those cute little "Candid Cameras" which are supposed to "shoot" you without your knowing it. A star would have to just not give a darn or be pretty deaf not to hear them as they click and buzz into a close-up position. The natural reaction is to try and look as well as one can while seemingly unconscious. I'm pretty sure John isn't deaf. I'm convinced that he does give several darns about public opinion. His private life proves that, but believe me he never missed a play, nor did he glance at the cameramen who were shooting him from all angles. It is possible that he knows he is gold film fodder from any angle, but I can't believe that, knowing how modest he is about his success. No! Plain John Boles was there to see the tennis match and see it he did. John Boles the screen favorite was not among those present.

I haven't seen him off the screen more than five times in five years, although we have both been in Hollywood with occasional time out for visits to New York. I personally resent this fact, now that I've met him again, but Hollywood is one of the biggest little places in the world. He is not a party hound and I'm practically Peter the Hermit's understudy, so our paths crossed casually and never joined until we actually bumped into each other in that intimate little shack, known as Radio City.

"Are you on the air?" he said, adding quickly, "When?"

"When in doubt! I'm an announcer here," I answered proudly.

He roared, "No foolin'!" He still has that southern accent. It's the Texas brand. Broad as the state is wide. I realize now what a good actor he must be, for certainly there is no sign of Texas when he steps into the role of some dashing Graustarkian Prince or goes dramatic in a "Back Street" or "Only Yesterday," but Plain John Boles still radiates the Lone Star State. If he denies it, I'll remind him that he calls folks, "Honey."

He came East especially to broadcast on a program which he had appeared on several months before. He was rightfully pepped up by the fact that one appearance is usually the allotment of each guest star, and he had been asked to appear again. "I'll do it any time they ask me to," he said. "I like radio. I get a big kick out of the letters from the radio audience." This amused me considering his picture fan mail must be very heavy. I said as much.

"But the air is different," he said. "Think of the hundreds who can't go to pictures or the theater, the shut-ins. It's they whom I like to think I'm pleasing, just think of the poor——" I interrupted to inform him that I had been thinking all that for a long time, hence my own invasion of Radio City.

We made a date to meet later at his rehearsal. I not only wanted to do a story about him, but there were quite a few facts I wanted to find out for myself—maybe you know them already. I hope not because the "Texas Triumph" is full of surprises. If variety is the spice of life, Plain John Boles turns out to be mighty well spiced. For instance, I didn't know that he was in the intelligence division in the war. Boles chasing spies is almost as incongruous as Boles teaching French in a girls' school. Well, he did both. He studied to be a doctor and ended up a baritone, but not before he had taken vocal lessons from the one and only Jean de Reszke in France.

Returning to this country he refused to start in the theater anywhere but at the top, and won tne argument so thoroughly that he made his debut on Broadway as the leading gent in a great success, "Little Jesse James." Imagine me that day in 1927 being so engrossed in the fact that he had married that I never even asked what else he had done. Imagine his modesty when he didn't at least inform me that he had already made a hit in New York, in fact several hits. "Mercenary Mary" was another one. I couldn't know that he was the guy who was chosen above all others to be Geraldine Farrar's leading man in her only light opera venture, "Romany Love Spell," or that while he was in the midst of another success called "Kitty's Kisses," Gloria Swanson saw him and said, "Come West, young man, come West!" Gloria has always been a good picker. I think I'll write her letter of belated thanks for showing such good judgment years ago and proving how right she was this year when she and John Boles appeared together in "Music in the Air."

Of course I know now that the only reason I ever had the opportunity of being stupid enough not to grab the young baritone for my leading man was because he had just finished his first picture with Gloria, "Loves of Sunya," which was a silent one. Talkies were still in the Short Subject class and

John wanted to sing. I went abroad when the run of "Oh Kay!" ended. By the time I returned some time later John Boles had sung (and how!) in "The Desert Song." He was an established screen success.

I've watched his talking picture career with great interest and at times a certain amount of anxiety. It looked for a while after he had proved he could play a man of any age that he was inevitably to finish each film with white hair crowning a resigned and somewhat beaten brow. Suddenly and unexpectedly, as things are apt to happen in Hollywood, they lifted him from the middle age spread into which they had consistently shoved him with "Back Street," "Seed" and other dramatically depressing epics. Presto change! And in "My Lips Betray" we had again the Boles of "Rio Rita." I sighed happily as it seemed that we were to have the charming, debonair, singing Boles and then, doggone it, if they didn't drag him back to support "Vergie Winters" through that life of hers. Again with "Music in the Air" we had music in the heart but I wish some one would make up some one's mind and quit making him the Jekyll and Hyde of the studios. If he must grow old in films why not let him sing his way to age? A lot of good singers have done it in real life.

For his radio broadcast he played "Daddy Long Legs" and he was fine. I watched the rehearsal from the "control room," waiting for Daddy to burst into interpolated song, but no such luck. Daddy was splendid as he played his scenes with Helen Chandler, who was delightful in the role which Ruth Chatterton originated on the stage. Daddy was quite at ease and not in the least mike shy. He takes radio just as he must take whatever he wants, with the utmost ease, but in this case "without a song." When I questioned him after rehearsal about his not singing, he grinned, and grin is just what he does. A smile is an inadequate description of what happens on that map of Texas when Boles is amused.

"That's the idea," he said. "They'll expect me to sing, and if they want me to, and I get enough letters asking me to, maybe I'll come back again." Good sound logic. Another surprising quality to find lurking above a perfect profile. He was half kidding, because he added seriously, "I would like to sing really, but after all, the sponsor is the boss."

He didn't sing on the other broadcast either. He acted a radio version of "Seventh Heaven." Well, when he does send a song out over the ether waves he may find himself adding another career to his collection.

Meanwhile, personal appearances in the picture theaters are occupying his time between films. I think they may sound the knell of those "more to be pitied than scorned" heroes he has played. If enough people see John Boles in person they won't stand for his appearing as a meandering middle aged husband whose wife doesn't understand him. He is much better looking off than on the screen, due to coloring. I can't say he is rosy cheeked; he'd sue me. I don't dare say ruddy complexioned; it sounds too weather-beaten, but I can say that the only white one is conscious of is around the blue of the eyes and spreading practically across the face when he grins. Maybe I might risk saying he looks in the pink of condition, even if I never have quite known what that expression means.

"How do you keep so fit?" I asked looking at his "tinge."

"Don't think it's easy," said John, a bit wistfully. "I have to take mighty good care of myself. I can't dissipate at all, honest I can't." I don't know why the reassurance, unless I was looking as sympathetic as I felt. "I exercise a lot," he added. "You know I'm no kid." I couldn't help thinking how much better he looks than most of the kids and how swell it is to be in the very early thirties with such a jigsaw puzzle of experiences behind one and such a variety of paths ahead. I didn't ask him what his ambition is. I have a feeling he doesn't dally with day-dreams of the future, but deals directly with the current objective. Nice man, Plain John Boles.

Most decidedly I resent those five wasted years. Would you all mind writing him letters that you want to hear him sing on the air? I would like to be sure that he will come back to Radio City.

SPARKLING, ENTERTAINING ISSUES COMING

A great many splendid stories and features are planned for your pleasure in the forthcoming issues of NEW MOVIE. You won't miss any of them if you have the year's subscription which the coupon below will bring. A year's subscription in the United States is $1.00. In Canada, $1.60. Foreign, $2.00.

New Movie Magazine,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me NEW MOVIE for one year for which I enclose $.....

(check or money order) Begin my subscription with the.....

issue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!"



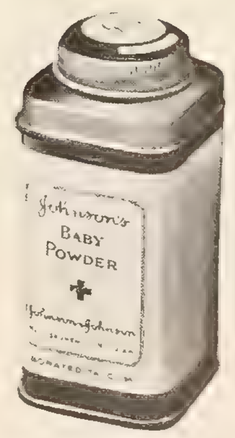
"Look what I found! Contraption with a looking glass! (I'm looking very well today.) . . . And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that!... Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"



"Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder . . . but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie... and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"

"Johnson's Baby Powder... at your baby's service! I'm comforting and soothing—a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why... I'm made of fine satiny Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either... Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



SAVAGE LIPSTICK



A transparent, entirely pasteless lipstick that savagely clings to lovely lips . . .

●

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night! Yes, Savage does exactly that . . . for it colors the lips without coating them. A moment after application, the color separates from the cosmetic and melts right into the skin. Wipe the cosmetic away and there are your lips pastelessly colored to a stunning hue that stays thrillingly bright for many hours. And on the bright, silvery case, tiny savages whirl in a maddening dance . . . provocative as the lipstick itself!

Four Really Appealing Shades

TANGERINE . . . has a light orange flare that does wonders in combination with blonde hair and a fair skin.

FLAME . . . is a truly exciting, brilliant red that's decidedly bizarre in its smartness.

NATURAL . . . a true, blood color that augments the charm of brunette beauty.

BLUSH . . . the kind of transparent lipstick that changes color on the lips to brighten the lips' own natural color.



20c

at all 10 cent stores

Over 1,200,000 in daily use by men and women!

Read these Testimonials—hundreds of others!

Extracts below are taken from original letters, sent to us voluntarily. A reward is offered to anyone who can prove that any of these letters are not genuine.



"Formerly my hair was thin and straggling . . . but thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful . . ."

". . . am now 49 years old. Already at about thirty my hair started to get gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray . . ."



". . . but in spite of the short time I have been using your comb, I must say that the results are wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and more. My hair is a lot darker already, also a quantity of new, dark hair is coming forth . . .

The time given by you for testing is ample, because already after 4 or 5 days the effect of the comb is obvious to anybody." C. M. L.

This is to certify that the foregoing in extract is true and correct.

Notary Public

Sold in New York at All Leading Department Stores.

Manufactured Exclusively by

G. LINDHOLM CO.
607 Bergen Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.



That Can Do Wonders for Your Hair!

HERE is the new great sensation of the world, EVANS ELECTRIC COMB, the "Live" Comb which has such a remarkable power of stimulating the hair—in fact, of giving new life to the hair roots. The gentle electric current in the Evans Comb acts upon the hair as water on parched plants, thus stimulating the hair roots to renewed activity. *Here are the results reported by delighted users.*

Dandruff and falling hair have been checked in a few days! Dry, dull hair gained new life: became wonderfully lustrous! (Equally beneficial to permanents.)
Straight and thin hair became thick, glistening soft, wavy! In many cases of premature baldness the condition has improved as through a miracle.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! This is perhaps your comment on reading the above, but European specialists explain the strange phenomenon—that the electricity through the curved double rows of teeth is able to reach all weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them, waking them up and stimulating them. The electric current is generated by a battery concealed in the handle of the comb. No shocks—no sparks. You cannot feel the current, but if you put a pocket lamp bulb against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts six months—spare battery costs only a few cents. Thus, at a cost of only about 5c a month you get a hair treatment which otherwise would cost you hundreds of dollars per year. You and your friends will be delightfully surprised at the improved health and beauty of your hair.

DO YOU WANT your hair more beautiful . . . better? Then don't delay in obtaining the Evans Electric Comb. Use it for seven days and if you are not satisfied in every way with the improvement in your hair, just mail it back to us, we will immediately refund your money. If you are not thoroughly convinced of what this "Live" Comb can do for your hair, it will not have cost you a cent to try it.

Money back if not satisfied
CUT NOW

GUARANTEE COUPON MAIL AT ONCE TO

G. LINDHOLM CO. Dept. 155, 607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me the Evans Electric Comb I have checked. I will deposit with the postman the amount indicated, plus a few cents postage. *Under guarantee—you undertake to return my money if I send the comb back within seven days and say I am not satisfied with the results. This is an absolute condition of my order.*

☐ Evans Electric Comb, small model, at $2.50 complete.
☐ Evans Electric Comb, large model (double power battery) at $3.25 complete.
Outside U. S. A. Cash with oer.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

☐ Check here if you prefer to send money with coupon, thus saving postage. Same guarantee applies, of course.

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 29*)

PRIVATE WORLDS
●
WANGER

Another one of the Ten Best, this Phyllis Bottome story has to do with a trio of extremely personable psychiatrists who, in their zeal to bring order out of mental chaos, quite over-look the fact that they're a "leetle teched in the haid" themselves! But . . . aren't we all?

Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea's capable assistant, due to the tragic death of her sweetheart in the World War, closes the "iron door" on her love life, and, not until Charles Boyer comes to take charge of the place, does she realize what she's been missing.

Boyer labors under a great mental strain because of his hare-brained sister who has recently been acquitted of murder. He is filled with complexes and defenses, and is a veritable woman-hater without quite knowing why.

To get even with the man who has taken the post he expected to occupy, Joel (married to Joan Bennett) thinks to get even with Boyer by plunging into a protracted amour with his (Boyer's) sister, Helen Vinson.

And, there you are . As fine a dish of squirrel food as you ever set a tooth into!

On the set, Claudette and Boyer were going through a scene. They were speaking of his sister's murder trial.

"I remember the case," Claudette said. "You were her only witness?"

Boyer turns away. "It was the least I could do," he said. "She . . . she's my sister . . ."

"But—she was acquitted!"

"Yes . . . the jury acquitted her." He faced her. "It hasn't been easy . . . the papers . . . everyone talking. And now—this—"

Claudette approaches him sympathetically. "I wouldn't feel that way about it," she said. "Of course, the matron's explosive, but . . . she doesn't mean anything by it. Suppose she did spread all over the hospital that you'd jeopardized your career . . . risked everything . . . to stand by your sister? Can anyone think any the less of you for it? Personally, I like you better."

Boyer, a bit eagerly, "You do?"

She nods. "You know, I was a little worried about you at first. It's a relief to know that you're . . . human . . ."

And, with that, she leaves the room.

"O.K.!" Director Gregory LaCava calls approvingly. And at that, Claudette smiles and steps out to get her nose powdered.

Previous to the final take, Claudette's lines rolled merrily along right up to the "personally, I like you better" speech. And right there, she just couldn't remember. Sensing her predicament, Boyer looked down at her, smiled mischievously and said: "Personally, don't you like me better?"

Which was good for a relieved giggle all around.

HOLD 'EM YALE!
●
PARAMOUNT

Damon Runyon may usually be depended upon for a cracking good yarn, and if this one holds up to the laugh sequence we watched them shoot, then you'd better go out and get yourselves fitted for a set of hysterics, r-rr-right now!

Seated around a table in the back room of a saloon, Warren Hymer, Andy Devine and William Frawley ad libbed until even director Sidney Lanfield rolled on the floor and howled with the rest of us!

Hymer has just finished telephoning. Putting up the receiver, he tells Frawley: "I've called every hotel in town and he ain't in none of 'em!"

"Humpf!" says Frawley. "That ain't the way to find that guy. You gotta call every dame in Philadelphia!"

"But . . . Hymer protests, "I don't know every dame in Philadelphia!"

Devine is diving into a plate of spaghetti (with sound effects!) when the door bursts open and Georgie Stone rushes in.

"Listen!" he says excitedly. "Them guys are gettin' tough! They want the ducats, right now, or else we gotta give 'em their dough back!"

"But we ain't got the ducats . . ." Frawley says. Andy slurps up a forkful of spaghetti. Frawley glares at him. "Why don't you try eatin' in the key of G for a while?" he growls.

"This ain't no time for wise-cracks!" Georgie howls. "What're we gonna do?"

"Well," Frawley says calmly, "I don't know what you guys are gonna do, but I got an aunt in China who's awfully fond of me."

"And with a little more practice," Hymer chips in, "I kin work the boats!"

After the take, Frawley suggests that he has a better line to substitute for the "key of G" gag.

"O.K., honeybunch," Lanfield agrees, "but I'd better tell you there are ladies on the set, so you won't run me into anything!"

So they go through it again, and when Andy slurps the spaghetti, Bill glares and snorts: "Why don't you get a nose bag?"

To get a shot of the action through the open door, Lanfield calls: "You . . . with the gray hat! Move over to the right. Your elbow is covering four women!"

"Lucky fella!" murmurs Devine. And then, mournfully regarding his fourth plate of spaghetti: "Gosh—this sure is a break for the people who invited me to dinner tonight!"

The story has to do with a gang of dim-wit ticket scalpers, whose gigolo pal, Cæsar Romero, makes a neat living off the society dames who fall right and left for his particular line of romantic chatter.

When Patricia Ellis, a society deb, runs away from home and moves in with the lads, just so she can be near her Big Moment, the boys are scared to death because it looks like they're on the spot for kidnaping.

Beating the law to the punch, they go to Pat's papa, explain the situation, and the old man is so tickled about it that he promises to pay them off if they'll fix up a busted romance between his daughter and Larry Crabbe, a not so hot football player.

Of course, the muggs go to town in their own inimitable fashion, gathering orange blossoms for Pat and Larry, and some much-needed mazuma for themselves.

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
●
UNIVERSAL

And now that you're all warmed up, give a look toward yon burning mill and scream your head off! It's old maestro Karloff, himself! A bit singed, here and there, but still, really none the worse for the wear and ready to promote a brand new flock of first class ducky-bumps!

John Balderston, picking up the original story from where it left off, carries

on in an equally horrifying vein, softening the monster a bit and putting a few intelligible words into its mouth, just to be different.

Surviving the fire in the mill, Karloff murders half a dozen more innocent bystanders and wanders into a blind hermit's hut, attracted by the mellow tones of a violin. Unable to see his horrible visitor, the hermit bakes a cake, pours a cup of tea and, generally, treats his strange guest with proper respect. All of which impresses Karloff as being pretty swell and sorta brings out the best in him (if old Doc Pretorius put any in?).

To produce a mate for their original invention, Pretorius and Clive raid a vault, slay a village maiden, and collect the necessary materials via the most gruesome channels imaginable.

And then, after all their work, the incorporated damsel (Elsa Lanchester) takes one look at her prospective bridegroom and proceeds to shriek herself unconscious!

All of which makes Karloff so dern mad that he blows up the whole joint! And we'll bet there won't be enough pieces left out of the entire crowd to put together even a Frankenstein Mickey Mouse!

James Whale directs the shambles.

TIMES SQUARE LADY
•
M-G-M

If "The Object of My Affections" hasn't driven you stark, staring mad by now, you'll probably get a bang and a half out of listening to Pinky Tomlin (papa of the piece) put it over in his own inimitable manner.

All over the M-G-M lot, stars, extras, prop boys . . . everybody, in fact, is muttering in their respective beards, "she can go where she wants to go, do what she wants to do, I don't care!" . . . and why? Simply because when word gets 'round that Pinky is recording the number that made him famous, Director George Seitz has to hang out the S.R.O. sign on the "Times Square Lady" set, it's that crowded!

Bob Shannon and Al Cohen have draped a nice little story over the very active skeleton of the "object of Pinky's affections."

Virginia Bruce hops a freight out of Iowa, landing in Times Square with a definite idea of taking charge of her deceased father's interests in a flock of sporting enterprises.

All set to bilk our Nell out of her profitable inheritances, Robert Taylor, with no malice aforethought, falls in love with the beautiful blonde from Podunk.

Disgusted with the whole lay-out, the head gangster figures that Taylor will be better off out of his misery. But, before his henchmen can do our hero dirt. Nat Pendleton dashes to the rescue, shoves Bob out of danger and fixes everything so that there's nothing for the kids to say but . . . "I do!"

BECKY SHARP
A Pioneer Production
•
RKO-PATHE RELEASE

If there's any justice, then our third choice of the Ten Best can't be wrong?

Taken from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," done in color, with a cast of important names, and directed by Rouben Mamoulian, this should be in the Honorable Mention list . . . and no quibbling.

Snubbed by London society because of her doubtful ancestry, Miriam Hopkins (in the title role) secretly marries Alan Mowbray, nephew of the aristocratic Mrs. Leslie Carter, for whom she works.

When the news gets out, Mrs. Carter furiously washes her hands of the two of them, turning them out in the cold world to sink or swim. But Becky has a way with men, and, employing her wit and beauty to good advantage, manages to keep the matrimonial bark afloat with little difficulty.

A conscienceless little minx, Becky doesn't care where the money comes from, just so long as it comes, and, when her dearest friend's husband falls for her, Becky makes the most of his infatuation, financially.

Catching his wife in a compromising position with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Mowbray tells her off and goes out of her life, forever. And that puts the skids under the really-good-at-heart Becky.

When she's right down at the bottom of the pile, Frances Dee, the girl friend, whose husband she has worked on, takes her home and gives the down-and-out Becky a new lease on life.

Unable to oust her philandering propensities, Becky carries on as of yore, and the curtain goes down as she starts an emotional campaign on Frances' fat brother.

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE
•
M-G-M

No foolin', we've been haunted ever since we walked through the musty, dusty, gloomy old castle on the M-G-M lot, where all kinds of vampires, bats and nasty mans are supposed to hang out.

Standing there in the gloom, a mist of cobweb trailing from the feather on our hat, we turned suddenly to face old man Dracula and his horriferous daughter, Luna!

With one faint shriek, we picked up our heels, tripped over a dust-covered hassock and landed, gasping, at the feet of a clattering suit of armor! And did Bela Lugosi and Carol Borland ever laugh!

"O.K. for make-up!" grinned Director Tod Browning. "If it's that effective, I guess we're all ready to shoot!"

It would really be a shame to spoil your illusions by breaking down and telling the denouement of his blood-curdling tale, by Guy Endore and Bernard Schubert.

Suffice it to say that Bela and Miss Borland go around biting nice folks in the neck, robbing cemeteries and consorting with bats and ghouls until, if any of you get a good night's sleep after viewing this one, then you're a better man than I am.

In the first reel, Holmes Herbert is found dead, with two small wounds in his throat. His daughter, Elizabeth Allan, is engaged to Henry Wadsworth, and apparently, this state of affairs comes far from meeting with the approval of the vampires, because both of the kids are nearly annihilated before the mystery is cleared up and the villains are exposed.

Lionel Barrymore, Lionel Atwill, Jean Hersholt and others are with me in keeping you-all in the dark until the last five hundred feet of film have run through the sprockets.

PARIS IN SPRING
•
PARAMOUNT

All Hollywood has been holding its breath while waiting for the promised temperamental outburst between Tullio Carminati and Mary Ellis, high-powered prima donna. But, to date, things have been running as smoothly as a brand new Rolls Royce.

Maybe it's Director Lewis Milestone's fault, because if there was ever a director who knew the whys and wherefores

(*Please turn to page* 60)

Beautiful Eyes **ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING**

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline



Black or Brown

• Notice your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, *her* eyes express *her*. More than any other feature *your* eyes express *you*. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive . . . and it is so easy to make them so, *instantly*, with the pure and *harmless* Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green



Colorless



Black or White Bristles

NOW the season's
NEWEST UNUSUAL
PARIS COLORS
for old frocks
shades never possible before
in tinting and dyeing



Send for FREE Silk Samples
of the 10 Newest PARIS COLORS and
exclusive RIT "Color Recipes"

• See how easily you can give old frocks delightful unusual Paris Colors—just like those shown in the smart dress shops. Simply *mix* colors as directed in Rit Color Recipes (one part of this to two parts of that), and presto! you have the season's latest stunning shade!

FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING!
Only RIT offers this advantage! RIT is the modern dye—easier and surer—far superior to ordinary "surface dyes" because it contains a patented ingredient that makes the color *soak in deeper,* set faster and last longer. Sold everywhere.



NOT A SOAP!

RIT
TINTS and DYES
Rit is a convenient *scored* wafer; easier to measure; won't sift out of the package.

FREE PARIS COLOR SWATCHES
Miss Rit, 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Please send me FREE Silk samples of Newest Paris Colors and your Booklet D73.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
Paste on a penny post-card if more convenient

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 59)

(and how to cope with them) of temperamental players . . . Milestone is the lad.

Spurned by a Parisian night club queen (who really loves him all the time), Carminati goes to the top of Eiffel Tower, determined to end it all.

With one foot over the rail, he is surprised to discover Ida Lupino about to pull the same wing-ding, and, in trying to talk each other out of splashing up the boulevard, they get so interested that they forget what they came up there for in the first place.

Changing her mind about things, Miss Ellis dashes out to reclaim the love she has nearly shoved overboard, only to find that Tullio and Ida have decided that the two of them can live as cheaply as one.

Ida is heartbroken and Mary offers to join the convent with her. But, just in the nick of time, Carminati puts his foot in the door, yanks his beloved Mary into his strong arms and, with Ida realizing that she's loved a poor young poet all the time, the finish is all to the good.

WEREWOLF OF LONDON
•
UNIVERSAL

For picture purposes, Valerie Hobson was supposed to let out a terrified scream at the sight of Henry Hull in his werewolf make-up. And, when Werewolf Hull walked on the set, Miss Hobson did her part all right, turning loose a hair-raising scream that completely satisfied Director Stuart Walker. But, when the gal screamed again . . . and again, and kept right on screaming until there was nothing to do but take her to the studio hospital and administer a strong sedative, well . . . that's one on you, Dracula!

Hull, a famous floriculturist, treks into the wilds of Thibet for the purpose of securing a strange and rare "wolf flower" to add to his already startling collection.

It is a pale moonlit night, and just as he stoops to gather up one of the rare plants, a figure, half man, half wolf, slinks out of the shadows and bites him severely on the arm!

Back in London with his treasure, Hull is horrified to discover that . . . comes the full moon, he is transformed into a terrible, wolf-like beast, that gallops around murdering any female that crosses its path!

Meeting Warner Oland in one of his lucid moments, Hull recognizes in him the creature that bit him as he attempted to procure the wolf flower! And Oland, likewise afflicted, knows that the wolf flower is the only thing that can break up the horrible spell and make them normal again.

Of course, there is a battle for possession of the flower, with Oland carrying it off for himself, while Hull continues to haunt the streets on his murderous quest for human blood.

There is a Lon Chaney ending to the picture, with Hull shot down as he attempts to murder his own wife, leaving her to the tender mercies of the man she has loved since childhood.

WANDERLUST
•
WARNERS'

Remember the play, "Mary Jane's Pa," by Edith Ellis? Well, this is it. All dressed up with a new monicker, and going places.

Guy Kibbee plays "Pa," an itinerant printer whose itchy feet refuse to let him stay long in any one place. Leaving the old homestead, one fine spring day, Guy takes a run-out powder that practically makes an Enoch Arden out of him!

Returning to the fold, years later, he finds his wife, Aline MacMahon, on the wrong side of a political fence and just about ready to be sold down the river unless something can be done to swing the campaign the other way. And how Guy turns the trick and redeems himself should make for a good evening's entertainment.

Seated around the dinner table, Aline, her three children and a visiting politician are trying to do justice to the meal that Guy has cooked up.

The daughter, Nan Gray, makes a funny face, takes something from her mouth and stares at it in amazement.

"Mother!" she exclaims. "There's something in the hamburg!"

"What is it, dear?" Aline asks.

"It's a scrap of paper . . . with a letter on it . . . an 'A'!"

"Oh, dear . . ." Aline gasps. "This is terrible! I hope yours is all right, Mr. Brown?" anxiously.

"M-mm-m," mumbles the politician, removing something from his mouth. "I did find a few scraps of paper . . ."

So, Director William Keighley is satisfied with the take and, why should they do it again, even for us?

THE CRUSADES
•
PARAMOUNT

DeMille is at bat again! With "yes-men" to right of him; "yes-men" to left of him, and the blue air filled with astounding and deserved superlatives!

C. B. is a hound for punishment, that we know. And instead of taking a nice long rest after sliding out from under the responsibility of "Cleopatra," he dove, head first, into extravagant preparations for this newest colossal venture.

The story, by Harold Lamb, deals with the romance of King Richard, the Lion Hearted, (Henry Wilcoxon) and Berengaria (Loretta Young).

Engaged to marry a princess (Katherine DeMille), Richard doesn't like the idea a little bit, and, to get his mind off his unpleasant alliance, he joins up with the Crusades.

With his men, he finds himself in the kingdom of Navarre without food. The king of that principality offers relief if Richard will marry his daughter, Berengaria, and, rather than see his men suffer, the lad agrees to the proposition, sight unseen.

But, when Loretta joins the crusades, only to be captured by the enemy, love comes to our lion hearted hero, and in getting her back, he all but tears the country apart!

While the story is simple, the production itself is a lu-lu. Five hundred harnesses, specially made after the fashion of the period, will be tacked on to the same number of snorting horses. The costumes are elaborate, and the settings are—well, you know our Mr. DeMille.

PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER TWO
•
M-G-M

How about a little whipped cream, for a change?

Charlie Butterworth plays a meek little bookkeeper who doesn't know nuthin' and can prove it! To please his gay, ambitious wife, Una Merkel, he clumsily tries to stammer a raise out of the boss, with the result that "Charlie doesn't work there any more!" And them with a brand new automobile which Una has just bought on the strength of his raise.

Glorifies
THE HAIR!



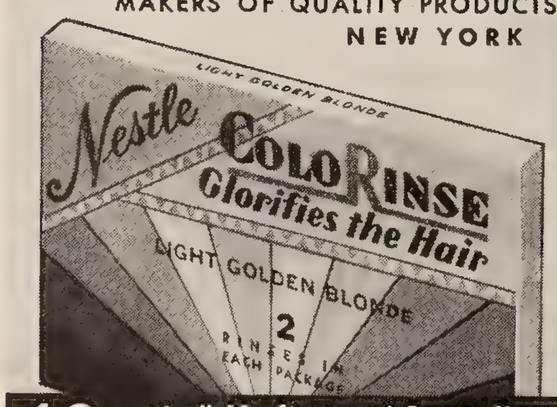
Nestle
COLORINSE

• For those sleek effects so much in vogue right now, your hair must be uniformly colorful, soft and pliant, with a subtle lustre. Dull, faded, harsh hair simply will not respond to these new, modish hair dressings.

But don't worry about it. Just put ColoRinse in the shampoo wash. Use as much as you want to . . . it's harmless vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach, and you have 10 lovely shades to choose from. The instant result will delight you, for your hair will glow with renewed youthful color and glamour . . . that "Sheen of Youth" you never want to lose.

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops ... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

Wandering around in a daze, Charlie gets tangled up with a bunch of gangsters. While they hold him captive, Una indignantly starts divorce proceedings, and feeling that he's "nuthin' but a nuthin'," Charlie forlornly digs up a piece of rope, deciding to end it all.

Probably the funniest scene in the whole picture is where the gang leader, Nat Pendleton, catches him trying to commit suicide and generously offers to show him just how it's done.

Meekly, Charlie sticks his head in the noose and, with Nat tangled in to the other end of the rope, here come the cops! Over hill and dale, Nat gallops, with the strangling Charlie dragging along behind! And, with the gang finally captured, the meek little bookkeeper gets all the credit for hanging on like a good fellow until the law could catch up with the fleeing Nat!

Raoul Walsh directs this story, taken from the play by Edgar Selwyn and William LeBaron.

PRINCESS O'HARA
•
UNIVERSAL

Maybe we're wrong, but it does seem that Director David Burton could be just a mite easier on the youngsters that are working for him in this Damon Runyon story.

Although, goodness knows, four-year-old Jimmy Fay is more than holding up his end of any argument that arises, so . . . maybe we are wrong!

After he had been instructed to do so-and-so, little Jimmy ups and did such-and-such, with the result that Mister Burton hit the ceiling in four directions, telling Jimmy off in no uncertain terms.

After Burton had finished and was trying to catch his breath, little Jimmy eyed him coolly and said, oh, very deliberately:

"Ex-cuse-me!" Just like that!

"Has Burton any children of his own?" we asked Chester Morris, star of the piece.

"No," Chet shook his head.

So—on to the story.

Chet, head of a big New York taxicab company, is pretty fond of Jean Parker and she of him until her father, who drives an old-fashioned hack, is killed accidentally in a taxi war.

Feeling that Chet is indirectly responsible, Jean goes cold on him, refusing any of his proffered aid toward helping make things easier for her and the three younger children.

To bring home a little bit of bacon, Jean steps into her Dad's shoes, driving the hack, and nicely, too, until the old horse gives up the ghost. And you know you can't get any place with a hack sans horsie.

Of course, Chet moves heaven and earth to get back in the girl's good graces and, after a series of beau gestes, Jean and Chet climb into the old hack and drive off into the setting sun. Or something.

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA
•
WARNERS'

With this one not half a length away from the post, it was almost impossible to get anything definite on this production.

However, if it lives up to the precedent established by Alice Tisdale Hobart's book, of the same name, then we're bound to number it among our list of the Ten Best.

Pat O'Brien will be seen in the role of the young American college man who constantly sacrifices himself to advance the interests of the American oil company, for which he works, in China.

To increase the sale of oil, Pat invents a little lamp that is given free to the Chinese, who, up until now, have been seeing their way around with old-fashioned tapers.

It's a great stunt, and the way business picks up is a caution. You'd think Pat would be given a pile of credit, wouldn't you? Well, we're both wrong, because it seems that the more he breaks his nice neck for the company, the less good its does him.

Finally, after being put in the dog house for risking his life to quell a fire that has broken out in the vicinity of the tanks, Pat is disgusted enough to drop everything, and the heck with it.

But Josephine Hutchinson, his patient and adoring wife, gets behind her man's lagging spirit and encourages him to plug along . . . for her and the baby.

Mervyn LeRoy cracks the directorial whip.

STOLEN HARMONY
•
PARAMOUNT

After being sadly disappointed in "Rumba," we're a little scared to spot definitely this one. But then, our old grandpa always said as how it's always darkest just before dawn.

It's a Vera Caspary story about the kidnaping of a prominent orchestra while the B-flat-ers, jug-blower-into-ers, etc., are traveling cross-country in a bus, and is different enough to be interesting.

Willing to give George Raft a break, in spite of the fact that he's fresh out of the hoose-gow, Ben Bernie takes the lad into his orchestra.

Running across the old gang and realizing that they are out for no good, Raft plays up to the villains, putting up with the mistrust of the whole band and Grace Bradley, because he figures he can do more for his saxophone pals by keeping an eye on the dirty doings.

In a position to be smart, George outwits the bandits, driving them smack into the police station and turning them over after an exciting gun battle in which he himself is wounded.

They were getting ready to shoot a scene between Raft, Bernie and Grace Bradley.

"Go over and get the back of your neck made up," Director Al Werker told the Olde Maestro. "That's about all we'll be seeing of you in this one!"

Bernie is a comedian in his own right, and one of the funniest sequences is the situation where the gang has the band in a deserted old farm house, forcing the ensemble, at gun-point, to do their stuff until the lads are plumb exhausted.

One of the numbers, "Fagan, Youse Is a Viper," is a stand-out.

STAR OF MIDNIGHT
•
RKO

William Powell is doing a little sleuthing again, if you don't mind. And, recalling the good old days of Philo Vance, you really shouldn't, you know.

On the trail of a missing woman, Bill meets up with Ginger Rogers, a society beauty, who, for the thrill of the thing sets out to help him clear up the mystery.

Almost on the heels of the guilty man, Powell runs into Russell Hopton, a newspaper man, and just as Hopton is telling what he knows about the missing lady . . . Bang! Bang! . . . there's one less cub to lend money to!

It's all very mysterious, with everybody looking guilty, even Powell himself.

Inasmuch as this is one of the Arthur Somers Roche stories we must have overlooked, there's no telling (on our part) just how the thing turns out. And,

(*Please turn to page* 62)

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston
announce the marriage
of their daughter
Doris

And there almost was no wedding to announce



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is something you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

• • • •

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

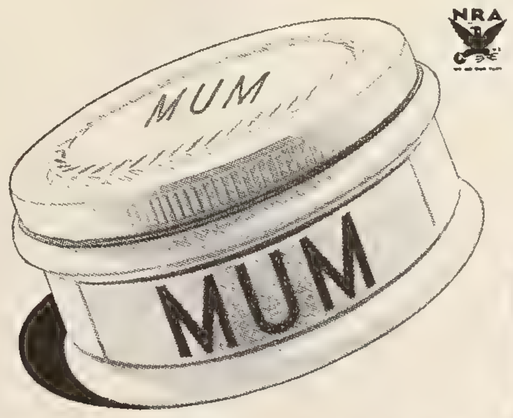
It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day,* in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness.

Make Mum a daily habit and you can be sure *your* popularity will never be threatened on this score. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N.Y.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete peace of mind and freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

NEW KIND OF
dry rouge
STAYS ON ALL DAY



. . . or all night!
Savage Rouge, as your sense of touch will tell you, is a great deal finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere closely to the skin. In fact, Savage Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself . . . refusing to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempting smoothness and pulse-quickening color so easily invite. Try it. You'll see the difference instantly! Four lovely shades.

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH

20c • at all 10 cent stores

SAVAGE
DRY ROUGE

Charmette
HAIR ERASING PAD
Remove Hair



Fastidious women no longer resort to sharp razors, or injurious chemicals. Charmette gives a new, hair-free loveliness, quickly and safely. Does not coarsen the hair, nor stimulate regrowth. Try it. *At all chain stores.*

NOW 10¢



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, 50c the complexion fresh and clear. *A Jar*

Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 100
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

Name .....
Address .....

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 61)

with a fiendish delight in tormenting us, that nice director, Stephen Roberts, just grins and says: "Wouldn't you like to know?"

So, tearing a few strands out of our new permanent, and gnawing away at a fifty cent manicure, you . . . and you . . . and especially I, will have to wait and find out. Sorry.

EIGHT BELLS
•
COLUMBIA

Here is a meaty tale, from the pen of Percy S. Mandley, with a storm at sea, a freighter periled, mutiny aboard and, of course, a sweet little romance that ties the whole thing together.

Demoted to position of first officer on his own ship because Ann Sothern's papa wants to give her fiancé a chance to show off, Ralph Bellamy takes it just about as hard as any of us would.

To be with her prospective husband, Ann and her auntie stow away aboard the lugger, and when Ralph discovers them, boss's daughter or no boss's daughter, he sticks out that Arrow Collar chin of his and proceeds to be as disagreeable as possible.

When the fiancé stubbornly runs the freighter into a nasty storm, Bellamy tries to straighten out the damage, but, by the time Ann's boy friend realizes his mistake, it's almost too late to do anything but swim for it.

With only one remaining life boat, the boy friend drives the frantic crew into near-mutiny by suggesting that the two gals and ten men (himself included) go over the side and pull for the shore.

Seeing her emotional error, Ann refuses to run, and the crew, heartened by her example, change their minds and stay aboard to take the one chance in a hundred.

After it's all over and the cargo safely landed, Ann goes to the strong, silent Ralph, apologizes for her attitude and throws herself into his arms.

MACFADDEN'S FLATS
•
PARAMOUNT

You vaudeville patrons must remember the times you have rolled in the aisle at the droll humor of Walter Kelly, billed as the "Virginia Judge."

Well, here he is in the role of the Irish bricklayer who rises to a position of importance as an apartment house builder and owner, in this Gus Hill story.

Between Kelly and Andy Clyde, the Scotch barber friend who is always coming to Kelly's rescue (financially) the company, technicians, prop men, and all are having a tough time keeping their hard-boiled faces straight while the cameras are rolling.

Between scenes, Kelly and Jane Darwell, his picture missus, sat by an old-fashioned dining table and discussed dogs.

Miss Darwell has half a dozen of them . . . "nothing fancy," she warned the interested Kelly, "just plain mutts, most of them. But, I love every hair on 'em, bless their faithful hearts!"

In the picture, Kelly's daughter, Betty Furness, is in love with Dick Cromwell, the barber's son. All is smooth until the Kellys decide she should have a little social polish, and then comes the revolution.

Going a bit high hat, Betty is ashamed to have her fine friends see Pop in overalls and carrying a gold hod as he leads the grand parade of hod carriers.

But, when it develops that the father of the society lad she's trekking around with has been raised along with Pop Kelly near the railroad, things take a turn for the better . . . and funnier.

THE CASINO MURDER CASE
•
M-G-M

More mystery . . . can you take it? . . . with the Continental Paul Lukas doing the deducting and general Philo-Vancing as the author, S. S. Van Dyne, likes it.

Called in to investigate some very funny goings-on, Lukas finds himself in the middle of an eccentric family as well as some mysterious circumstances.

Alison Skipworth, her brother, Arthur Byron, and her son, Donald Cook, all carry on in a very peculiar fashion. The only one in the place who seems to be all there, is Rosalind Russell, secretary to Skipworth, and the minute Paul lays eyes on the gal . . . Pop! goes his heart!

When Byron hands a glass of water to his nephew, the kid tosses it off and falls to the floor, almost poisoned to death! And, while they're rushing for a stomach pump, word comes that his wife, Louise Henry, has been murdered!

Shortly after that, Skipworth is found with a bullet in her head and a phony suicide note, confessing to the murder of her daughter-in-law. Paul finally runs down the real murderer, and . . . will you be surprised?

Snooping around the joint, Paul surprises the maid, Louise Fazenda, tiptoeing around, very suspicious-like.

"Ah-ha, Becky!" he says. "I'm afraid I've caught you 'inflagrante delicto'!" or something.

"No, sir!" declares Louise. "It's a cape, that's what it is!" She fluffs the feathers and goes to look at herself, proudly, in the bathroom mirror. "I always wanted a cape," she sighs. "Miss Virginia said I could have it. It's shedding, anyhow . . ." defiantly.

And . . . "Cut!" says Director Marin.

SPRING IN PARIS
•
R-K-O

Anatole France named this "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard," but we'll take "Spring in Paris" and like it!

All his life, O. P. Heggie has searched fruitlessly for a much-desired book, "The Golden Legend." Looking over his old treasures, he discovers a note from an old sweetheart, and is surprised to find that it has been written on the back of a page, torn from the very volume he covets!

Hurrying to Lusance, he learns that his sweetheart is dead, but that her daughter, Anne Shirley, is being held in a girls' school, because her guardian has caught her writing love verses!

Then comes the "crime"! Because her life at the school is very unhappy, Anne persuades Heggie to take her away.

Finding them out, Anne's mean old guardian threatens to prosecute Heggie unless the old fellow will auction off all his precious books and give the proceeds to him as sort of bribe.

Right in the middle of the auction, an old friend dashes in with a copy of "The Golden Legend" that he has got cheap from a thief who stole it from the library, years ago. And, who do you think is the crook? Why, nobody but Anne's disagreeable guardian!

Which puts the old meanie right where he belongs; which fixes everything up swell for Anne and Heggie; and which brings us to the place where we must say "That's all there is . . . there isn't any more" . . . until next time.



Discovers secret of popularity *thanks to* DR. EDWARDS

FOR just one week, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how your mirror flatters you—cheeks like velvet, a lovely skin and happy, sparkling eyes.

So mild and yet so pure, countless grateful women have come to call these wonderful tablets the "internal cosmetic," because they remove the *inside* causes of blemishes, pimples, headaches and that general run-down feeling.

Beauty for every woman

A gratifying substitute for calomel, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act safely and gently on the intestines, relieving constipation and clearing the system of poison so perilous to beauty.

Ask at any drug store, for these olive colored tablets, compounded of vegetable ingredients, if you want to look and feel years younger. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

PRINT YOUR PHOTO on PAPER·FABRIC·WOOD



DIRECT FROM ANY NEGATIVE! RESULTS GUARANTEED!

Astonishing effects with new, sensational DUO-PRINT. Reproduce beautiful, PERMANENT, WASHABLE pictures on ordinary paper, fabrics, rubber, wood, leather, etc. Takes but 4 minutes—*harmless to negative.*

COMPLETE TREATMENT TO PRINT 200 PHOTOS 50c

No dark room or special equipment. Send 50c for complete postpaid treatment to print 200 3 x 5 photos (C.O.D. 65c). *Our Money-Back Guarantee Protects You.*

DUOE LABS., 1851 Washington Ave., N.Y.C.

Dress up your kitchen with new towels, pot holders, stenciled food containers, etc. Send 10c for diagram pattern to Frances Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLE



DEW *Something about it*

Dew can be applied any time and you will like its quick action. It both deodorizes and stops perspiration instantly. When the simple directions are followed, Dew Deodorant will not stain or injure delicate fabrics or the most sensitive skin. You will like its economy—all you want to use will not cost you more than $1.00 a year.

25¢ • 50¢

Generous sizes at all drug and department stores

Mail this coupon in an envelope or paste on postcard.

FREE

MARION LAMBERT, INC., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 112

Without cost to me, please send sample of Instant Dew.

Name _____

Address _____

The Talkies Are Walkies

(*Continued from page* 6)

current Amazonian tradition; her short, dainty steps are utterly feminine.

Sylvia Sidney carries her small, voluptuous body proudly erect, and walks as sinuously as a Persian cat.

There was a time when Myrna Loy was adept at slinking with Oriental mystery. Now, in the comic spirit, she glides blithely, as if on wheels.

The buxom Blondel's vigorous trot finds a lazier likeness in plump Una Merkel's gait, while the slender Colbert is our feminine sprinting champion. Remember her wedding-veil streaming behind her on that mad flight across the lawn in "It Happened One Night"? It wasn't her first screen marathon.

Jimmy Cagney's quick steps are not so characteristic as his curious, backward-leaning posture.

Lee Tracy walks as a bat flies, in erratic swoops and darts, an accompaniment to the crackling energy of his speech.

Jack Oakie has the hoofer's happy feet. They betrayed his identity even when his face was hidden beneath the grotesque mask of Tweedledum of Wonderland. Will Cagney's walk and posture likewise betray him when he plays the donkey-headed *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"?

Ronald Colman as Bulldog Drummond dashed about with exaggerated gallantry, but in his serious roles his walk is slouching, diffident, unassuming.

Strangely enough, the screen's most graceful males happen to be two gentlemen who are noted more as excellent character actors than vendors of charm.

There is Victor McLaglen, who carries his two hundred-odd pounds with military ease. His light, springy swagger brings a healthy tang of adventure even into the clownish roles he is too often cursed with.

And Chester Morris won his first fame in portraying a sleek, well-mannered young man whose walk betrayed an essential violence of character. His broad, sloping shoulders swing to a forceful rhythm. His wiry, compact body moves with jungle-cat grace.

That sly little minx Hopkins' sprightly trot is harmonious with her piquant personality. But it also knows that Miriam has studied under Professor Lubitsch, who knows how to make comedy of pure motion.

Of course, Ernst is using players who already have a sense of rhythm. It wasn't an amateur who tap-danced so torridly in "She Loves Me Not." Miriam Hopkins once dreamed of a dancer's career, but a broken ankle made her concentrate on acting. And Maurice Chevalier waltzes so suavely because he was a famous dancer, until war-injuries turned his ambitions into another channel. Even now, he dances and acts his songs, more than he sings them.

Lubitsch weaves walking into the glittering fabric of his comedies—in the sombre pattern of Josef Von Sternberg's lavish camera work, walking is a recurring motif. Dietrich learned to express emotion and character through her intense pacing. George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent, who played in Von Sternberg's silent "Underworld," are remembered as dark figures walking, mind directed toward one object, stalking in search of love or revenge.

Since motion is the essence of motion pictures, it isn't strange that so many have walked to stardom.

Laurels for Hardy

(*Continued from page* 25)

In one of our pictures, for example, a buzz-saw cut my Ford in two and nearly did the same for me. At another time I tore the ligaments of my arms and back by falling six feet, nothing to speak of so far as distance went, but something of a strain on my two hundred and eighty pounds. That laid me up for six weeks. A little later I fell thirty-five feet from a thirteen-story building—my unlucky floor—but luckily my pants caught on a hook. Maybe that's why I'm a fatalist."

"Have you had pneumonia?" I hopefully inquired.

"Yes," he breathed, "but I didn't get it in a picture. I'm all right so long as I keep out of warm water. I insist upon having cold water to fall into—in fact, it's stipulated in my contract."

"Ever had a bad scare?"

"Once," he gulped. "But that wasn't in a picture, either, it was in Glasgow. Stan and I went abroad on what we thought would be a pleasure trip, but the next thing we knew we were making personal appearances for nothing, and that's no pleasure. As our train wasn't due at Glasgow till half-past ten at night we didn't think there'd be anybody to meet us. But there was a terrific crowd at the station. I'm not saying this to brag, but just to show you what we ran into. Those people meant well, but there was no holding them back. We never expected to reach the station alive, and when we finally did make it most of our clothes were torn off. They took everything we had on us for souvenirs, even Stan's wrist-watch, but it was returned next day. After that experience we didn't dare leave the hotel together—it wasn't safe."

"Then a comedian's life is a serious business?"

"Most of it," he nodded. "Our only relaxation together is working in pictures, and even making comedies is serious, for they're a matter of making serious things funny. When we aren't working we take our fun separately. I love golf, but Stan hates it. He likes to fish, and goes off with only a can of worms for company."

At this point the lone fisherman ambled back, grinning broadly. Let it be said that Laurel does all his crying in pictures. Out of them he's a happy lad, a merry Andrew laughing at life. It was only between laughs that I now managed to get this out of him:

"For years in pictures I was a terrible flop. I did things without thinking, giving the mannerisms of a character instead of the character itself. Then, not knowing what was wrong with me, I gave up the idea of being a comic. I was just screwy. So I decided to learn the business from a director's and a writer's angle, and worked at Roach's, where I'd been a star, as a comedy writer. First of all, I had to Americanize my sense of humor. Some English comedians who come over here don't

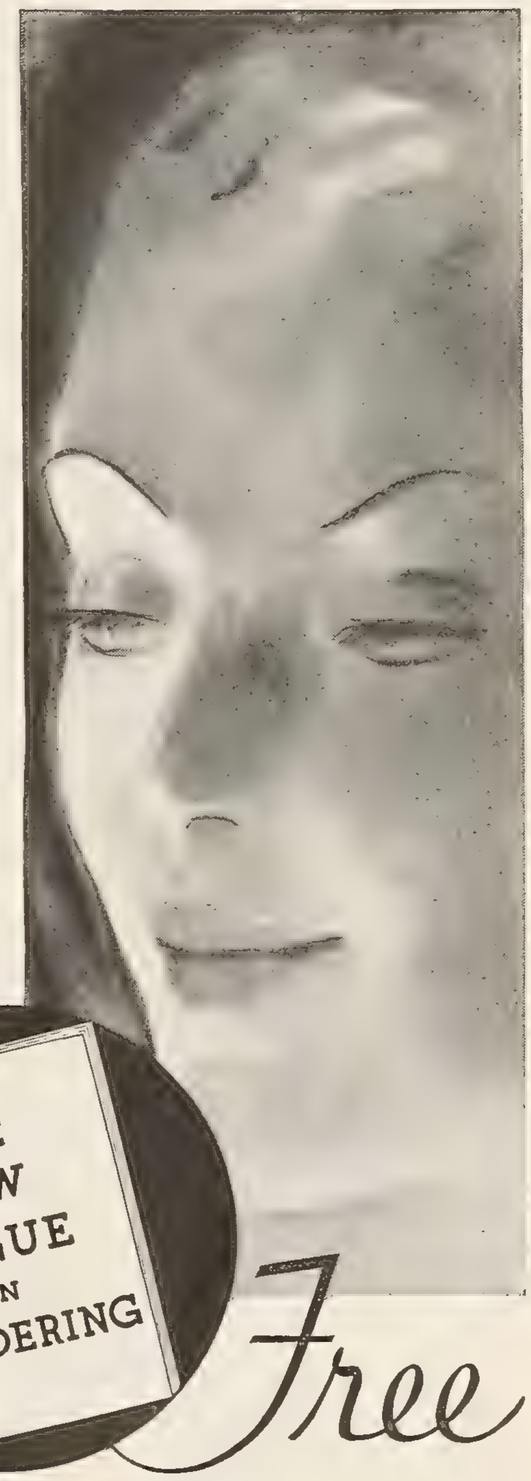
(*Please turn to page* 64)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

. . . yet 8 out of 10 don't

You may wear rubies and ermine, the latest Paris gown, a seductive perfume—you may have every exquisite accessory. BUT if you don't know how to powder your face, you're cruelly handicapped from the start.

EVERY woman should recognize this fact: Nothing ages the face more than *the wrong powder, crudely put on.* Often it adds 5 to 10 years.



Every woman should know how to powder, yet many don't. And all should know about one ultra-modern powder that actually subtracts years, giving the complexion a youthful, fresh glow that is adorable—natural. It is superior because of an exclusive process—*it's stratified* (rolled into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence no grit. Its delicate texture blends softly into the skin, lasts infinitely longer—conceals pores, but cannot enlarge them.

The name of this sensational new powder that is being welcomed all over the country is SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, so flattering and youthifying.

It meets the latest French vogue of *powdering to look un-powdered,* now widely advocated by American beauty experts. It stands the severest "close-up" inspection—flat and shineless—as your mirror will agree.

The new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo is presented in five flattering shades, caressingly perfumed, 50c and $1. Buy a box today. See how quickly this super-powder makes you look younger, more natural.

NOTE: To obtain the new SOFT-TONE Mello-glo, you *must* ask for the gold box with the *blue edge,* which distinguishes it from our Facial-tone Mello-glo (Heavy) in gold box with *white edge.*



Free

The first and only book on powdering, entitled "The New Vogue in Powdering." It shows how to look your best. The Beauty Editor of *Vogue* calls it, "An utterly new technique of powdering called Mello-glo Modeling." How to attain the complexion effect all men adore. How to accent or reduce the nose or chin, etc. How to mold your face. *You* can become the mistress of the fine art of proper powdering. Merely mail coupon for free book.



New SOFT-TONE MELLO-GLO

the close-up powder that gives an UN-powdered look

AT ALL 10¢ COUNTERS

The Mello-glo Co., Boston, Mass.
T. M.—5-35

Name.....

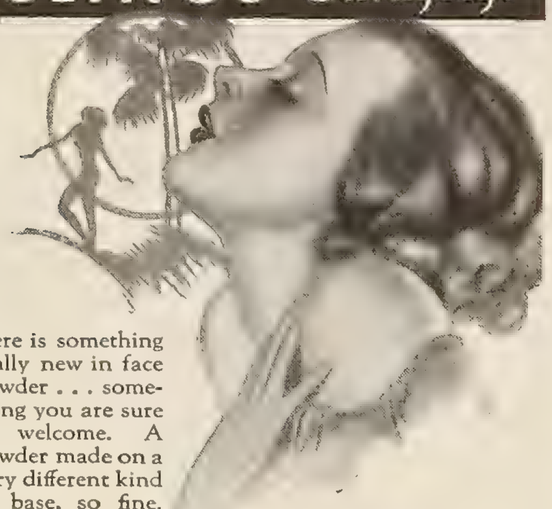
Street.....

City.....*State*.....

For a generous package (not a sample) of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, enclose 10c, checking shade you wish:

☐ Ivory ☐ Flesh Pink ☐ Natural ☐ Rachel ☐ Brunette.

SAVAGE
FACE POWDER
CLINGS *Savagely!*



Here is something really new in face powder . . . something you are sure to welcome. A powder made on a very different kind of base, so fine, so soft, this powder hugs the skin as though actually a part of it. Try it. See for yourself, if ever you knew a powder to stay on so long . . . and smooth all the while it stays. There's *another* thrill in it too! The fineness that lets Savage cling so endlessly, also makes the skin appear more truly poreless, smoother, more inviting to the eyes. And the thrill that there is in touching a Savage powdered skin could be told you only by *someone else!* There are four lovely shades:

NATURAL (Flesh)
BEIGE · RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)





WHITE KID SHOES CAN BE KEPT "NEW" IRENE MARCHANT

How? By always using ColorShine special White Kid Cleaner (10c) that *dissolves* the dirt off instead of cutting it off with sharp abrasive. The *original* kid finish polishes beautifully, (*or leave dull if you prefer*) and "won't rub off." For other white shoes, I use the special ColorShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10c). Get both at Woolworth's and many other stores. For valuable information write Irene Marchant, c/o The Chieftain Manufacturing Co., Baltimore, Maryland.

No. 11
Special Cleaner for WHITE KID SHOES

No. 12
Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes



Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

FREE VALUABLE NUMEROLOGY CHART

COMPLETE SCIENTIFIC NUMEROLOGY CHART sent FREE to you by the makers of the two famous lipsticks—REJUVIA at 10c and FLAME-GLO at 20c each. Have you an Artistic Nature? Are you Mysterious, Passionate? Are you intended for Great Love, Adventure, Success? Define your own type with this Complete Numerology Chart. Study your Sweetheart, your Friends! Does your name fit your personality? Do you vibrate to 7-9-14-6? Intriguing, Mysterious, Exciting. You will be amazed at what the numbers show. Mail your name and address on penny Post Card, No Cost, No Obligations. **Send now to REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS. Inc., 395 Broadway, Dept. E40, New York City**

REJUVIA LIPSTICK 10c. FLAME-GLO LIPSTICK 20c. The only really automatic Lipstick as fine as the most expensive. America's Famous Lipstick Sensations. Three times as indelible as most other lipsticks. Why pay $1 or more? Get the finest for only 10c and 20c at F. W. Woolworth 5 and 10c stores.

WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING HAIR REMOVER

ZIP

THE PERFUMED DEPILATORY

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR



Douglas Shearer

KING OF SOUND

YOU have seen his name upon the silver screens of America hundreds of times, yet you haven't the slightest idea of what he looks like. His name is as synonymous with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as the famous lion of Culver City, and yet he remains an even greater enigma than Garbo! Outside of the fact that he is Norma Shearer's brother little else is known of him.

What Irving Thalberg is to production, Douglas Shearer is to sound. On the lot where Garbo, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Helen Hayes run the gamut of emotions, he is regarded as the big mogul of what makes the movies talk. His is the last word on how the dialogues they speak shall sound to your ears. In his own realm he is King supreme, and ranks even higher in his work than Norma Shearer does in hers!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the only motion picture company he has ever worked for. He went there shortly before the movies found their voice, and is about to complete a ten year record. He has read about the Depression, but he has no reason to believe there was one. Originally a civil engineer in Canada, having no interest whatsoever in Art, he was drawn to the work by watching the frequent appearances of his famous sister.

With the advent of talkies he saw his chance to apply his knowledge to pictures in a scientific way. It was the wedding of Science to Art, with himself in the role of minister. That the marriage has been a successful one is an undisputed fact. The company for which he works regards him with such high opinion that they pay him the salary of a great star.

His office is a laboratory of voices. From his desk he is able to hear the dialogue that is being spoken on a dozen studio sets. It is his business, besides supervising every foot of sound film made in the studio, to criticize the voices of the players, and to find the proper key pitch for them.

When a performer is called upon to sing, and cannot, it is Mr. Shearer's job to dub another voice into the sound track with such perfection that the deception cannot be detected by even the most observing spectators. In his trade there are a thousand tricks—and he knows them all. He has five senses, even as you and I—but he is only interested in one. Voice! He is happily married. His wife can talk as much as she likes. He always listens. You see, his business is sound!

for Faster Shopping and All Year Use a NEW! Convenience
DEUBENER'S BASKETLYKE CARRIER
10¢



The shoppers have purchased over 100 Million DEUBENER SHOPPING BAGS. Without boasting we feel they have earned the right to be called—AMERICA'S STANDARD



Sold in Most
F. W. Woolworth Co.
5 & 10c Stores

LEATHER-LYKE BAG 5¢

DEUBENER'S SHOPPING BAGS
GARFIELD PARK, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Now lift off



Corns

AND STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

Just put a few drops of Freezone on that aching corn tonight and you'll make the wonderful discovery many thousands have made. Pain stops like a flash. And soon the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. You'll agree that it's the quickest, easiest way to stop pain and get rid of hard and soft corns, even corns between the toes. Any druggist will sell you a bottle of wonderful Freezone for a few cents. Try it.

FREEZONE

The Secret of a New Enchantment



RADIO GIRL
PERFUME and FACE POWDER

Few can resist the alluring fragrance of RADIO GIRL PERFUME. And *you* can enjoy this exquisite French *odeur* because domestic manufacture reduces the cost. You'll want RADIO GIRL FACE POWDER, too—its skin blend tones and its soft texture, are *so* flattering.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES



"RADIO GIRL", Saint Paul, Minn.
Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer Good in U. S. only.) T-5

Name.....
Address.....

Laurels for Hardy

(*Continued from page* 63)

know what it's all about, and I was one of them. It was not until I turned to writing that I knew anything about comedy. Before that I just worried my head off for nothing."

"Do you ever worry now?"

"Yes, trying to get intelligent comedy. It was only an emergency that brought me back to acting. Hardy was already established at the Roach studio with another comedian. But at the last moment a change had to be made, so I jumped in and played with Babe in a story I'd written."

You'd never suspect it, seeing him on the screen, but he has to do a lot of thinking.

"Whatever else they may be, the characters we play are not the 'fresh' type," he was proud to say. "This is the one thing we always keep in mind. We do our best to make them sincere. If, for instance, we are papering a room we really try to do it. Most of all, we try to show we have a good reason for what we are doing. Once in a while, in my part, I get an intelligent idea, and Hardy goes for it. It's that single flash of intelligence that makes us want to better ourselves. We really want to get on Easy Street, but we can't make the grade. We start out with a real idea, then ball it up. In the beginning we're fine, in the end we're a mess. But there's never a bad thought in our minds. We want to help each other, just as so many people do, but somehow everything we do is wrong."

"Do you ever feel the need of romance in your pictures?"

"No," he howled. "If there's any 'feminine interest' in one of our comedies we're always married, you may have noticed, when the picture opens. We take no chances. We have wives right from the start—God knows how we ever got them!"

"That's just what I think about it, too," agreed Hardy.

Meanwhile I wondered what they thought about each other. To find out, I used all my low cunning to maneuver them apart.

Said Laurel: "Hardy inspires me. He is like the character he portrays because of certain individual traits. To me he is refreshing, so darned human! His humor lies in the funny way he thinks. I can look at him and know just what he is thinking. His moods are very funny to me, the moods of a born comedian."

Said Hardy: "Laurel is the most unselfish man that ever lived and the funniest man in the world, as a comedian, as a writer, and as a human being. He is so distinctive that he stands absolutely alone. He doesn't depend upon funny clothes to make him funny, he is funny in himself. And I have sense enough to stand back and let him be funny."

Yes, they really like each other.

Can We Make New Movie Better?

We want you to like us. We want to please you. To do this, we must give you the stories you want, and never print the stories you DON'T want. To help us serve you better, will you fill out the blank on page 38 and mail it to us? Please do! We will be very grateful to you. Notice, especially, questions in small type at foot of blank. Our address is NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 31)

WE told you Paramount was having all the fun this month. Nemo got close enough to sniff at real royalty the other day on the set of Bing Crosby's new picture, "Mississippi." In fact, we were standing right behind Jimmy Dugan, the assistant director, when Lord and Lady Byng streamed-lined onto the scene to get an eyeful of Hollywood picture-making tactics.

"Whosit?" Dugan muttered into our good ear.

"Lord and Lady Byng, of England!" we hissed.

"Ah-hh-h!" says Jimmy, almost loud enough to be heard, we're afraid. "Byng! Byng! Here comes the British!"

•

MAYBE he doesn't drink . . . or maybe we do it differently these days. Anyhow, it was a kick, watching Director Elliott Nugent show his nice old poppa, J. C., how to play drunk in a scene for "Love in Bloom!"

•

THAT Gary Cooper is the funniest fellow. Cutting paper ducks is nothing! You should have seen him in full dress, even to top hat, squatting on a three-legged stool while he dexterously milked a contented cow!



But we mustn't be too hard on Gary. Anna Sten was slated to do the milking for a scene in "The Wedding Night" and, after the entire company and crew had denied all knowledge of the bovine intricacies, Mister Cooper was dragged from his dressing room to deliver a lecture—with gestures—on milking!

Three cheers for Montana!

•

WE'VE listened to things like this with our tongue in our cheek, but, so help us, this is the McCoy!

Francis Lister's pretty wife was having one mean time with an impacted wisdom tooth, and, good Boy Scout that he is, Francis took the little woman to a dentist and stood by while the D.D. did a bit of excavating.

Next morning, Mister Lister woke up to greet a badly swollen jaw in his shaving mirror, and upon dashing down to the same dentist, discovered that *he* had an impacted wisdom tooth!

"Do I feel silly!" he said. -"Thirty-five years old and still cutting teeth! It must be a case of arrested development?"

•

DON'T let anyone tell you it isn't Love!

Because the boy friend, Bill Powell, was working the other day, we inveigled Jean Harlow into playing a couple of rounds of golf. Twenty minutes after the hour of our appointment, Jean wandered onto the course, looking exactly like "what the well-dressed lady golfer will wear", but with that certain far-away look in her eyes.

"What are you gonna do?" we wailed. "Kick it around?"

And, snapping out of her daze, Jean discovered she'd forgotten her clubs!

Ah, April!

Jean, lor' bless 'er! hasn't got a bit of use for high heeled shoes. If she has to wear the things for picture purposes, the minute a scene is finished she scoots up to her dressing-room, kicks 'em off and indulges in an ecstatic bit of toe-wriggling.

FREDRIC MARCH has the most colossal new portable dressing-room we've ever laid our good eye on! Not colossal in size, because the thing is only about eight feet square, but colossal in content, on account of it has a Frigidaire, hot and cold running water, double electric plate, radio, clothes closet, full-length dressing mirror with a string of built-in electric lights all around it, a super-soft divan, even a lavatory!!



The elaborate dressing-room on wheels was a gift to the versatile Freddie from Darryl Zanuck, and all the March lad has to do is sit in front of his dressing mirror, wash his hands, turn on the radio and fry himself a couple of eggs, without moving from the spot!

•

SAM GOLDWYN is very modest about the myth surrounding his alleged mispronunciations and general verbal gymnastics.

Any time an amusing incident concerning badly twisted grammar arises, it's Goldwyn who gets the by-line. And, believe it or not, Sam gets as much kick out of the stories as the rest of us!

Probably the most famous gag of all is the one wherein Sam is supposed to have cracked: "I can answer you in two words . . . im-possible!"

That is Sam's favorite, along with the one that quotes him as saying: "You can include me—out!" but Sam (modest fellow!) generously declines the honor.

"If I were capable of such priceless wit as they pin on me, I'd sell my share in this business and get myself one of those $2500-a-week jobs writing dialogue," he says positively. So, in the future, don't you believe a word of it!

•

AS "Jean Valjean," in the Victor Hugo classic, "Les Miserables," Freddie March is taking a lot of real punishment.

The day we visited him was a hot one and while Fred sweltered under a matted wig and twelve-inch whiskers, he sadly inspected the welts on his back and shoulders, received when the over-enthusiastic guards belabored him with yucca clubs, in the galley scene.

"Boy! Those are daisies!" we murmured sympathetically. "Bet you laid for the guys that delivered those smudges?"

"They didn't mean it," he said generously. "Besides, it made good picture."

Did you say you wanted to be a movie star, Elmer?

WHEN Director W. S. Van Dyke accidentally called Jeanette MacDonald "kid," on the set the other day, everybody looked at everybody else to see what would happen. But, Miss MacDonald came right back with "O.K., cutie!" and when Woody got a turnover on his respiration you could hear his hearty guffaw clear up by the front gate!

Now, he swears he's going to try it on Garbo!

•

Van's Schnauzer, "Boy," has just about come to the conclusion that he must have halitosis, or something. All

(*Please turn to page* 66)

Like the most expensive silver

. . . IT HAS ALL THE SMART NEW FEATURES



WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE. Beautiful Prevent-Tarnish Tuck-Away or Chest, regular $5.00 value.

. . . including the fashionable Viande* Knives and Forks, yet this lovely Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate costs so little!

NEVER before has there been such luxurious quality at so low a price. Rich designs, heavy silverplate, flawless satin finish!

A service for eight costs only $28.25. Later you can add such necessary pieces as Cream Soup Spoons, Salad Forks and Butter Spreaders. These and many other articles are available in all Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate—at prices correspondingly low.

See the four lovely patterns—Burgundy, Guild, Paris and Mayfair—at your dealer's. See them soon. Examine them carefully. For this is the only way you can appreciate their beauty and true value.

And now, at these prices, every woman can afford a "guest" set of silver—for those occasions when she uses only her best linen, china and crystal. Plan to see your dealer today!

LOOK FOR THIS MARK IS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WM. ROGERS & SON

ORIGINAL ROGERS SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.



Ashamed of Your Skin?

Here's Doctor's Advice—

BLACKHEADS and blemishes are due to clogged pores. Clear them up by getting pores clean to their depths with the liquid cleanser, Ambrosia. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

Doctor who studied the use of Ambrosia by women with poor complexions reported:

"In as little as three days blackheads tend to go, complexions are clearer and brighter."

If your skin is oily or sallow, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Tightener. Tightener lessens oiliness, clears muddy complexions, refreshes and stimulates.

If skin is dry, follow every Ambrosia cleansing with Ambrosia Cream. Particles in this cream are 11 times finer than particles in milk. Thus it penetrates, replenishes oil, ends dryness, smooths lines.

All Ambrosia preparations are 75¢ each at drug and department stores. In smaller sizes at 10¢ stores.

AMBRŌSIA

THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

Blemishes—!

need no longer mar your appearance. The antiseptic and astringent action promotes healing and renders an exquisite complexion which conceals permanent blemishes.



ORIENTAL CREAM

Gouraud

Purse Size at 10c Stores

White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental - Tan

LEARN TO IRON beautifully speedily happily

Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.

TRY THIS FREE



THANK YOU——————

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 132, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

.....

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 65*)

day long, he sits on the set, watching his master do his stuff, and forlornly wondering why all his old friends pass him by without even a pat on the head?

"Van," it seems, is training him not to be friendly with strangers, and on his collar is a sign that reads: "Please do not pet me!"

•

IF there's a gasp left in you, you might as well use it on Joan Crawford's new gown. We saw her wearing it at Norma Shearer's party for Helen Hayes, and, believe you us, the gal stopped the show!

She tells us it's a Hattie Carnegie model, which doesn't mean much to this old timer, but, we do know this . . . it's made of jet sequins, very tailored and entirely black, except for white piqué collar and cuffs.

•

DURING rehearsals of "Merrily We Roll Along," Douglass Montgomery has been experimenting with the thirteen changes of make-up he will be obliged to wear in the play.

Made up as a middle-aged man, Doug dashed out to lunch one day, and found himself recognized, in spite of all, by two young girls.

"Gosh," one of the girls remarked, "they sure get away with murder in pictures, don't they? He must be forty if he's a day! But, he does look sorta distinguished, don't you think?"

•

IT'S nice work, if you can get it . . . ...Working on a set, decorated entirely in cellophane, Hal Mohr (Evelyn Venable's mister) saw a piece of the stuff go up in flames and, realizing that the place would be a roaring furnace in no time at all, grabbed the burning paper and threw it to the floor, putting it out before any damage could be done.

Now, with a pair of badly burned hands, Hal is wondering if it pays to be a Good Samaritan.

•

ON "The Wedding Night" set, Anna Sten and Ralph Bellamy sat themselves under a spreading oak tree and prepared to go to town with a basket of Russian lunch (cheese, Russian rye bread, salami, dill pickles and sauerkraut, to *you*).

"All right," Director King Vidor said, "Camera! . . . Action! . . . EAT!" and Sten and Bellamy "et" . . . with a vengeance, too!

"Cut!" yelled Vidor. But, with the camera at ease, the two hungry brats kept right on eating! Nobody could stop 'em!

So—there went all the props! But Vidor got even. *After* lunch, he made the two go through the scene again . . . AND again . . . until, now, neither one of the stars can look a dill pickle in the face without squirming!

•

WITH the signing of a brand new Paramount contract, Dean Jagger, the good-looking lad who looks as though he might be going places, hopped a plane and dashed back East to take himself out of circulation.

If it hadn't been for a nasty blizzard, he might have made it all right, but the elements conspired to do him wrong and the prospective bride, Antoinette Lowrance, was kept waiting at the church until the impatient Dean could beat his way through the snow, arriving at the "I do" point on the following evening.



Fastidious women realize the value of perfect grooming—for hands as well as hair. Hang nails and delicate "moons" respond rapidly to regular care. Wigder Manicure Aids . . . well balanced, keen-edged and scientifically designed, make manicuring a simple, pleasant duty. Look for the new Improved Cleaner Point on Wigder Nail Files. These quality instruments are on sale at your local 5 and 10¢ store. Get a set today.



Nail Files Tweezers Nail Clips Scissors

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS & PANS

THE PURE KNITTED COPPER CHORE 10¢ Girl



Nothing like it for clean, shiny kitchen utensils

"Double the wear—where the wear comes"

METAL TEXTILE CORPORATION ORANGE, N. J.

Learn Radio IN 10 WEEKS

BY SHOP WORK—NOT BY BOOKS

I'll Finance Your Training!

Prepare for jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., **by 10 weeks practical shop work** in Coyne Shops. Free Employment Service. Many earn while learning. Write for **BIG FREE RADIO and TELEVISION BOOK**, and details of my **"Pay-After-Graduation" Plan.**

H. C. LEWIS, President, COYNE RADIO SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 55-9K, Chicago, Illinois

Be a Hotel Hostess



Enjoy Your Work! Good positions in hotels for women as Hostess, Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Train at home, in leisure time. One Lewis student writes: "Hostess of this lovely hotel, earn a fine salary and have splendid opportunities for advancement. All due to my Lewis Training." Write for **Free Book.**

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Sta. LE-2101 Washington, D.C.

If you have one single

GRAY HAIR

mail this coupon

Now—before others think of you as "older"—is the time to touch up those first gray streaks. Millions—both men and women—have discovered this way to color fading strands. Just combing clear liquid through hair brings color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE . . . Hair stays soft and lustrous. Get a bottle from your druggist on money back guarantee. Or send for Free Test.



Test it *FREE*

We'll send Complete Test Package Free. Snip lock from hair. Try first on this. See for yourself. No risk this way. Mail coupon for Free Test.

---MARY T. GOLDMAN---

913 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Color of your hair?.....

JUST for the fun of it, Clark Gable took the skins of all those cougars he bagged last year, and had a snazzy coat made out of them. On a hunch, he tossed it into his over-night bag just before leaving on location to the snowy Northwest, and is *he* ever glad? The first day out, the company ran into one of the worst blizzards of the year and Clark, all buttoned up in his baby bunting skin, thought it was June until he cracked a couple of icicles off his moustache!

•

UNLESS she wants to look like the sawed-in-half-woman, Jean Harlow has decided to give up her daily golf game while working on the strenuous dance routines in her new picture. Being just right to start with, the effects of the vigorous work-outs were putting our platinum pal's gorgeous waistline in the limbo of lost things. The poor girl couldn't even eat an olive with any comfort!

So . . . until the hoofing sequences are made, Jean's clubs can sit on the shelf and get back their strength.

•

WE'RE a bit skeptical, but Franchot Tone swears his new coupe is so long that he has to pay double rate at the parking stations.

•

WORKING on location, near the Universal studios, Charlie Chaplin hied himself to the U. commissary for a noontime snack, wearing the baggy clothes, derby hat, and tiny moustache that are his personal accessories to fame.

Seated among the great and near-great, Charlie found himself as alone as Peter the hermit! Nobody recognized our greatest little comedian! Waitresses served and ignored him—even the executive old-timers passed him without a second glance . . .

After lunch, Chaplin joined the crowd around the dice game tables and looked on for a while. One of the boys noticed him and exclaimed:

"Boy! That's a swell make-up!! If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were Charlie Chaplin!"

•

GARBO Talks! Garbo SMILES! And now . . . GARBO STEPS OUT! Yessir, folks—the Lady of Silence broke down, put on her best bib and tucker and joined the Max Reinhardt party at the Trocadero the other night!

That Garbo should be previewing the Troc was the farthest from Mike Pearman's thoughts, so, when the precocious feller caught a glimpse of what he thought to be the back view of Lil Damita's coiffure, over he dashed, slapping the lady on the back and yelling: "Hello, Toots!!"

When the slap-ee turned around and proved herself to be Garbo, smiling kindly, there was nothing for the goggle-eyed Mike to do but collapse. And HOW he did it!

•

BETWEEN Edmund Lowe and Howard Hughes, it's hard to tell just which way the wind blows for Marian Marsh.

If it's lunch with Eddie, it's dinner with Hughes . . . and vice versa. But, we do know this—when the millionaire playboy producer took off for New York, it was Marian who broke all engagements to drive him to the flying field and see that he was tucked in, all comfy and everything! So-oo-o . . . fool around with that, Watson.

•

AND here's another surprise for the month! Dick Powell, who has been carving his and Mary Brian's initials in every available tree trunk to date, slipped out for a bit of dinner and dancing with

our current heart-throb, Virginia Bruce, the other evening.

But, far be it from us to cast aspirin at Hollywood's most Perfect Romance. We still think thar's wedding bells in the offing for Mary and Dick.

•

THIS ought to kill you . . .

Stopped by a motorcycle cop for speeding in her brand new car, Sally Eilers handed over her driver's license without even arguing and waited patiently while the minion of the law fumbled in half a dozen pockets for a pencil. There was no pencil. So the nervy guy asked Sally for the loan of hers!

Very sweetly, Miss Eilers informed him that she never carried a pencil, and that should have been that. But, when the stubborn cop stepped out in the street to flag other drivers in his Pursuit of a Pencil, Sally gave up, handed him her eye-brow pencil—and thus was the ticket inscribed!

•

SO, what do you think? With Pat O'Brien away on location, the missus is going places with your favorite comedian, Edward Everett Horton!! Tck, Tck! That is, tck, tck, until we laid eyes on a notarized affidavit, sent by Pat to whom it may concern, and stating that it's his own idea to keep the little woman from getting lonesome!

•

THE night before Fred Keating went to the hospital for a major operation, his business manager thought it might be a good idea to take the lad's mind off the coming ordeal. So, they played double solitaire at one buck per game. Fred beat his business boss seven games, hand-running, and, whether it was the Scotch in him, or just a follow-up on the original idea, the manager didn't pay off.

Anyhow, Fred was carted into the operating room still yelling for his seven bucks, and nothing but a good stiff anesthetic could shut him up!

•

WHEN Fritz Leiber was the headline attraction in a Shakespearian road show, nine-year-old Paul Kelly was getting the seat of his Sunday pants warmed for boring holes in the scenery (of the same troupe) with an auger out of the tool chest Lieber had given him for Christmas!

So when Fritz came to Hollywood, he and Paul got together and did a flock of plain and fancy reminiscing. They visited the Hollywood Bowl, and, to get a rough idea of the acoustic properties of the place, Leiber climbed up on the platform, directed Kelly to the last row of seats, and orated: "To be, or not to be . . .!" to practically empty space!

Incidentally, when the Kellys' new English maid spied a profile photo of Paul on her mistress's dressing table she let out a whoop and screeched: "O-oo-o-oo . . . the Prince of Wales!"

So while Paul's standing there, not knowing whether to register joy or sorrow, Tizzie scoops up another front view picture (same guy) and carries it off, muttering something about "it h'ain't fitten, it h'ain't, for a h'ordinary 'uman to be a-settin' right next to 'is Royal 'ighness!!"

•

BITTEN by the racing bug (as who of us out here hasn't been?) Joan Bennett shopped around and bought herself a neat looking plug by the name of "Rattle Brain."

It was the baby's very first race, and in the line-up at the post, "Rattle Brain" looked as good as any of 'em. But, by the time it was all over, the jockey's gray and American Beauty blouse, sash and cap were a California-dried-mud color, and "Rattle Brain" had more dust in its eyes than any other horse on the track!

GEORGE BREAKSTONE, another young English boy who is finding success in Hollywood, is getting tired of making people cry. He has always played little boys who get sick and die.

"Gee, if I could just make 'em laugh, Nemo!" he says.

As a birthday present, George's mother gave the kid a ten-dollar bill.

"What are you going to do with all that dough?" we wanted to know. "Load up on ice cream and candy? Buy marbles? Or an air gun?"

"Heck, no!" he snorted. "That's sissy stuff! I'm gonna put this away and keep on saving 'til I've got enough to get a real Colt automatic!"

Here come the British again!

•

BEN ALEXANDER tells us a good one on those two happy newlyweds, Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers.

Shortly after the wedding, the kids purchased a ranch. It was a swell ranch, and, in spite of the fact that they found themselves saddled with a squatter, an old fellow who had moved in and refused to move out, they went ahead with their plans to redecorate the place.

While waiting for the ranch to be fixed up, Lew and Ginger took a house in Beverly Hills. With that domestic appreciation of a grate fire, Lew sent his chauffeur out to get a load of wood, and the wood the fellow brought back was of such a superior grade that Lew didn't mind paying three prices for it.

One foggy day when the chauffeur started out for another load of fuel, Lew decided to trek along, just for the ride. So, what do you think?

So off they drove, straight to Lew's very own ranch! And was the bridegroom perturbed to find out that he'd not only been burning his own wood, but paying a good stiff price for it.

•

THREE cheers for that swell trouper, Billie Burke!

When she was appearing on the stage of the El Capital, some children sent their autograph books back-stage to be signed. One youngster tucked a little note in her's, that read: "My mother says you have freckles and don't mind. Is this true? I have freckles."

Miss Burke wrote back—"Yes, my dear, I have freckles and don't mind a bit. I am sure God knows what suits each person best. Wear your freckles proudly, child."

•

NED SPARKS was showing Arline Judge an old photograph of the mining camp where he once lived for six months.

"What's the idea of that sign on your tent . . . 'Hide Park'?" she asked.

"Well," Ned explained sourly, "after I stayed in that tent one night, I realized that the Mexicans must have been using my camping site to park all their trash. And, from the aroma, I figured it couldn't be anything but old hides!"

•

WE dropped in at Sardi's around lunch time in the hope of snagging a few bits of gossip between sips at onion soup. Well, it must have been the maid's day off. Or a convention of the Ladies' Uplift Society. Anyway, the place was over-run with whooping females, and the only star in the place was Franchot Tone, looking forlornly as though he'd rather be home.

•

NAT PENDLETON swears to it and, for gosh sake, who are we to go around arguing with guys his size?

Some time ago, Nat had two pets, a white rat and a duck, who got along just dandy in the same pen until the unhappy day when ducky-wucky mistook ratty-watty's tail for a nice juicy worm. Probably figuring that it was a new game or

(*Please turn to page* 68)



Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

"I Dropped the Box, I was so Horrified", Writes One Woman!

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified, she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and *at Lady Esther's expense!* Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is *the* one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(*You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard*) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER, 2020 Ridge Ave.
Evanston, Ill. (12)

I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

Clear, Cold Light of Morning Shows Up First **GRAY HAIR**
A Signal to Get Busy



Not so long ago women gave up disheartened at the first sign of gray. Now they turn confidently to

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Watch for the first sprinkling. It's easy then to keep ALL your hair one even shade. FARR'S is a modern perfected preparation that will not wash off nor interfere with curling. Easily, economically applied in the hygienic privacy of home by brushing it through the hair. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. T.M. 27
79 Sudbury St., Boston Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
INDICATE SHADE DESIRED.

NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP
BASE BOARD
KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR
(LAMPS AND RADIO)
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.
At WOOLWORTH'S



THEIR MEDICINE CHEST FOR 20 YEARS

JUST 20 years ago they found this safe all-vegetable laxative. Ever since, they have kept remarkably free from biliousness, colds, headaches, and the ills of bowel sluggishness. "That little box of NR Tablets is our medicine chest," they tell their friends.

Common sense tells you your doctor is right when he says: "Use an all-vegetable laxative." Modern diets, refined foods rob you of natural vegetable laxative elements you were intended to have. It's so sensible to go to nature for help. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contain natural plant and vegetable laxatives properly balanced—nothing else. No mineral or phenol derivatives. The best proof of the difference is the way you feel after using them. Refreshed, more alive, thoroughly clean inside. Not depressed and given out. Another proof. You'll find no need to increase the dose. They're non-habit forming. So kind to your system. It's important to use the right laxative. And so easy to find out for yourself. The handy NR box containing 25 doses, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 136EX, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy **NR** TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 67*)

something, the rodent sat quite still until he must have decided that fun was fun but things had gone just about far enough!

And then it was too late to back out! Seeing the predicament, Nat rushed to the rescue, gave a healthy yank that turned the rat loose but left ducky-wucky flat on her back and with nothing more to worry about.

•

THE volume of Tullio Carminati's fan mail threatens to hit the Gable mark before long! That guy has something . . . we dunno . . . but whatever it is, it's certainly knocking the feminine contingent for a flock of loops. The only knocks coming through the post-office, are from indignant admirers who want to know why his grand opera voice has been kept from them?

And the funny part of that is, that the only time Tullio ever sang in his life was when he played the bachelor in the stage play, "Strictly Dishonorable!"

However, if you are determined to hear him sing, take a peek at "Paris in Spring" where he'll be matching b flats with Mary Ellis.

•

THERE are a couple of real troupers on the "Private Worlds" set. Dragged in on a part, when the gal the studio wanted wasn't available, a blonde is taking the honor Big.

With only two dressing-rooms on the set (with Claudette Colbert in the larger, and Joan Bennett in the smaller one), Miss Blonde decided she wouldn't make one face for the camera unless Mr. Wanger dug up a dressing-room for *her*. And it had to be just like Claudette's, too!

To stave off a revolution, Joan very generously offered to share her own cubicle with the obstreperous gal. But . . . NO! the lady declared she'd have one, just like Claudette's . . . or Else!

Then, up stepped Colbert. "Listen, lady . . ." she said. "I'm the star of this picture. But, just to show you how unimportant the whole thing is . . . you may *have* my dressing-room, and the boys can throw a few 'flats" together for me!"

And did the gal see the error of her ways and refuse the generous offer? Not much she didn't! Instead, she grandly piled into the place of honor, leaving Claudette to powder her nice nose behind a pile of scenery!

•

THEN there is another gal who is getting a bit difficult. When a director attempted to show her how he wished a scene to be played, she coldly informed the surprised gent that she had made enough pictures that she felt she could do without direction!

Furthermore, while at one studio, she demanded that the studio call in her favorite photographer (from another studio!) to make some stills of her. When the publicity man informed her that they didn't do such things, she firmly declared that no one but that particular photographer would take her picture!

But the p.m. was right on his toes. "How do you know we want any pictures taken of you?" he said calmly. And she's still trying to think up an answer for that one!!

•

SO, while you're thinking it over, too, we'll fold up the old tent, throw it in the rumble seat and call it a day until next time.

Be seein' you!



Griffin Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY
for YOU too!

Why envy the other woman's RADIANTLY LOVELY YOUTHFUL skin and FAIRER COMPLEXION when you can have these yourself so QUICKLY, so SURELY, by using the NEW IMPROVED

BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER

as used by more than a million discriminating women to acquire and keep, through the years, this priceless possession—YOUTHFUL BEAUTY.

Its promise to you is this: Your skin QUICKLY becomes LINE and BLEMISH FREE, and neither too oily nor too DRY; VELVET SMOOTH; RICH in COLOR; YOUTHFUL; BEAUTIFUL.

Compare, both IMMEDIATE and PERMANENT results, with any cosmetic you ever used or heard of.

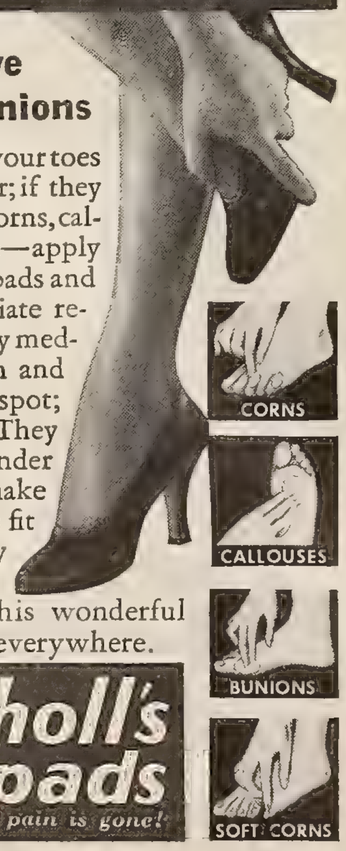
Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health — Good Housekeeping Magazine

Money back if not satisfied

END CORN PAIN
STOP SHOE PRESSURE

Quickly relieve Callouses, Bunions

If your shoes make your toes sore and feet tender; if they press painfully on corns, callouses or bunions—apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll have immediate relief! These specially medicated pads cushion and protect the sore spot; soothe and heal. They prevent corns, tender toes and blisters; make new or tight shoes fit with ease; safely remove corns and callouses. Try this wonderful treatment. Sold everywhere.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 38*)

Spartanburg, S. C. *Editors are always sad, for fear nobody reads their editorials, Mrs. McCravy. These are heartening words!*

An Up-Creek Boy

We who live at the Cross-roads are never more proud of our rural background than when we see that greatest actor of all—Will Rogers. He typifies the Up-Creek boys who made America. All their shrewdness, honesty, courage and humanism is his—we have come to tell our children who might be foolish enough to forsake the grayness of the country for the glamour of the city that "Will Rogers got his start in a one-horse town."—Sarah Sollars, R. F. D. 1, Box 404, Sebastopol, California. *Everyone will agree with you about Will.*

Ann Leslie S.

I have hardly been out of bed since Christmas and you don't realize what a break it is when Mother brings home my NEW MOVIE. I wish they came out more than just once a month. It is the best magazine (movie) Mom has ever gotten for me. I saw "Anne of Green Gables" the day before I was hurt and I wonder if you would do a favor for a poor, poor girl by printing a full size picture of Ann Shirley in the next magazine. If it's not too much trouble have it as she looked in "Anne of Green Gables."—Ann Leslie S., Glendale, California. *Dear little Ann, we are printing this just so you'll write us and tell us your last name and your address. We will do better than print a picture of Anne Shirley. We'll send a special one right to you, if you'll please write again. We hope you'll be well soon.*

Criticism

May a bit of criticism be offered in good faith to you? Personally liking the NEW MOVIE, I feel that honest criticism will be understood.

Why do we get a monthly bit of mush each issue on Garbo's elusiveness, Crawford's ambition, or Gable's sex appeal? Such stories are all right but after a time too much of a thing is enough.

Why can't we get some articles upon the persons who make the movies? The directors, script writers, sound recorders, and others who do their unseen bit toward making a picture. How is the sound applied to the picture? What and how are color pictures made? Other things equally as interesting would be appreciated by many of the readers.

Why can't we get some honest critical reviews of current pictures? According to you they're all perfect. No such thing as a bad picture or a mediocre one. It's just too bad for us if we miss anything that comes out of the studios.

You will wonder why I keep reading the magazine. I like certain parts of it and I always hope as each new issue appears that Van De Water will be back with his criticisms. That was an article you dropped as soon as you found he didn't hesitate to tell readers to stay away from a bad picture.—James Smock, 59 N. Audubon Place, Indianapolis, Ind. *You mustn't be so egotistic, James. For every reader like you there are twenty who don't want technical articles, much as we might like to print them.*

As for our reviews, why do you suppose we pick out the ten best pictures every month, if we don't think that the others aren't as good as those ten? If we told you to go to see bad pictures we'd be out of business inside of six months. Don't be silly.

The Title Has Been Changed

Misleading titles! Again I almost missed a swell picture. Gilded Lily.

I supposed the "Gilded Lily" would be a languid, exotic vamp and, along with the rest of the common herd, I've been fed up with them. I was almost dragged to the theater.

Shades of my ancestors! The "Gilded Lily" turned out to be Lizzie Glutz, eating popcorn. And WHAT a Lizzie Glutz! the picture was a grand, down-to-earth performance, with a homely, wiggle-his-toes, newspaper reporter as leading man. Why, the entire audience applauded when Lizzie Glutz finally came back to her 'old mug.' And, to think I almost missed it!

Again I say: Misleading titles! Can't something be done about it?—Mrs. Violet Kinne, 613 13th Avenue, Rock Island, Illinois. *We don't know whether anything can be done, Mrs. Kinne, but we're trying, at least. Read our story in the June issue, on just this subject.*

Bits

NEW MOVIE has so many unique features which set it apart and above the other movie magazines that I am venturing to suggest another department.

As every magazine has, in some form or other, a Hits of the Month departmen, why doesn't NEW MOVIE give us a "Best Bits of the Month" department? Scenes from current photoplays, showing the outstanding "bit" player, with his name, would give deserved recognition.

My contention is this: the stars get the fat roles, the meaty lines, the best lighting AND the center of the set! Any supporting player who makes his part noticed, does so through sheer artistry and with very little help.

A department of this kind might serve to give much needed encouragement to a potential luminary in the filmament!

My motto is, "less applesauce for the stars, more applause for the others!"

Why not let your readers express themselves about it?—Mrs. Louise A. Baldwin, 118 West Ninth Street, Mount Vernon, Indiana. *More than any other magazine,* NEW MOVIE *has stood up for the minor players, Mrs. Baldwin. While we haven't space for a whole new department, here's what we're doing from now on. (We began it last month). See the page with the nine photos on it. Here, each issue, we will give credit to outstanding minor players.*

Tch, Tch, Such Language

To Mrs. C. Stinson:—Nuts! You and who else wants to change Mae West? Of course, a few people may think the same as you, but I'm for keeping Mae West as the "Belle of the Nineties," and I think the majority will agree with me.—Miss Doris Hoeger, 5114 Rosa Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Another

Read Mrs. Clyde Stinson's letter in February issue of NEW MOVIE Magazine, suggesting we change Mae West. (Never) Mae is just marvelous. Just the way she is. Why, I get more kick out of Mae than any other star on the screen. If there were more like her and less of the mushy clinging kind, our movie theaters would be full to overflowing. Is there a crowd when Mae is in town? And how! She drags them out, rich or poor, young or old, just like bees to a pot of honey. Here is hoping she stays just as she is. And we see a lot more of her in 1935!—Mrs. Harry Maxwell, 1114 Buena Vista Ave., Waukesha, Wis. *Go after 'em, Mrs. Stinson. You're outnumbered two to one, but we know you meant what you said, or you wouldn't have said it. This column is open to you if you reply.*

Something Will Turn Up

"David Copperfield" is another screen triumph for M-G-M studios. The players selected for the various book characters are as perfect as Dickens himself would wish. Freddie Bartholomew (he could change his name) is a find and joins that distinguished list of juvenile players such as Jackie Cooper, Frankie Thomas, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Searle, and others. But to me, W. C. Fields' performance as Micawber was the hit of the picture. It certainly proves again that W. C. Fields is destined to become the screen's foremost comedian.—Mrs. Rose Schulnick, 572 Powell Street, Brooklyn. N. Y. *And there are plenty of people, Mrs. Schulnick, who think W. C. Fields is already the screen's foremost comedian.*

A First Letter

Just a line to let you know there is one Fan who enjoys this department—and the little comments at the end of each letter. I have never written anything myself but have always thought I would like to. I have enjoyed pictures both good and bad for a long time. I have particularly enjoyed the work of Warner Baxter. But to my way of thinking for a good thoroughly peppy—breezy—snappy picture take something with Fred Astaire. I have seen him on the New York stage teamed with his sister—but his work on the screen is outstanding and a picture like the "Gay Divorcee" does just what he in his lines says—entertains and makes thousands of people happy. And so here is to the success of Fred Astaire, and long may he make just such good entertainment as the "Gay Divorcee." I saw it three times, and could see it again. Hope this isn't too much of a letter.—Daisy L. Hoffmann, 1217 Ohio Bank Building, Toledo, Ohio. *Thanks for your first letter, Daisy, and please don't let it be your last. That's just what this department is for—to print letters.*

A Glowing Tribute

No comeback in recent years has given me greater satisfaction than that of Henry Walthall. Even before his triumph as "The Little Colonel" in 1915, he was my most beloved screen actor. Long before the names of stars were familiar to the average moviegoer, I knew and watched for Henry Walthall.

As he still is, he was then—a precise, honest, sincere actor, whose performance lends dignity and merit to any picture. As now, he was then colorful in appearance, with his mop of wavy hair, his penetrating expressive eyes, his slight figure attractive in its straight slim sturdiness, and his kindly, sympathetic demeanor fitting him for roles no other can portray as well. Today he reveals, in addition, a voice of unusual timbre and a flawless diction, unmatched by any in talkiedom.

I hope that he will continue to grace the talkies for a long time to come, for it is talented men of Henry Walthall's calibre who help to maintain the prestige we fans desire for the screen.—Mrs. Ira Christman, 211 Arlington Apts., East End, Pittsburgh, Penna. *We can tell from the tone of your letter that you are sincere in everything you say, Mrs. Christman. All we can add is that we respect Mr. Walthall too.*

We Bow

May I add my congratulations to your long list of admirers, for your splendid NEW MOVIE magazine?

You have filled a long-felt want. That

(*Please turn to page* 70)



Pay no attention to them
..get the real facts yourself

JUST as though it were about something of slight importance, this tossing back and forth of hearsay goes on and on—among women. "Hearsay" or "misinformation," which is it? The two words are really synonymous when this most serious subject of feminine hygiene is being discussed. Don't pay any attention to all the worthless talk. Here are the real facts.

There has been a sweeping change in the whole idea of feminine hygiene. Many women, otherwise modern, are surprisingly unaware of this. The change is in the *antiseptic.*

Zonite is safe and strong

In the field of antiseptics there is an improvement which is breath-taking in its benefit to women. Do you know *Zonite?* This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. And *it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be safely allowed on the human body.*

A generation ago it would have seemed incredible that an antiseptic like Zonite could exist. In those days the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Yet here is this marvelous Zonite now available to every woman in America!

Zonite is strong and Zonite is safe. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause any damage to sensitive tissues, never leave an area of scar tissue. On the contrary, Zonite is gentle and soothing in its action. Sold at all drug stores, in bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Zonite Suppositories Also Sold

Zonite also comes in semi-solid forms called Zonite Suppositories and your druggist has these for sale, at $1.00 for a box of a dozen. Zonite Suppositories are dainty, white and greaseless. Each is hygienically sealed in its own glass vial.

Get the booklet "Facts for Women." It has information of great value to women given in more detail than is possible here. Read this booklet. Pass it on to other women. It contains real facts. Mail coupon below.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION TM-55
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name.....
(Please print name)
Address.....
City..... State.....
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)



When a sweeper runs hard, it is hard on rugs, too. So keep yours easy-running with 3-in-One. All dealers; handy cans and bottles. Get some.

Blended from 3 oils for better protection

CLEANS - LUBRICATES
PREVENTS RUST





WOMEN ENTHUSIASTIC OVER NEW
3-IN-ONE FURNITURE POLISH

Beautify furniture and woodwork with this creamy new polish. Removes dirt and film; rubs to a quick lustre and dry, hard finish. At your dealer's—or sample free.

THREE IN ONE OIL COMPANY, Dept. 16-A
170 Varick St., New York, N. Y.
I'll try your new furniture polish!

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

10,000 TINY SHUTTERS

Through a microscope, rough, chapped skin is like 10,000 tiny shutters torn open—broken skin—dry, hard, cracked. Ordinary lotions only glaze over this.

DAME NATURE Cream

Ends Work Roughness. It

is unusually rich liquid formulated by a woman physician who found others ineffective. It absorbs *into* your skin—softening, smoothing and *healing* it—not glazing it. It makes entire skin remarkably smooth, comfy, attractive. Redness, roughness, chap, dryness—disappear. 10c, 25c, 50c. All 10c stores. Dame Nature Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

YOURS! *Alluring Curls of the Hollywood Stars*



Hollywood Stars set the hairdress styles of the world. Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers—"the Curlers used by the Stars"—bring to smart women everywhere the alluring, soft, lovely coiffures that are *the style*. With Hollywood Curlers you can easily achieve a flattering hair dress of better and more lasting curls. Hollywood Curlers feature a soft rubber lock that keeps hair and curler securely in place. Perforations permit abundant air circulation to aid swift drying. Available in two models and three sizes to suit your need. For the best curling results, use Hollywood Curlers.

At 5c and 10c stores and notion counters 5c ea

Kathleen Burke, featured in Paramount's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

HOLLYWOOD RAPID-DRY CURLER
"THE CURLER USED BY THE STARS"

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 69)

of a dignified, really first-class portrayal of screen doings and actors, besides giving your readers the best of literary efforts in other directions such as the standard magazines all carry.

Could you not run a good serial in your monthly instalments? Then I need not buy Home Companions or Journals for fiction.

It is amusing to me to read how we movie-goers criticize and complain of the picture concerns. What one of us in a thousand could produce a picture equaling anything they have given us?

They have obtained the best talent of the world, spare neither time nor expense, and have so much more than we to lose. If a picture fails because an actress has a little too much lipstick (not thinking of her weeks of effort to make a good picture) we all cry out that our 30 cents was wasted. The American Public accept style dictation, conveyances, etc. Why not the highly specialized art of picture entertainment?

Thanking you for your new magazine.—Celia Alman, 705 No. 63rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa. *Years ago we used to run fiction, Celia, but it took up too much space. If our readers want it, we will run it again, however. We'll have to wait and see how others feel about it.*

No. 1

Mrs. Johnson has invited this, so here goes. I would like to see Mrs. Johnson in the place of the movie stars she condemns. I would bet a new hat that she would not leave the screen just because she had attained success. I can picture her hanging on for dear life for the last cent, that she could earn in her chosen profession. Does she ever take into consideration that these stars are humans just like you and me, in that they have to eat and sleep and have a shelter for their heads? Can any one of you blame them for sticking to a job that offers them all these comforts that perhaps they have never had before in their lives?

I would suggest that Mrs. Johnson read the article on "Stars of Yesterday" in the February issue. Perhaps that would change her views. I am sure no one would care to give up a good paying position so that in a few years' time he might have the pleasure of looking for work, as a mere nobody where he had once been the executive. I ask Mrs. Johnson to reflect on her most unusual condemnations.

I wonder that anyone could think that it would be a pleasure to be rid of these great people, the Misses Bennett, Shearer, Crawford, Davies, and Garbo. What would the movies be without them? I shudder to think of such a calamity. I don't believe there have been finer actresses than this group. I am all for them, and I know that the rest of the "fans" are too. As for Mr. Colman, I don't think there is anyone who can compare with him. Candidly, now, has anyone starred in better pictures or given better portrayals?

All together, now, let's give one good rousing cheer for these stars, with the hope that they will continue to be in pictures for many years to come and have the greatest success attainable.—A. Bloeser, 24 Englewood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 2

In the March issue of New Movie, one Mrs. Dorothy Johnson dipped her pen in vitriol and criticized the lovely and talented Garbo, Shearer, Crawford and other topnotchers. Just step this way to the guillotine, dear lady, off goes your head; it's excess baggage anyway, if you don't use it to think!

Twenty million movie fans can't be wrong, and besides, the Hollywood producers would be stupidly asinine to pay such fabulous salaries for the services of stars with poor and objectionable talents.

Such foolish statements as made by this correspondent prove that she doesn't think. These stars make money for their producers, and we, the discriminating movie public, are so impatient for a new Garbo or Shearer release that we literally count the days. So great is the demand for these maligned stars abroad that "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Queen Christina" were released in London simultaneously with New York premieres, and each played to packed houses for eight solid weeks.

Shearer's "Elizabeth Barrett" and Garbo's "Queen Christina" are distinguished screen portraits, comparable to any ever portrayed, even by a Cornell, Duse or Bernhardt.

As to Bennett, Crawford, Davies, Colman and Novarro, they are perennial favorites, whose talents have stood the acid test of time and changing conditions.

So my advice to you, Mrs. Johnson, is to stay out of the line when the SRO sign is hung out, and give someone who really appreciates histrionics an opportunity to use your seat.—Corinne Childers, 506 Clement Avenue, Charlotte, S. C.

No. 3

Mrs. Dorothy Johnson certainly did tread on my toes in her letter printed in the March issue of New Movie, wherein she states that such favorites as Shearer, Crawford and Garbo must "give up as they should, to those more worthy" . . . and the adjectives "worn out" and "obnoxious" simply made me see red. I don't think anyone could be more worthy of the fame, popularity and success achieved by these stars . . . and achieved only through hard work and perseverance. Not that I think the neophytes, starlets, near-stars, etc., should not be given good roles and a chance to show what they can do. But if actresses like Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Garbo must step aside in order that those farther down the ladder of fame may be given this opportunity, why, that is too much like robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Such performances as given by Norma Shearer in "The Barretts" and Garbo in "The Painted Veil" (the best in her entire career, in my opinion) simply can't be surpassed, and I failed to notice anything which would class Miss Shearer or Miss Garbo as "worn-out" or "obnoxious." Joan Crawford, I am sure, after her grand performances in "Chained" and "Forsaking All Others," will have more followers than ever.

The lady goes on to say . . . "a place should be made for real genius, and glamorous and alluring personalities." Why Shearer, Garbo and Crawford ARE genius, glamour and allure, personified!

Yessir! I have a strong hunch that Mrs. Johnson has started a nice little war, with the "You Tell Us" column of New Movie as the battlefield, for I feel sure that you will receive many letters from fans who feel just as I do. —Pat Miller, 601 Washington Street, Monroe, Louisiana.

No. 4

My dear Mrs. Johnson!!!! The same old worn-out stars! (Those were your very words in the March issue of New Movie.) You want us to give up Crawford, Shearer, and Garbo to those more worthy? Just who, my dear lady, would you consider more worthy? These stars have fought for years for a firm footing and now that they have one you want us to forget them.

You'd like a place for real genius, and alluring and glamorous personalities. You'd like only three or four great stars. I'd like to know where you could find three stars with more genius, more allure, more glamour, and a more pleasing personality than Crawford, Shearer, and Garbo have?

These stars are acclaimed great in more than one continent and I, for one, am ready to stand behind them. At least when I see a picture with one of them in it, I know it'll be worth my money. When I go to the movies, I want ACTING. Give me more of Crawford, Shearer, and Garbo!—Jerrine Fromm, 1330 Maple Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois. *All right, now, Mrs. Johnson. They're giving you a broadside from four guns at once, but this column is open to you if you want to answer your critics. Whew! If this keeps on, we're going to hide under the desk. Come on, Mrs. Johnson! We're waiting to hear what you have to say in answer to all these letters.*

Progress—Thy Name Is NEW MOVIE—

What a handsome new dress your magazine dons for February — such a beautiful cover design—so convenient to hold, and so chock-full of interesting matter! Editor, take a bow!

Elsie Janis' articles on movie personalities are so cleverly told they make delightful reading.

And that wide-awake article: "Color Magic on the Screen" shows you are not asleep at the switch.

Yes indeed, color is the comer, sure as fate! People want it. Black and white will soon be as outmoded as the silent pictures.

I saw "La Cucaracha" and "Tulip Time in Holland," both in colors, shown in this city. They packed the theaters at each performance. "La Cucaracha" played a return engagement with the same success.

When I want to know what is new or interesting in moviedom, I turn to New Movie.—Mrs. Jane L. O'Connor, 1301 Mass. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. *We're so pleased, Mrs. O'Connor, we even used the heading of your letter, up above, just as you wrote it.*

New Leading Men for Mae

Mae West is my favorite actress, but if she would pick a he-man for her new picture I'm sure this would make her picture a greater box-office hit. My choice would be Preston Foster, Charles Bickford or George Bancroft. Every picture they played was full of excitement, and powerful, and her other leading men have lacked in both. Hoping for this change.—Mrs. Irene Munsey, 9606 Avenue L, Brooklyn, N. Y. *This is the same old problem that comes up again and again, Mrs. Munsey. If the producer follows your hunch, and it isn't right, he loses $100,000. So, naturally, he's a bit shy of making such changes.*

Charlie Ray

I am so delighted to see darling Charlie Ray back in pictures again. I will never forget him when he played in "The Girl I Loved" a long time ago. He is a wonderful actor, and has a grand personality.

I hope he gets the lead in a picture, worthy of his talents, soon.

I am also delighted that Tommy Meighan is back again. He is charming, and a master actor. I hope he stays with us, now, for a long time.

I always like to see my old favorites on the screen. It seems to me the new actors and actresses never can take their places, in our hearts, even when they are marvelous and well-nigh perfect in their acting.—Mrs. K. Gloster, 422 Brook Street, Boone, Ky. *It does warm the cockles of your heart to see these old-timers come back, doesn't it, Mrs. Gloster? It makes us feel that the world is a pretty good old place after all.*

Clothes and Charm

How far would the glamorous stars of the screen get without the stunning clothes they wear? Almost any poor Cinderella could be a fascinating siren in the creations they sport. More praise for the designers, please. What say you?—Cora Herrle, 3100 Eden Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *More praise for the designers by all means, Cora, but—tut, tut, it isn't all clothes,* you *know. You have to get to be a star on your own merits before they ever let those designers get to work on you.*

Mae (Leopard) West

Change Mae West? Can a leopard change her spots? Impossible.

We are not suggesting that Mae West is a leopard of course, but—oh well! You know?—George L. Bricker, 104 Watson Street, Detroit, Michigan.

Tomatoes and Onions

I dare say Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee would make a great team playing together in a Slap-stick comedy where tomatoes and grapefruit are plentiful (not for eating purposes, of course) but for the sole pleasure of decorating their goofy maps.

An onion to Bing for his atrocious performance in "Here Is My Heart." The picture would have been a tremendous success if Lanny Ross had been selected to play the leading part. For Lanny has charm, a pleasing personality and a marvelous singing voice. Bing hasn't much to his credit, but I presume he thinks he has, anyway.—Mrs. J. Magley, 52 Center Avenue, Chatham, New Jersey. *Ouch! After what happened to Mrs. Johnson this month we're almost scared to print your letter, Mrs. Magley! Little do you know what you're in for! Umpteen million Crosby and Vallee fans are going to go after you, now, and we're going to have to print their letters! Watch out!*

Brute for Punishment

My main criticism of the Movies does not concern the stars nor the pictures but the length of the shows. Although I am exaggerating for the sake of emphasis it seems to me that I no sooner get nicely settled in the average theater when it is time to leave. Two hours is apparently the length of the usual entertainment. Maybe I am a brute for punishment, but I like to spend three hours at a show, with the alternative of leaving when the spirit moves me. I wonder if I am alone in my desire for a few more reels—another feature perhaps? I'd like to get someone else's view.—Leroy Rice, 40 East Orvis Street, Massena, New York. *All right, you other fans with views. Write in and tell Leroy Rice what you think about it.*

Mrs. McGee, Please Notice

Right you are Mrs. McGee, of Orlando, Florida. To what you have said about the Travel Talks I wish to add a few lines.

Have you seen the new one about Ireland? It is almost as beautiful as "Tulip Time in Holland." The coloring and the description given by the narrator help to make this picture, in my estimation, next highest to "Tulip Time."—Betsy Ross, 450 Allen Street, Syracuse, N. Y. *You and Mrs. McGee have the same tastes, Betsy Ross. Why don't you write her a personal letter? We're sure she wouldn't mind, and it might be the beginning of a fine friendship. Many of our readers find friends through this column.*

We Want M-E-N

Congratulations are in order for the New Movie Magazine, which deserves all the credit in the world for putting out such a splendid publication. The inauguration of the larger size has brought along with it a new era of better photography and more numerous illustrations of our favorite stars.

However, this letter is not full of praise. I wish to offer this bit of criticism which is aimed at your "You Tell Us" department. I find, much to my regret, that the majority of the letters are written by women. Don't you appreciate the opinions and criticisms of men? Let's see more letters from men in your "You Tell Us" department—Mr. Joseph Vojacek, 2511 South 58th Court, Cicero, Illinois. *Thanks for your compliment, Mr. Vojacek. About the letters—yes, more women than men do write in. We don't know why. Maybe women just like to write letters more than men do. We should like to have the letters about half and half, if we could.*

Cast of Characters

I would like to suggest that the New Movie Magazine use its influence with producers of new pictures and urge them to give the cast of characters at the end of each picture as well as at the beginning.

The reason for this is obvious.

This will give patrons an opportunity to identify any new actor or actress who has given a good performance.—Mrs. R. H. Martindale, 1234 North Main Street, Anderson, S. C. *We are happy to be able to report, Mrs. Martindale, that many pictures are now coming out with the cast of characters at the end as well as the beginning. Your suggestion, and others like it, has been heeded in Hollywood.*

Pictures in Schools

Talking moving pictures! Why, that's History that lives and moves and almost breathes. Why not give it to the kids? Did you ever vow to kill all writers of history and geography books when you were of school age? Of course. But what if General Sherman had marched to the sea Before Your Eyes, if you had HEARD Lincoln at GETTYSBURG—SEEN Napoleon at Waterloo—? Ho, ho—THAT would have been different. And so it would be different and RIGHT today. Not only would school children LOVE their lessons if put on the screen, but the little rascals, God bless 'em—would REMEMBER them.

How about starting some legal action to get such a movement going for our Public Schools?—Mrs. Clarence Rose, Hotel Cordova, San Francisco, California. *Splendid, Mrs. Rose. There is only one thing to watch out for. If historical pictures are shown in the schools, we must make sure that the history is absolutely accurate.*

Good Pictures

It is cheering indeed to note the grand improvement in films offered to the public during the last year. "The House of Rothschild," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "One Night of Love" and "David Copperfield" were highly commendable productions. The response to these splendid works should have convinced the film makers that the movie public is not as moronic as is generally believed. We derived much pleasure from these pictures based on history, worthy literature and great music.

We are satiated with movies that are predominantly love stories. We should enjoy seeing pictures, the main interest of which is sustained by intelligent dialogue. There are so many of us who would frequent the movies more than we do if we found them stimulating.

As for musical films, the tremendous success of "One Night of Love" is evidence of the fact that movie patrons are lovers of good music well sung. We should enjoy a series of moving pictures that presented operas with Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, and other fine singers.—Leah Neslin, 764 Jackson Avenue, New York City. *It can no longer be denied, as you say, Leah, that the finest pictures are also the most successful. The trouble is simply that producers think they must turn out a hundred or so films a year. There simply aren't that many fine stories.*

Courtesy

My Movie Dont's:

Don't chew gum in the theater.

Don't rattle paper bags. Do your eating elsewhere.

Don't talk—the audience wants to hear the actors, not YOU.

Don't be afraid to sit next to the other fellow, he won't bite you. Let the late arrivals have the aisle seats.

Don't enter in the middle of a picture. It spoils the entertainment for you as well as the other people.

In other words, don't do anything at the "Movies" that you're taught not to do at home.—Louise Williams, 1007 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Virginia. *Picture-going would be a lot more enjoyable for all of us, Louise, if everybody had been taught such manners at home as you have been taught.*

Joan's Over-Acting

In spite of the many adverse comments upon Joan Crawford's tendency to overact, I have always believed that the impression she created of overacting was not due to lack of dramatic talent but to an overwhelming desire on her part to put every ounce of her ability into her characterizations. In true loyalty, I have waited for her appearance in a role where she would seem at ease and natural, and when I saw her charming performance in "Forsaking All Others," I was most gratified to have my faith in her justified. Surely, no one can accuse her of overacting in this picture.—Joan Collins, 1020 N. Beville Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana. *You have made a very keen psychological observation, Joan. Your namesake's own dearest friends tell us that this is exactly what has brought on such accusations. Joan Crawford is so terribly sincere, so terribly interested in her work, that sometimes she tries too hard, which is forgivable.*



—You can't whiz along the road to health on fresh air and exercise alone. It takes a well-balanced diet to really keep you going at full speed. And here's my recipe for a breakfast that gives you a flying start: Delicious Shredded Wheat and milk, heaped high with fresh fruits or berries."

This glowing young outdoor girl hands you a well-marked map for the glorious trail to health.

And crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat gives you a high-test energy food for the morning start. Shredded Wheat, you know, is whole wheat—Mother Nature's most perfect grain—nothing added, nothing taken away. You get a natural balance of the vital health elements in their most appetizing and digestible form.

Try Shredded Wheat tomorrow morning. Add plenty of fresh air and exercise. You'll be on the main highway that leads to a full life of buoyant health.



SHREDDED WHEAT



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneeda Seal.

"Uneeda Bakers"
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Look for Tower STAR *Fashions*

IN THESE LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

TOWER *Star* FASHIONS

A style thrill ready for you . . . TOWER Star Fashions! You can see them pictured on page 22 of this issue . . . you can see them in reality in these leading stores. Ask to see them the very next time you are downtown shopping. We believe you will find among them one or more styles which are especially flattering to your type.

Address any questions to TOWER'S Star Fashion Editor, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

ALABAMA
Birmingham, Parisian
Huntsville, Mary Shop

ARIZONA
Phoenix, Goldwaters
Tucson, Whitehouse Dept. Store

ARKANSAS
Helena, H. S. Cooper
Little Rock, M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles, The May Co.
Oakland, Zukor's
Pomona, C. C. Bower & Co.
San Francisco, The Emporium, Inc.
San Jose, M. Blum & Co.
Santa Barbara, The Smart Shop

COLORADO
Canon City, Nora Hays
Colorado Springs, C. V. Clamp
Denver, Denver D G. Co.
Fort Collins, Jo-Anne Shop
Grand Junction, A M. Harris Stores Co.
La Junta, Holbrook Costume Shop
Pueblo, Colorado Supply Co.

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport, Howland D. G. Co.
Hartford, Brown Thompson, Inc.
New Britain, N. E. Mag
New Haven, Gamble Desmond Co.
Torrington, Dankins Inc.

DELEWARE
Wilmington, Kennard-Pyle Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington, Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
Miami, Burdine's Inc.
Ocala, Blocker's
Orlando, Yowell-Drew Co.
St. Petersburg, Rutland Bros.
Tampa, Maas Bros.

GEORGIA
Athens, Michael Bros. Inc.
Atlanta, Davison Paxon Co.
Augusta, Goldberg's
Macon, Mayson's
Newman, Kersey's
Waycross, The Fashion Shop
West Point, Cohen Bros.

IDAHO
Pocatello, Hassell's

ILLINOIS
Centralia, Lucille Shoppe
Champaign, G. C. Willis
Chicago, Wieboldt Stores Inc.
Decatur, Stewarts Fields
DuQuoin, Ross Store
Freeport, Borchers
Joliet, Dinet & Co.
Litchfield, Braugmans
Marion, C. W. Hay
Mount Vernon, The Fashion Shop
Murphysboro, Ross Shop
Peoria, The D. W. Klein Co.
Rockford, Wortham's
West Frankfort, Burg's

INDIANA
Crawfordsville, Adler's, Inc.
Frankfort, The Adler Co.
Gary, H. Gordon & Sons
Greenburg, Levenstein D. G. Co.
Indianapolis, Wm. H Block Co.
Logansport, Schmitt & Kloepfer Co.
Richmond, Sittloh's
Shelbyville, S. B. Morris Co.
South Bend, Ellsworth's

IOWA
Boone, The Riekenberg Co.
Cedar Rapids, H. N. Craemer
Des Moines, Connors Inc.
Dubuque, Younker Bros.
Oelwein, Roshek Bros. Inc.
Orange City, Van De Steig Co.
Red Oak, Connor's Inc.

KANSAS
Atchinson, Ramsay's
Coffeyville, Cole's
Dodge City, Levinson's
Emporia, Levinson's
Eldorado, Levinson's
Hutchinson, Levinson's
Independence, Locke's
Lawrence, The Terry Shop
Wichita, George Innes Co.

KENTUCKY
Ashland, The Smart Shop Inc.
Owensboro, Levy's Inc.
Louisville, Kaufmann Straus Co.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria, W. W. Hixson
Baton Rouge, Rosenfield D. G. Co.
Lafayette, Leon Davis
Lake Charles, Maurice
New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.

MAINE
Bangor, Cortell-Segal Co.
Calais, J. Unobsky
Caribou, Pattee Co.
Presque Isle, Green Bros.
Waterville, Emery-Brown Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore, Hochschild & Kohn Co.
Cumberland, Lazarus Company
Sparrows Point, Service Stores

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Haverhill, Sherry Stores Inc.
Lawrence, Russem's
Salem, Besse's Apparel Shop
Springfield, Meekins, Packard & Wheat Inc.

MICHIGAN
Alpena, Thomas Gown Shop
Ann Arbor, Wm. Goodyear Co.
Bay City, Tabor Dress Shop
Big Rapids, Wilson's
Birmingham, Twin Shop
Flint, King Clothing Co.
Jackson, Jacobson's
Detroit, B. Siegel & Co.
Grand Rapids, Herpolsheimer's Co.
Traverse City, The Mapel Shoppe

MINNESOTA
Austin, M. Lewis & Co.
Faribault, Gray's Style Shop
Duluth, George A. Gray Co.
Fergus Falls, Norby Dept. Store Inc.
Winona, The Fashion, Inc.

MISSISSIPPI
Clarksdale, The Madiera Shop
Columbus, The Fashion Center
Greenville, J. B. Tonkel Shops Inc.
Jackson, Fried's Shop for Women
Vicksburg, J. B. Tonkel Shops Inc.

MISSOURI
Hannibal, Reib's
Kansas City, Harzfeld's
St. Charles, Braufmans
St. Joseph, Hirsch Bros D. G. Co.
Springfield, The Style

MONTANA
Billings, Hart-Albin Co. Inc.

NEBRASKA
Columbus, Irene Shoppe
Omaha, Goldstein-Chapman
Scottsbluff, The Hollywood Shop

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord, Betty Alden
Claremont, Pelletier & Snowman
Lebanon, Richardson & Langlois

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park, Dainty Apparel Shop
Jersey City, State Gown Shop
Newark, L. Bamberger & Co.
Passaic, Charlotte Shop
Paterson, Meyer Bros.
Plainfield, Claire Shoppe
Trenton, Lilliam Charm

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, Mosler's Smart Shop

NEW YORK
Albany, David's
Binghamton, Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Buffalo, Adam, Meldrun & Anderson
Ithaca, Pritchard's Style Shop
Middletown, Carson & Towner Co.
Newburgh, The Sonia
New York City, R. H. Macy & Co.
Portchester, The Dorothy Shop
Rochester, David's
Saranac Lake, Altman's
St. George, S. I., Irene Dress Shoppe
Syracuse, David's
Utica, Doyle-Knower Co. Inc.
Watertown, Frank A. Empsall Co.

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville, Brener's
Durham, R. L. Baldwin
Elizabeth City, Hurdle's
Greensboro, Ellis Stone & Co.
Greenville, C. Haber Forbes
High Point, The Fashion Shop
Raleigh, Brooks Inc.
Winston-Salem, Arcade Fashion Shop

NORTH DAKOTA
Harvey, Fred's Store Inc.
New Rockford, Rodenberg & Schwoebel
Valley City, Fair Dept. Store
Williston, G. M. Hadderick & Co.

OHIO
Ashland, Max H. Zola
Athens, Slingluff's
Dayton, Elder-Johnston Co.
Cincinnati, Mabley & Carew Co.
Columbus, The Dunn Taft Co.
East Liverpool, Stein D. G. Co.
Findlay, Simon's
Kenton, F. W. Uhlman
Lorain, Smith & Gerhart
Mansfield, The R. B. Maxwell Co.
Marion, Uhler Phillips Co.
Massilon, Van Horn's
Portsmouth, The Atlas Fashion Co.
Toledo, Lasalle & Koch Co.
Wilmington, Lacy's
Youngstown, Strouss-Hirschberg Co.

OKLAHOMA
Blackwell, Pollyanna Shop
Duncan, The Bon Ton
Enid, Herzberg's
Frederick, Milton Marks
Guthrie, Davenport's
Pawhuska, Kertman's Dept. Store
Ponca City, Frances Shop
Shawnee, Blaine's Fashion Shop
Stillwater, G. & G. Store Co.

OREGON
Medford, Adriennes
Portland, Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA
Aliquippa, Pittsburgh Merc. Co.
Allentown, Hess Brother Inc.
Altoona, William F. Gable Co.
Beaver Falls, Berkman's
Braddock, Harry H. Levine
Corry, The Nast Co.
Elwood City, Wilkoffs Fashion Shoppe
Erie, Keefe & Johnson
Harrisburg, Bowman & Co.
Jeannette, M. A. Gillespie Co.
Lansford, Brights Dept. Store
Lancaster, Hager Bros.
Lock Haven, Grossman's
McKeesport, Cox's
Oil City, Chic Dress Shop
Philadelphia, Gimbel Bros.
Reading, Pomeroy's Inc.
Scranton, The Band Box
Somerset, Polly Jean Shop
Sunbury, Mariette Shop
Wilkes-Barre, Fowler Dick & Walker
Upper Darby, Estelle's

RHODE ISLAND
Woonsocket, McCarthy, D. G. Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson, George H. Bailes
Columbia. J. W. Haltiwanger
Florence, Katherine Cook
Greer, McHughes Spec. Shop

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen, Olwin-Angell
Watertown, Schaller's

TENNESSEE
Bristol, The H. P. King Co.
Chattanooga, Miller Bros.
Clarksville, McNeal-Edwards Co.
Dyersburg, Hollywood Frock
Kingsport, J. Fred Johnson & Co., Inc.
Knoxville, Miller's
Memphis, J. Goldsmith & Sons, Inc.

TEXAS
Abilene, Campbell's
Amarillo, Hollywood Dress Shop
Austin, Goodfriend's
Brickenridge, The Belota Shop
Brownwood, Garner-Alvis Co.
Denton, H. M. Russell & Sons
El Paso, The White House
Galveston, Maison Myro
Houston, Hutton, Inc.
Kilgore, La Mode
Laredo, A. C. Richter, Inc.
Longview, Wolens Dept. Store
Lubbock, Freed's Women's Apparel
Lulling, O'Neill's
McAllen, The Fashion
Pampa, Mitchell's
Port Arthur, A. Goldboro
Temple, W. P. Rody
Tyler, Miller's
Vernon, Gold Feder's
Victoria, A. & S. Levy, Inc.

UTAH
Salt Lake City, Zion Cooperative Merc. Inst.

VERMONT
Burlington, Abernethy, Clarkson, Wright, Inc.
Rutland, The Vogue Shop

VIRGINIA
Charlottesville, H. G. Eastham Shop, Inc.
Clifton Forge, M. B. Smith
Covington, The Quality Shop
Danville, Rippe's
Harrisonburg, Paul Miller
Lynchburg, Baldwin's
Norton, The Ladies' Shop
Roanoke, Natalie Shop
Suffolk, Ballard & Smith
Winchester, The Smart Shop

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen, See & Rubinstein
Long View, Columbia River Merc. Co.
Seattle, Jerome's
Spokane, The Palace Store
Yakima, Barnes-Woodin Co.

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley, The Women's Shop, Inc.
Bluefield, The Vogue
Clarksburg, Parsons-Soulders
Logan, Manning Clothing Co.
Wheeling, Geo. E. Stifel Co.

WISCONSIN
Appleton, Gennen D. G. Co.
Ashland, Smith Style Shop
Beloit, McNeany D. G. Co.
Eau Claire, Jos. E. Balderstein
Fond du Lac, Hill Bros.
Madison, Link Store
Sheboygan, Hill Bros.

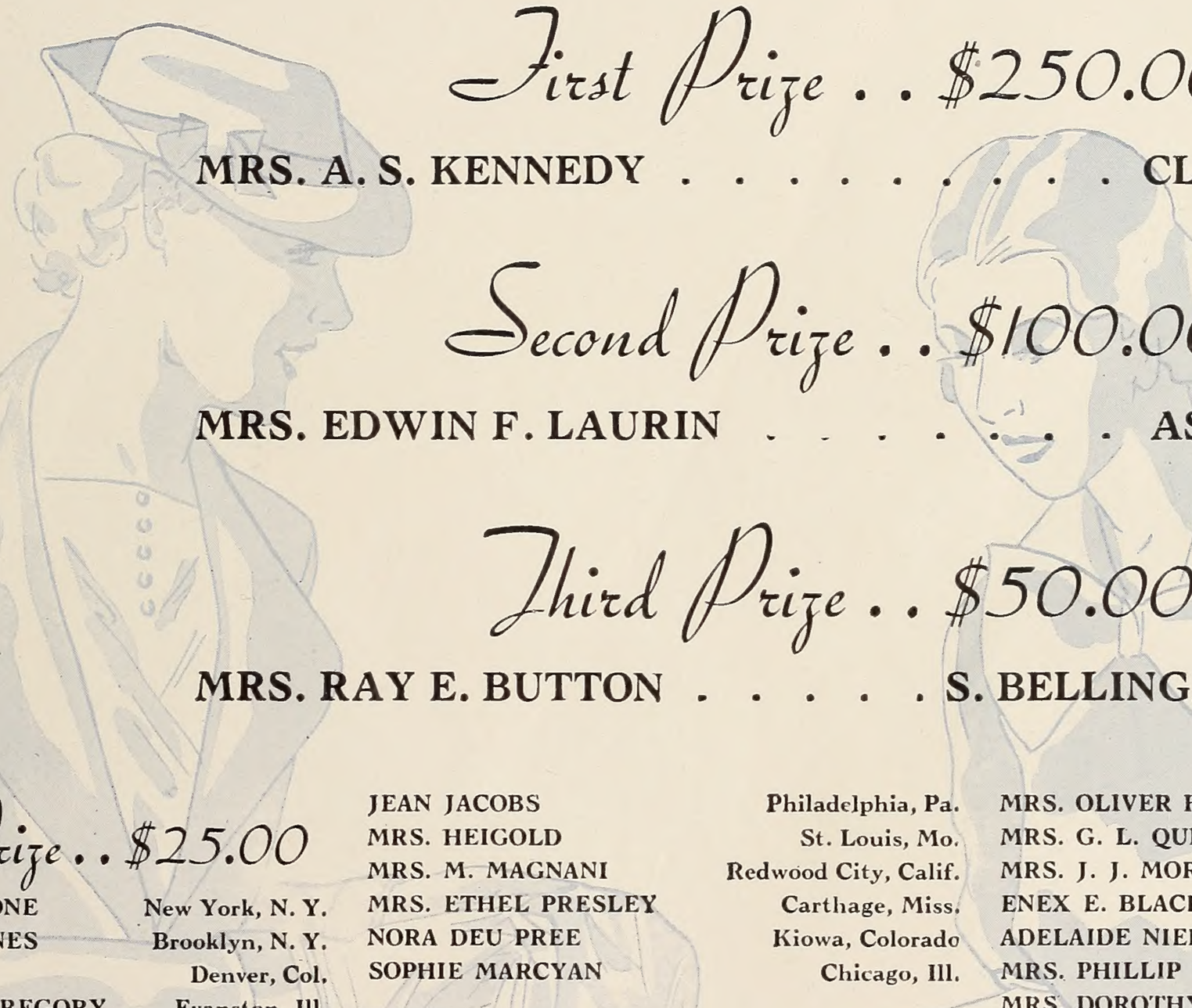
WYOMING
Cheyenne, Bon Marche
Laramie, Kepp-Baertsch

Ask at your local department store for Tower Star Fashions. The list of stores is so great that not all of them could be given on this page.

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS WHOSE LETTERS TOLD ABOUT FRIENDLY HELPFUL SERVICES OFFERED BY

Department Store Salespeople

The eighty-two prizes are announced below.



First Prize . . $250.00

MRS. A. S. KENNEDY . . . . . CLAYTON, N. Y.

Second Prize . . $100.00

MRS. EDWIN F. LAURIN . . . . . ASTORIA, ORE.

Third Prize . . $50.00

MRS. RAY E. BUTTON . . . . . S. BELLINGHAM, WASH.

Fourth Prize . . $25.00

RUTH BRACKER STONE	New York, N. Y.
FLORENCE V. A. JONES	Brooklyn, N. Y.
VERA O'MARA	Denver, Col.
MRS. GEORGIA G. GREGORY	Evanston, Ill.
JEAN JACOBS	Philadelphia, Pa.
MRS. HEIGOLD	St. Louis, Mo.
MRS. M. MAGNANI	Redwood City, Calif.
MRS. ETHEL PRESLEY	Carthage, Miss.
NORA DEU PREE	Kiowa, Colorado
SOPHIE MARCYAN	Chicago, Ill.
MRS. OLIVER H. TAFT	Syracuse, N Y.
MRS. G. L. QUINN	Wichita, Kansas
MRS. J. J. MORGAN	Miles City, Montana
ENEX E. BLACKBURN	Dormont, Pa.
ADELAIDE NIEHAUS	Cincinnati, Ohio
MRS. PHILLIP WISE	Kansas City, Mo.
MRS. DOROTHY T. ECKHARDT	Baltimore, Md.
ANNA FRAGER	St. Louis, Mo.
LAURA BRETZER	Denver, Col.
MRS. W. H. SPENCER	Catawba, S. C.
RUTH AVERITTE	Fort Worth, Texas
MRS. CHARLES D. STARK	Kansas City, Mo.
THOMAS J. WHITE	Indianapolis, Ind.
ETHEL B. EGY	Oakland, Calif.
MRS. CHRISTINE GOLLE	Springfield, Ill.
MRS. MAE C. WAY	Kasota, Minn.
MARGARET COSGROVE CLARK	Philadelphia, Pa.
LOUISE A. GUILLET	Akron, Ohio
FLORENCE LOVELL	Cleveland, Ohio
ANNA A. CREIGHTON	New York, N. Y.
MR. D. B. CHAPMAN	Portland, Oregon
RUTH CAREY FULLER	Washington, D. C.
MRS. H. SATHER	Duluth, Minn.
MRS. HARRY MYERS	Hornell, N. Y.
MRS. GWENDOLYN CRAVEN	Minneapolis, Minn.
MRS. J. A. FRANK NEAL	Syracuse, N. Y
MISS GLADYS PYNN	La Crosse, Wisconsin
SARAH McNALLY	Minneapolis, Minn.
BETTY FETTER	Columbus, Ohio
MRS. H. I. ALLEN	Dayton, Ohio

Fifth Prize . . $10.00

ELIZABETH M. HEALY	Saint Paul, Minnesota
C. B. SCHUMAN	New York, N. Y.
MRS. C. I. RUST	Lakewood, Ohio
ETHEL A. KREPPEL	Buffalo, N. Y.
MRS. GLEN McWILLIAMS	Van Dyke, Michigan
MRS. LYNDON GRAVES	New York, N. Y.
MRS. ROBT. D. TOBEY	Kew Gardens, L. I., N. Y.
MRS. BELLE HAMILTON	Leesburg, Florida
MISS TECOA E. STONE	Spartanburg, S. C.
ELIZABETH KAELO	Fort Hunter, New York
MRS. MARCO CRAWFORD	Denver, Colorado
ELIZABETH WATSON	Cincinnati, Ohio
EULA DOZIER HOWE	Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. E. M. GROVER	Miami, Florida
MRS. JOHN VAN TONGEREN	Chicago, Ill.
MRS. U. A. STONE	Brooklyn, N. Y.
FLORENCE GRIMM BLAZEK	Philadelphia, Pa.
LOUISE WILLIAMS	Richmond, Va.
NANCY S. BICE	Syracuse, N. Y.

Sixth Prize . . $5.00

ADELE KLAER	New York, N. Y.
MRS. FRED McWEY	Green Bay, Wisconsin
MRS. ALICE R. HECTOR	Inglewood, Calif.
MRS. A. W. O'CONNOR	Tampa, Florida
HUGH MULLIKIN	Seattle, Washington
DOROTHY FICKERSON	Trenton, N. J.
ALICE E. ARMSTRONG	Glen Burnie, Maryland
MRS. ANNA D. KRONE	Bronx, N. Y.
MRS. J. ELDER BOLGER	Springfield, Ohio
MRS. HELEN R. HANSEN	Cleveland, Ohio
MRS. JAMES BENNETT	Red Wing, Minn.
E. B. BAKER	Hackensack, N. J.
ELEANOR FRANCES BROWN	Spokane, Wash.
MARY B. WALSH	Cleveland, Ohio
DAVID OTIS	Brooklyn, N. Y.
JANET ELIZABETH MOORE	Glen Ridge, N. J.
MRS. M. H. MILLER	Charlotte, N. C.
MRS. BILLIE BURKE	Galveston, Texas
HELEN V. MOWLEN	Brooklyn, N. Y.
MRS. WESELY SAUM	Yankton, S. D.



Stiff and elegant upholstery satin makes Mrs. Wetmore's full-skirted evening gown, from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

"Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels"

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. ALLSTON BOYER, *New York*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT, *New York*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MISS ANNE GOULD, *New York*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE

No YOUNG MATRON is more in the heart of New York's social gaiety than the smart, much photographed Mrs. William T. Wetmore. She knows all the whys and wherefores of "what's done." And Mrs. Wetmore is smoking Camels.

"We've all gone in for them," she says. "You notice Camels on almost every table in the smart restaurants. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer, pleasanter life we are leading again. They are made of more expensive tobaccos, I'm told, and that is probably why they never make my nerves jumpy. And it's so nice to know that if I get tired in the course of a busy day, smoking a Camel always gives me just the right amount of 'lift' in such a pleasant, simple way, without affecting my nerves."

That "lift" you get is quite natural, because smoking a Camel releases your own latent energy. Smoke a Camel yourself today the first time you feel tired.

Camels are Milder! . . made from Finer, More Expensive Tobaccos . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.